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JAPAN.

OFF the Eastern shore of the continent of Asia, and bounding the Pacific Ocean on the West, between the parallels of 31° and 45° North latitude, and in longitude between 130° and 150° East from Greenwich; stretching a North-East and South-West course, the navigator betwixt San Francisco and China must pass by the islands of the empire of Japan. He looks wistfully upon the lofty mountains, verdant and cultivated to their very top; thinks upon the pleasant valleys, growing fruits and corn, "so thick that they laugh and sing," longs to be released from being tossed to and fro on the waves, and to see the gallant ship resting on her shadow in the placid bays; or, if embarked on the ocean steamers that are cleaving the waters of the Pacific, he turns to the lessened pile of coals, almost exhausted by his voyage of five thousand miles, and calls to mind the beds of coal which are (in the language of Mr. Webster) "a gift of Providence, deposited by the Creator of all things in the depths of the Japanese Islands for the benefit of the human family," and yet knows that fuel, and food, and repose, and refreshment are all denied him; the ports shut against him; commerce interdicted, even to the purchase of bread and water; while, in case of his shipwreck on these inhospitable shores, he would be caught and caged, treated as a malefactor, and doomed to hopeless imprisonment by a people, not barbarous, but intelligent and refined, far above the inhabitants of other provinces in Asia; whose laws and customs, fixed as "the laws of the Medes and Persians," put constraint on the humanity of the Japanese, compelling their barbarous treatment of all strangers;—he would invoke the mercy of the God of nations, he would demand the lawful exercise of the power of his native country, to interpose

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the majesty of their might, both to shield the shipwrecked and to prosper the adventurous sailors. That prayer is gone up on high. An armament, under the flag of these United States, is already on the waters, to plead with arguments of reason and of gunpowder, for the accomplishment of these grand objects. The eyes of Europe are attentive to the operations of the American fleet. The Expedition to Japan has elicited remarks from diplomatic agents, from writers in reviews, from men in the ranks of commerce, from all who desire the extension of civilization and Christianity.

It is becoming to the intelligence of the American community that they be informed on the subject of Japan. Whatever method be chosen to diffuse information—whether by the press, in books; or by reviews in quarterly and monthly periodicals, and by leaders in daily newspapers; or by oral teaching in lectures before lyceums and scientific societies—we hail the contributor with a cordial welcome, and we will do our part to spread the knowledge among the inquiring public of this free land.

But books on Japan are scarce; or were so a few months ago. Locked in the archives of the Jesuit mission rooms; hidden under the unfamiliar language of Holland or of Russia; buried beneath the dust of the library of the East India Company; and burrowing deep on the shelves of the largest libraries, might be found the only extant annals of the Japanese. Translations of these documents had been made, but where to find them was a knotty question. But our cunning booksellers, scenting the public curiosity afar off, have set on foot a search, successfully; exhuming old "Kampfer," the Dutch chronicler; rubbing up the faded covers of "Golownin," the Russian cap-

tive; calling to life the letters of "William Adams," the stout old English pilot, made prime minister of Japan; producing the volumes of the Jesuit missionaries; offering for sale "Best Accounts of the Japanese Language;" with, now and then, a "Bibliotheca Japonica;" with "Grammars" and "Vocabularies;" interspersed, prettily, with "Papers on Japanese dialects, grammar and poetry;" with, finally, "The first part of a great Japanese dictionary, by Dr. Pfitzmaier," published at Vienna, by order and at the expense of the Austrian government. These books, in Latin, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, French, Dutch, German and English, varying in date from 1560 to 1838, are succeeded by the very best of them all for popular and present use, in the volume of Charles McFarlane, Esq., entitled "Japan: an Account, Geographical and Historical, from the earliest period down to the present time and the EXPEDITION FITTED OUT IN THE UNITED STATES," A. D. 1852: republished by Putnam & Co., New-York. The old mercantile maxim holds good in literature. "Demand creates supply." Our booksellers ought to thank President Fillmore for opening a new channel of trade in books, as well as for the attempt to open Japan.

We have no doubt that the map of Asia, of late, has attracted the eyes of very many American boys and girls. These little freemen and little freewomen have indulged themselves in an "exploring expedition" after Japan on the atlas. The terrestrial globe (provided there be so useful a piece of household furniture), has been fetched from the corner, placed on the centre-table, and turned round and round, to trace the course of the fleet of steamers and sailing ships, under the command of Com. Perry, bound for Japan, about which papa has just been reading from the evening newspaper. All that these urchins had known of Japan, is as an adjective to varnish; or as the title of some pretty furniture, black and shining, embellished, perchance, with men in leggings, with handsome women sitting "tailor fashion," and the never-absent stork. But now "Young America" is becoming familiar with Japan as AN EMPIRE.

On the map, these islands look like so many stepping-stones from the peninsula of Corea to the peninsula of Kamtschatka. They are links of a vast volcanic chain, joining these two peninsulas; constituting the Western border of the Pacific Ocean, and forming inland seas of the waters that wash the Eastern shores of the continent of Asia. The Southernmost of these closed seas is called the

Sea of Japan. At its Southern extremity the Strait of Corea unites it with the Tong-Hai, or Eastern Sea of the Chinese.

Starting from Kamtschatka, we step on the range of the Kurile Islands. They are very numerous, but only nineteen are large enough to be noted. The Northern are occupied and governed by Russian authority; the Southern, the principal one of which is Jesso, by the Japanese. JAPAN *proper* consists of the three large islands South-West of Jesso, to wit, Nippon, Sitkokf, and Kiussu or Kewsew. The Japanese empire includes Japan proper and the Kurilian islands. The Strait of Sangar divides the islands Jesso and Nippon. It is the largest strait between the Sea of Japan and the Pacific Ocean. Nippon, on the South-East, is separated from Sitkokf by the Strait of Simonosiki; on the South, the Suwo Sound intervenes between Nippon and Kewsew; the Bungo channel divides Kewsew and Sitkokf. Kewsew, the most Southern and Western of the group, is said to be the first portion of this earth, that one of the Kami (the Japanese Celestial Divinities), a descendant of the Sun-goddess, created and made. This one of the Celestials had a wife. In their domestic conference they determined to enlarge their territory. The Divinity plunged his spear into the chaos below; withdrawing it, drops trickled down its length, and, congealing, formed the Island of Kewsew. But this is running away from our atlas into the religious traditions of Japan. Kewsew is about two hundred miles long, with an average breadth of eighty miles, or a surface of sixteen thousand square miles. The chief harbor on this island is Nangasaki, in 32° 45' North latitude, on the parallel of Charleston, South Carolina. To this port all foreign trade is now confined. It is restricted to the Dutch, under very stringent regulations.

Sitkokf is one hundred and fifty miles long, and seventy miles wide, containing about ten thousand square miles. This island is the least interesting of all the group.

Nippon, the chief island, is nine hundred miles long, and one hundred miles in average width. It contains about one hundred thousand square miles of fertile and well cultivated soil.

Nippon is the seat of empire. The ecclesiastical or spiritual emperor has the personal title of Mihado. He is also called the Dai, from the "Gates" of the palace; as we say, "the Sublime Porte," the title of the Turkish court. The Mihado resides at Miaco.

The secular emperor is styled Ziogun (commander-in-chief), or Koboo (sover-

eign). He has his court at Jeddo. The harbors of Nippon towards the Pacific are Osacca, on the South, corresponding to Norfolk, Virginia, in latitude 35° ; Jeddo, on the East and middle of the island, corresponding to Baltimore, Maryland, in latitude 36° . Jesso, North of Nippon, the largest of the Kurilian islands, is two hundred and fifty miles long and one hundred miles wide, containing twenty-five thousand square miles. The chief harbor is Matsmai, in latitude 42° , corresponding to Boston, Massachusetts. This island resembles Ireland, both in geographical and political relationship. The climate of Japan is much like that of Great Britain. Indeed, there springs a thought of likeness between the Japanese and British empires. The mind leaps to a coming age, when Japan shall be, under the sanctifying processes of pure Christianity, the Britain of the Pacific Ocean. The three islands of Japan proper, with the dependencies among the Kurile group, are estimated to contain one hundred and sixty thousand square miles. The sea, besides numerous rocks, embosoms dangerous whirlpools. No part of the ocean is subject to heavier gales. None is so enveloped in fogs as the seas surrounding Japan. Hence it is that navigation is peculiarly dangerous. Our whalers and merchantmen are imminently liable to shipwreck on the coasts of Japan. Like most volcanic islands, the face of the country is mountainous, and the hills run down close to the shore. Recent Dutch writers estimate the height of one mountain to be twelve thousand French feet; as high almost as the peak of Teneriffe.

From the peculiar form of these islands, they have no large rivers. Such as they have are exceedingly rapid. The most considerable and important is the Yedogawa in Nippon, rising in the beautiful lake Oity, and thence running South-East to the city of Miaco, passing an extensive plain to the Bay of Osacca. This river is navigable by river barges. Boating is there a favorite amusement. We cannot refrain from inserting here the account of life and manners, given us by the susceptible Mr. Fischer, the Dutch Secretary:

"In the great world of Japan the young ladies find delight in winter at their social meetings, in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favorite use of giving as presents. Such

employments serve to while away the long winter evenings.

"In the spring, on the other hand, they participate, with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night, realizing the rapturous strains of the author of *Lalla Rookh* :—

'O best of delights, as it every where is,
To be near the loved one! What a rapture is his,
Who by moonlight and music, thus idly may glide,
O'er the Lake of Cashmere with that one by his side.'

"This is an enjoyment," he continues, "which can be shared only under the advantages of such a climate and scenery; viz., the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers, after sunset, are one blaze or illumination, as it were, with the brightly-colored paper lanterns displayed in their vessels." "A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water: as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain '*Anataya modamada*'—'He floats, he is not still'—till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party, whom it sentences to drain the sackee bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men and the childish diversions of the women among other Oriental nations. The female sex in Japan at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has, equally with the Turk, the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society affords him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman."

McFarlane speaks rapturously of "these captivating and delicious pictures of life and manners." He confesses that the encomiums of his old friend James Drummond, Esq., on the elegance and fascinations of the ladies "first excited him to a deep and lively interest in the subject of Japan." They may serve also to give us a tenderer sentiment towards that country. In manners not only, but in taste and character, it is woman that makes the man. "Where the gentler sex are graceful, elegant and refined, the other sex are never found to be coarse, ungainly and vulgar."

The Japanese gentleman is described as enjoying social and convivial pleasure

never apart from the ladies, but in their society. And hence he has a pleasing address, and most polished manners. The same is true among the lower orders. Every where a civil question brings a civil answer.

It is one of the problems of our subject that in private life there should be such courtesy, while the official functionaries are so regardless of feeling and so remorseless in desolating the comities and charities of intercourse. The problem is resolved, in some measure, by considering the laws and government of Japan, to which we will presently devote our thoughts.

All travellers speak of the populousness of the country. In some fertile districts the villages are so close as to form a continuous street. This is most remarkable on the plain watered by the Yedogawa, for twenty miles between the port of Osacca and the capital, Miaco. After a careful comparison of authorities, McFarlane estimates the entire population of Japan at twenty-five millions of inhabitants.* McCulloch, in his Geographical Dictionary, says that the population has been fixed by some writers at more than fifty millions. Japanese writers affirm that an army of eighty thousand men may be raised from among the inhabitants of Osacca alone. Jeddo, the secular capital of the empire, contains (according to Portuguese writers) two millions; or (according to Dutch writers), one million five hundred thousand inhabitants. Miaco, the residence of the Spiritual Emperor, contains five hundred thousand souls. It has six hundred temples within its walls. The three other imperial towns of Osacca, Nangasaki, and Matsmai, are likewise densely populated.

By the religion of the Japanese, meat (excepting venison) is, for the most part, prohibited. They yoke their cows; they have no knowledge of butter or cheese; hardly of milk. The food of the people is vegetables and fish. Consequently the coasts of Japan are densely inhabited—a vast proportion of the people being ichthyophagous—while the agricultural population is spread all over the land, subsisting chiefly on rice, and drinking sackee (a liquor distilled from rice). The mountains are cultivated even to their summits.

The immense population of the Empire of Japan is divided into eight classes.

Next to the two emperors come, 1st, the hereditary vassal princes; 2d, the hereditary nobility, holding serfs, as under the feudal system of Europe; 3d, the

priests; 4th, the military. These are the "upper classes," who may wear a sword-belt, two sabres, and loose petticoat trowsers, or leggings.

It is the greatest degradation for a Japanese to lose his *caste*. Therefore (unless he be disguised to do spy-work) you must look at his trowsers to tell whether a man belongs to "the upper four."

The 5th class is composed of medical and other professional men. The 6th class are merchants and wholesale tradesmen. These possess the chief wealth of the community. They rival one another in the number of their retainers; hired (as in Charles II.'s times) to swell the consequence of their patrons. "But no money," says a Japanese annalist, "can procure the privilege, or rather the inestimable honor, of wearing petticoat trowsers." This would be to rise above one's *caste*, which is not permissible. The 7th class are small shopkeepers, peddlers, mechanics, artisans, and includes painters and other artists.

The 8th class are the peasantry, and all agricultural and day laborers. These are little better than serfs attached to the soil, and the property of the landholders. There are still lower classes, not enumerated, because esteemed *vile* by the laws and customs of Japan. Such are public executioners, butchers, jailers, undertakers, tallow-chandlers, and every man connected in any way with hides and leather, as tanners and curriers. They live, like the leprous, apart. They are not admitted into any house, nor can they eat or drink by the wayside, except out of their own vessels. Writers on Japan have sought for reasons of this ban and interdict on so large a class of the people. The conjecture, most probable, is that of McFarlane, who suggests the cause in the religious doctrine of the Sintoo faith, "That whosoever comes in contact in any way with a dead body is thereby defiled."

The religion of the Japanese is a difficult subject to investigate. It is supposed that, being of a Mongol origin, the original religion was Syn-sin, a kind of mysticism, which derives its name from the word syn, faith, and sin, gods. The believers of this system are called SINTOOS. The religious devotees, recluses and fanatics are professors of this form of doctrine, of which the characteristic is the very early Eastern notion of the impurity of matter, and the necessity of disconnecting the soul from the contagion of the flesh.

But the conquering influence of the

* P. 113. † As Weylan, Subold, and Kampfer.

doctrines of Buddhism invaded Japan and introduced its idolatries there, to impair the spiritualism of the Sinto religion. Besides Buddhism, there are counted thirty-four different sects, all of whom are tolerated in Japan. Buddhism has an *outer* and an *inner* teaching, like the *exoteric* and *esoteric* doctrines of the ancient Platonists. The inner doctrines are for the initiated, the outer for the common people. The leading article is a belief in the metempsychosis or transmigration of souls. There are also traditions of an incarnation and of a resurrection, with ideas of a final judgment day. From these dogmas, writers have inferred that Buddhism was a corruption of Christianity. But, if so, it is of a Christianity without the Cross. Others have argued that it was an offspring of Satan, mocking Christianity by its semblance to some of its cardinal truths. It appears certain that Buddhism thoroughly permeates the Sinto worship. For the Sinto temples, anciently, contained only a *mirror*, the emblem of the soul's purity, and were decorated with a *gohei*, which is formed of many strips of spotless white paper, another emblem of purity. But the temples now possess images of the *Kami* (which are born-gods and deified mortals, regarded as mediatory spirits), whose idols are set up and worshipped.

The doctrines of Con-futz-zee or Confucius, obtained currency in Japan at an early day, when commerce was not restricted with China. These doctrines inculcate an exemplary morality. They are called "the *Suto*," or the way of philosophers. Sutoism proclaims five points of duty, viz., D'sin, Gi, Re, Isi, and Sin. (1.) The maxim of the first is, "Live virtuously." (2.) The second is to "Do right." (3.) The third, "Be civil." (4.) The fourth, "Be prudent." (5.) The fifth, "Preserve a good conscience."

Suicide is not only permitted but commended by Sutoism. Sutoism is a system which prescribes no worship and encourages none. Though an excellent counterfeit of Christian morality, its motives are purely selfish; and while refining the sense of honor to a keen susceptibility, it nurtures pride of heart, arrogance and self-complacency to an extraordinary growth.

The upper classes in Japan are said to be imbued with Sutoism. It is the boast of their scholars, writers and literati. It accounts for the conduct of their magistrates in their supercilious regard of foreigners, as well as for some of the peculiar manners and customs that obtain

among themselves in high society; particularly their vanity, mortification under blame or insult, and recourse to self-murder. One of the travellers in Japan relates an instance, which occurred within his own knowledge, that we may take as an illustration. "Two high officers of the court met on the palace stairs and jostled each other. One was an irascible man and immediately demanded satisfaction. The other, of a mild disposition, represented that the circumstance was accidental, and tendered an ample apology, representing that satisfaction could not be reasonably demanded. The irascible man, however, would not be appeased, and finding he could not provoke the other to a conflict, suddenly drew up his robes, unsheathed his cattan, and cut himself in the prescribed mode. As a point of honor, his adversary was under the necessity of following the example; and the irascible man, before he breathed his last, had the gratification of seeing the unfortunate person, who, innocently, had irritated him, dying by his side."* This is an improvement, it must be confessed, on the heathen custom of duelling, which prevails in some parts of Christendom. Having thus a morbid sensitiveness to the least insult, which only blood can wash away, the Japanese gentlemen are assiduous in treating one another with profound respect.

If the "law of honor" among us required both gentlemen to sacrifice themselves, insults and duels, we imagine, would become rare. We can learn something from the heathen yet.

The cosmogony of the Japanese determines the nature of their government. This is the case with all countries in the East. The princes delight to claim a divine genealogy. As the Chinese Emperor is the Son of Heaven, so the Mihado of Japan is the Child of the Sun. We have alluded to the Japanese cosmogony, in stating the origin of the Island of Kewsew to be the work of one of the *Kami*, or Celestial Divinities, descended from the Sun-goddess. The Emperor assumes a legitimate descent from that member of her family. And the theory of the Japanese constitution regards him as mediator with that deity. Every day it requires of him to be placed upon the throne at Miaco, to receive the homage of his adoring subjects. It is a law that he must not move a muscle; only he is not permitted to fix his eyes, lest that part of the empire upon which he looked should be visited with some dire calamity. Consequently he must keep his eyes in-

* M. Cason in Randall's "Memorial," quoted by McFarlane, p. 299.

cessantly rolling hither and thither over the kingdom. In late years, it is said, this usage is superseded, and instead of the Mihado, they place on the throne his crown, which *can't* look and *can* keep still. That will do as well, while it does not inconvenience his majesty so much. On great occasions only is he enthroned. The Emperor at Miaco accordingly is a sort of deity, and rules by divine right. But though worshipped, he is confined to his palace, and is treated as a puppet. He has one wife and a harem.

But although the Spiritual Emperor is the sovereign *de jure*, the Secular Emperor wields the sceptre by might. The rise of the Secular Empire is a curious piece of history. In former days there was a rebellion. The Spiritual Emperor found it hard to suppress the insurrection. Soldier after soldier was beaten in battle. At length one was found, who, rising from the ranks, manifested military genius that quelled the insurgency. But he did not lay down his authority as easily as he took it up. In the East the "mayor of the palace," as in the West, became lord of his master. And on the easy condition of a pilgrimage, periodically, to the holy city of Miaco, to pay homage to the Mihado, his authority was confirmed. The Secular Emperor's court is at Jeddo. He is, in *theory*, again, all-powerful in secular matters. Yet he is ruled by a Council of State. And the council is ruled, in turn, by ancient *custom*. The Council of State consists of eight Princes of the Empire, and seven of the hereditary nobles. Every matter is referred to the Council, and from them goes to the emperor for his confirmation and decree. If the Council and Emperor chance to differ, the question is left to three Princes of the Empire for arbitration. If the arbitrators decide in favor of the Council, the Emperor is bound to abdicate the throne. If the Emperor be in the right, then the Council must die the death, by *ripping open their bowels*. On these terms, there is not much likelihood of a difference of opinion; and innovation upon ancient laws is the rarest possible contingency.

The *vassal Princes* are the governors of the provinces and cities of the Empire. As there is a dual throne, so there are dual viceroys. The families of the two governors must reside at Jeddo; while they, alternately, live at the place of their vicereignty. In this way, their allegiance is secured; their families being hostages. Each vassal-prince-governor has two secretaries, whose families, in like manner, reside at Jeddo. And besides the pledge of fidelity, resulting from this arrangement, each prince and

each secretary is a spy upon the other. Indeed the government of Japan is a government of espionage. Fouché himself might have taken lessons of the Japanese in this foul art. One spy watches another. Each man is surrounded by a hundred eyes. Every five families in a town, are responsible for the good behavior of each member, each servant, and the stranger within their gates. When the Governor of Matsmai was once complained of, the people were surprised to find, in his successor, a journeyman tobacco-cutter, who had been working in a shop opposite the governor's palace. This tobacco-cutter was a nobleman, sent from Jeddo to watch the governor of Matsmai. Thus, every rank in life furnishes its spies. If a man be nominated as a spy, he must serve; or else (if belonging to the higher classes) he must commit suicide in the usual manner; or (if not of the higher classes) he must consent to be decapitated.

Hence, it comes to pass that people in office in Japan are cruel, severe, unrelenting, changed in nature; while the private gentleman is frank in manners, open in speech, and most sensitive in honorable dealing. And hence also, it comes to pass, that people in Japan do not covet office, as they are said to do in some other countries.

Indeed, it is quite common for the Ziogun himself to abdicate the crown in favor of his eldest son (for the rights of primogeniture obtain in the Japanese Empire), rather than endure the slavery of the throne. The Secular Emperors are said to be for this reason *young men*; none being willing to forego freedom until too late to enjoy it. Death is the common punishment for all crimes without distinction. Yet the magistrate, though he may pronounce sentence of death, is not obliged to do so, except in homicides. House arrests, which are utter seclusion; imprisonment in a cage, and confinement in dungeons are permitted. The laws are published by edicts of the Emperor. These are read in town-meeting over the Empire, printed and placarded. Travelers say they are always curt and to the point. A law once published is never revoked. No money can compound a transgression of law, it being derogatory to Japanese dignity to allow impunity to be purchased with money. The laws are sacred. But above the law, overruling with a tyranny which is despotic, and with a sway which is irresistible, are hoary *customs*. These customs of the Empire overrule the legislature and direct it. Enthroned in a dark antiquity; enveloped in mystery impenetrable; clothed with awful majesty; sits the true sovereign

of Japan, in the idea of fixed immemorial usage. *Conservatism* need not look further for its paradise than Japan. *Progress* has no name in that language. The "manifest destiny" principle, probably was never heard of there. The Emperor has never yet been persuaded to accept a labor-saving machine. An oil-mill was once shown him. He said it was very ingenious, but it would injure manual labor, and disturb the Empire. We shall see what the American expedition will effect. It has carried out a steam engine, a locomotive, with a few miles of railroad, and a magnetic telegraph. It has, likewise, taken specimens of our manufactures. Cotton and woollen goods, from the mills of America, are on their way to Japan. Perhaps the Yankees will introduce a new idea, and ingraft a new word on the vocabulary of a Japanese dictionary. And perhaps not. For we are assured, that it would be woe to the Japanese who even proposes such an enormity. He must disembowel himself if he does, and die the death. Anterior to the year of our Lord 1615, the Japanese drove a brisk commerce with China and the Islands, and with Asia. Japanese soldiers served as soldiers of fortune in foreign countries.

But now, the stern of a Japanese junk is open to the waves, and the prow, likewise, in some instances is open. This is an order of Government, to prevent, it is said, the possibility of long voyages. The extent of the foreign commerce of Japan is the Loo-Choo islands: no Japanese going further than these islands is permitted to return, no, though he were driven by stress of weather. Let us inquire into the origin and cause of the present seclusion of this singular country, and learn why the Japan Government is so hostile and inveterate against foreign influence.

When Japan was first discovered (as some say, by the old Venetian, Marco Polo; others say by a Portuguese bound for Macao in 1542), the inhabitants were hospitable and friendly. In 1549, a Japanese fled to Goa, a Portuguese settlement on the coast of Malabar. He was there converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and sent back to his native country with goods and merchandise. The celebrated Francis Xavier (joint founder of the order of Jesuits, with Ignatius Loyola) went to Japan in the same vessel. The voyage was 1300 leagues from Goa. In vain were all the dissuasions of the friends of Xavier. He nobly said, that, where merchants ventured life for perishable riches, he might go to gain immortal souls. Xavier found the religion of the Japanese to be the Sintoo, Buddhist, and Suto supersti-

tions, more or less mixed; supported by large detachments of heathen priests. Toleration, however, was conceded in the widest liberality to all. Xavier was received most kindly. The people were intelligent, courteous and grateful. The art of printing (on blocks of wood) had furnished books for ages in Japan. The people were educated in free schools, nobility and commons together, until the time came for the boys to separate for their distinct professional studies. Colleges were flourishing at Miaco, Jeddo, and other parts of the Empire. Mathematics was studied; astronomy was understood. There were almanacs in which eclipses were duly calculated, barometers, thermometers, the mariner's compass; in short, a high degree of intelligence and refinement, in science, the arts, in literature and in manners. Xavier quitted Japan after a residence of three years, and sailed for China, where he died, in the Canton River, A. D. 1551. He made many converts and established several churches. In a letter, he speaks of the Japanese thus: "I know not when to have done when I speak of the Japanese. They are truly the delight of my heart." In 1566, the Portuguese advised the opening of the excellent harbor of Nangasaki, and trade flourished. The successor of Xavier baptized thirty thousand Japanese and founded fifty churches. And in 1591-92, the missionaries baptized twelve thousand converts. This large accession to the Roman Catholic faith, excited the jealousy of the heathen priests. This was the first symptom of uneasiness. The priests besought the Emperor to banish the Christians. To whom the Emperor replied: "How many sects are there in Japan?" They rejoined, Thirty-five. "Then," said he, "one more will do no harm."

Affairs remained in this posture with foreigners until 1597. In the year 1600, William Adams, an Englishman (a memorable name in the Japanese annals), arrived in a Dutch ship as pilot. This was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the English and Dutch were beginning their enterprises after the commerce of India. The Portuguese vilified Adams and the Dutch to the Emperor, as Protestant heretics, infidels, pirates, and many other hard names. They advised that they be crucified forthwith. But the good Emperor, Minna Motono, was more merciful. He commanded Adams to be brought before him, and sent his own galley to fetch him. Adams became a favorite; lived at court; made the king two ships; advised him prudently; and in four or five years, became influential as the Grand

Vizier. Under his auspices commerce was opened to the Dutch and English. A treaty signed by the Emperor *Minna Motono* (now extant in the archives of the East India Company), was also procured by Adams in behalf of the English. It was most liberal and complete. But after a short trial with losses, the English Company gave up in despair, and forsook Japan. Meanwhile, the Romish sects poured into Japan in a flood. Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians perambulated the Empire. Bitter jealousies, feuds, hatreds, ensued between them; till at length the Emperor ordered that no more should come to Japan. Nevertheless, more were smuggled in, giving great offence to the court. This was in 1597. At length the fires, burning secretly, burst forth in a blaze of persecution. A Portuguese bishop meeting a Japanese grandee on the road, refused to alight from his palanquin and tender the usual civilities. The grandee was incensed at the indignity, as only a Japanese knows how to be. He became a bitter foe. In 1612 the persecution began. In 1614 many Christians were crucified. In 1622 there was a general massacre of the active converts, who displayed heroic constancy in the profession of their faith. At this juncture a Portuguese ship from Japan was captured by the Dutch, having treasonable letters to the King of Portugal and the Pope, written by a native convert and zealot, inviting their invasion of Japan, and offering to assist the armament to overturn the throne. The Dutch at once revealed the plot and the names of the conspirators. In 1637 proclamation was issued banishing the Portuguese, and forbidding for ever any further intercourse with that nation. That native Christians rebelled, were pursued and slain; churches were razed to their foundations; crosses and crucifixes were trampled upon; every vestige of the Christian faith, which the Roman Catholics had introduced, was obliterated. The Dutch helped in this exterminating persecution. A last remnant of the Christians retreated to a stronghold, which the guns of the Japanese could not hurt. The Dutch bombarded the fort from their ships. When the breach was made, the Japanese rushed in and put to death forty thousand native Christians, who died like their brethren, "not accepting deliverance." Over the vast grave of those heroic victims, the Emperor of Japan set up this blasphemous inscription, "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain

himself; or the Christians' God; or the great God of the universe, if he violate this command shall pay for it with his head." *

The Dutch were, henceforth, required to abjure Christianity. All who serve them or have dealings with them, are bound to take an oath of renunciation and hatred of the Christian religion, twice, and even thrice a year. They are required to trample under foot the cross and other emblems of the faith. A Japanese joke is told by writers; that a Dutchman being surprised by the police and challenged, "Are you a Christian?" replied, "No! I am a Dutchman!" Truly it was so. Religion was extinct with them.

Ever since the edict of 1637, the Dutch have been confined to the harbor of Nangasaki, on a little island or peninsula, six hundred feet long by two hundred and forty feet broad, called *Desima*, adjoining the town, and put under the strict surveillance of the Japanese authorities. The Emperor judged that they who had so willingly assisted him in exterminating a *Christian* community, would be equally faithless to a *heathen* monarch, if their *interest* should chance to urge them. On the arrival of a Dutch ship at Nangasaki, an embassy, with presents, is required to present itself at court. We have derived much of our knowledge of Japan from the annals of these journeys. They met with great cordiality and politeness from the people, while the officials treated them with contumely, and perplexed them with endless annoyances. On approaching the Emperor, they crawled on their hands and knees, leaving their gifts at the foot of the throne; and then backed out, like a crab, without lifting their eyes from the floor. On their return to Nangasaki they are compelled to thank the governor for his *protection*, and then to sink back into their dismal island. Under such degrading circumstances has foreign commerce been carried on with Japan, for more than two centuries. In such a contemptible aspect has the Christian character appeared in the eyes of those haughty heathen! And what is the prize for which commerce has consented to all this debasement and this shame?

The productions of Japan are gold which is so plentiful that the roofs of palaces and the ceilings of rooms are of pure gold. "Nippon," in the language of a writer, "is a great gold mine." Gold sands abound in many parts of the Japanese Archipelago. Pearls are large and abundant. Mother-of-pearl; beautiful

marbles; agates and cornelians, are plentiful. Silver mines are rich in ore. Copper, lead, quicksilver, and tin, of *remarkable quality*, are among the mineral productions. Their *steel* is so fine, that the temper and keenness of their cattans rival the famous Damascus blades. Besides these gifts of Providence, are many beautiful manufactures, celebrated throughout the world. All articles of Japanese workmanship, are covered with the famous varnish procured from the "Urusi" or varnish tree, which yields a rich, milky glutinous juice. Other trees, as camphor, bamboo, mulberry, are indigenous. Flowers are beautiful, and universally cultivated. The cherry is grown for its blossom, which is exquisite. The Camellia Japonica is familiar to all who cherish exotics among us.

But doubtless it was not so much the productions of Japan as the vast market of twenty-five millions of people, for the sale and consumption of woollen and cotton goods, and other commodities of Europe, that the Dutch coveted. For the monopoly of this trade, they have submitted to insult, and dishonored the Christian name.

But a new era has dawned on the world, and the youngest of the nations of the earth is sent on a mission to Japan, to bring that self-banished Empire into the fellowship of sister kingdoms. In this age of steam power, commerce will be driven by a motive which the ancients never knew; the very source of which lies buried in the coal mines of Japan. From America to England, thence through the Mediterranean; across the desert; down the Red Sea, to the Indian ocean, the chain is now completing, which shall encompass the round world. Westward the chain is forging that connects the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean, across the Isthmus of Panama. There is but one single link wanting to complete the circuit between California and Japan. When this last link shall be supplied, the power of steam will move the traveller from ocean to ocean, and from land to land; creating intercourse between nations that differ in government, religion, customs and modes of thought; causing trade in the exchange of manufactures and productions of the soil; producing a feeling of fellowship among mankind; and opening a highway for the chariot of the Lord Jesus Christ to pass through all the nations of the earth; diffusing the knowledge of the pure gospel for the civilization, the happiness, the salvation of the poor heathen.

We cannot doubt, for a moment, that such is the mission of the American expedition to Japan. God has not wrought

the wonders of our age and generation, that they be foiled in their grandest end, and be brought to nought by the haughtiness and conceit of a secluded potentate. The Joshua for this duty of conquering the tribes of the East for Emanuel, is plainly pointed out in that country whose shores are washed by the two great oceans. It is pointed out in that banner of freedom on which the eagle spreads his wings; on which confederation and union is inscribed; whose stars and stripes, as the symbols of hope and of protection to the friendless, panting for liberty and guardianship, float over the heads of all men who flee, from want or from tyranny, beneath its ample folds. But not by war; not by conquest; not by blood is the victory to be gained. The expedition to Japan is peaceful. It carries the olive branch on the prow of its men-of-war. The arrogant sea-king must be shown both the emblem of peace and the cannon's mouth. As our friend Mr. Punch has said, "The ports must be opened in Japan, even if the Americans have to open their ports." At any rate, all past experience shows that the Japanese Court will not feel the arguments of humanity unless stirred up by the wholesome spur of arguments, plunged into them from the heel of dreaded war. To prove this assertion, it is necessary to review only the attempts of our own government with Japan.

In 1837 the American ship *Morrison* arrived at Japan from Macao, having on board Japanese sailors who had drifted in a storm, and had been cast away near the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon, and had been taken thence to Macao. The *Morrison* had taken out her armament to indicate her peaceful and benevolent mission. But all this was of no avail. The Japanese dragged their cannon (which are said to be very good) and placed them in battery on the shores; the striped calico or canvas was stretched in front in token of war (which the sailors call "*putting the battery in petticoats*"), and the *Morrison* was fired at and driven off the Japanese coast. This happened in the bay of Jeddo. The edict of 1637 was put in force, which runs thus: "All Japanese who return from abroad shall be put to death." That protection which every government owes to its faithful subjects was refused by Japan to its own. Calamity was accounted crime; and the kindness of benevolent Christians was punished as conspiracy! In 1845 three Japanese were carried to Ningpo, in China, by the United States frigate *St. Louis*. These men had been blown across the ocean five

thousand miles, all the way to Mexico. The poor fellows dared not go home to their wives and children for fear of the inhuman edict of 1637! In 1846 the government of the United States sent the Columbus, of ninety guns, and the sloop-of-war Vincennes, to attempt to open navigation and to secure protection to our merchantmen and whalers. The ships were immediately surrounded by a triple cordon of guard-boats; no one went on board; water and food could not be bought. And after waiting a tedious interval the reply was brought from Jeddo, "No trade can be allowed with foreign nations except Holland!"

In 1849 American seamen were wrecked on the stormy coast of Japan, from the American whaler Lagoda. The United States ship Preble was dispatched for their rescue. After many pretexts and delays, the American Captain (Geisenger) limited a day when the seamen *must* be brought on board. The Japanese authorities understood the threat, and the shipwrecked mariners were promptly restored to their country's flag. McFarlane states that since 1849, it is reported that some other American whalers have been wrecked on that coast, and are confined in bamboo cages, suffering captivity like the Russian captain of the imperial navy, Golownin, a few years ago. Some English and American sailors have been put to death for simply landing on the coast. It is but just to say, that those sailors are accused of crime. We know that lawless men may violate the laws and deserve a doom. But while humanity has a tear to shed, or a voice to articulate, or an arm to yield, she will protest against a nation claiming neutrality for her harbors, and yet refusing all intercourse with other nations; cutting herself off from the charities of national fellowship, and yet insisting on rights founded in the laws of nations; shutting her ports against shipwrecked sailors, whether her own people or foreigners; refusing ships supplies, for money, after long voyages of danger and privation; and driving from her shores, with gunpowder and ball, the weary navigators of God's seas who would seek repose and shelter from the storms and waves. Japan demands distinguished consideration and civilized dealing from the nations whom, by her barbarity, she insults! This "dog in the manger" policy, which Japan practises, the world will not now submit to. Japan lies on the high road of nations. She must not make herself a *barrier there*. She must sell her coal; she must evince towards us, at least, the old Suto morality of Confucius, and live virtuously: do right: be

civil: be prudent: preserve a good conscience. And may we practise the same, and better virtues, under the benign Christian maxim that comprehends all virtues, "Do you as you would be done by."

The fleet, under Commodore Perry, consists of nine ships, of which seven are ships and steamers of war, from the largest size to a sloop. The excellent letter of the President of the United States has won the admiration of Europe. The expedition is commended by Europeans as worthy of the American name.

From California to China is become a voyage of twenty days. Commerce which forsook the Mediterranean on the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, is preparing to desert the stormy Cape for a better route to India. Fleets will soon steam through the Pacific ocean. And as Venice and Alexandria decayed after the Indian commerce left their ports, so must St. Helena and Madagascar cease to be of value; Cape Town will not be worth an occupying, much less a Kaffir war. The Marquesas Islands will be reckoned among the most important maritime ports in the world. The Sandwich Islands and the Society Islands will enhance in their value to all nations. London and Liverpool, Brest and Havre, must yield the prize of Indian trade to New Orleans and New-York. India is now opened to American enterprise, to American commerce, to American religion. God grant that our country may not fail to make good use of her high endowments, and scatter blessings, broadcast, on the earth. We doubt not such beneficent issues will come to pass. And as classic story has immortalized the fable of the expedition of Jason and his Argonauts, in search of the Golden Fleece, so shall there be Christian poets and historians, more eloquent than Homer and Hesiod, to sing of the exploits and to narrate the achievements of Protestant missionaries, and godly seamen, seeking the worthier object of saving the dying souls of living men; winning, for themselves and them, a nobler, a truer immortality, in the approving smile of God and the perpetual blessedness of heaven.

The coarse senses of the unbelieving citizen may see, in the march of our American republic, only the fortuitous course of Empire. But the spiritual senses of the Christian believer, perceives the presiding presence of Him who "is the Head over all things to the church;" whose wisdom designed that the "gospel shall be preached as a witness unto all nations;" whose Word both prophesies and proclaims His will; and whose power procures the

fulfilment of His wise, His gracious purposes.

Commerce and Christianity may, by man's avarice and sin, be separated, and unnaturally opposed to one another. Those things that God has joined together in holy matrimony, man, wickedly, can put asunder. That divorce has been decreed for more than two centuries in Japan. That divorce has been countenanced and encouraged by other nations since early times. Commerce has *not* gone forth in alliance with religion. Religion has been left behind to journey alone from her birth-place in Bethlehem of Judea; not as a conqueror, but as a pilgrim; not with a paid army of retainers, but with a few loving followers; not in pomp and pride, but in lowliness and humility. The cross was laid upon her by the Divine hand, first at Jerusalem, and afterwards every where. Nevertheless, she has borne the cross, lovingly and willingly, and she has conquered by bearing it. She endured it in Asia Minor in her infancy. And thence travelling westward into Africa and into Europe, she has knocked at the heart's door of peasants and of fishermen; of merchants and of scholars; of nobles and of kings; of low and high; of rich and poor; and has summoned "Caesar's household" to open unto her the imperial gates. They who have entertained her as a guest, "have entertained angels unawares." They who have admitted her into their bosoms have felt her as "a LIFE."

She has gone, untiring, with the sun westward; lighting up the dreary and dark souls of barbarous heathen; warming them with a diviner sunshine that was spreading over luxuriant nature, and causing to spring forth, and bud, and bear, seeds of better fruit than ever earth had seen. Pagan Britain was transformed into Christian England. The druid altars of human sacrifices were forsaken for the altar of THE CRUCIFIED who sacrificed Himself for human sin. The cross on the flag of that Christian country has floated across the waters of every ocean. It is unfurling itself continually, as the successive drum beats reville at dawn of day, on each great circle of longitude on the globe. It is waving perpetually, from some high staff, in every land. And wherever the British cross has opened the way, there the Church of England is helping forward Religion. From England the heaven-born Pilgrim crossed the Atlantic to the fourth quarter of the globe,

and found in this, our land, a home. And now, unwearied, she is travelling after the pioneers of civilization, and voyaging in the wake of ships; sanctifying commercial intercourse and claiming commerce as her partner. She has taken refuge under the flag of these United States to pass over the Pacific to the East again, persevering in her circuit round the world, until she shall reach her birth-place in Asia, and shall welcome back her Lord from heaven at his second coming, "conquering and to conquer." The one vast Empire of Japan, wherein the Protestant English in Queen Elizabeth's reign, two centuries ago, had gained a foothold, *Englishmen deserted*; and have endeavored since, repeatedly, in vain, to occupy and recover.

Who can tell whether (had England been patient and faithful to herself and God) there might not now have been Christianity in Japan, shining with a pure flame out of a holy lamp: not emitting smoke from the foul oil of Romish superstition; not clouding the souls of men with dogmas as corrupting as the Buddhist and Sinto doctrines; but irradiating the Eastern Archipelago with the sanctified light of the pure Gospel from a Protestant Japanese church of Christ!

But religion was banished from that Empire. Yet let man do what he will to defeat or to retard the pilgrimage of primitive Christianity, he cannot vanquish the will of God. God makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. The witness of the church shall resound throughout the nations of the earth; "then cometh the end." The earth shall be girt about with prayer. From the earth, raises to God and to his Christ shall ascend on high in every tongue. Man's heart shall beat against the heart of his brother man, in the sympathy of mutual love; in the communion of a common worship; in all the fellowship of Christianized nations, embraced in the ample and expanding charity of the one Catholic Church of Jesus Christ.

For it is written and it shall come to pass, "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, MY NAME shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto MY NAME, and a pure offering; for my NAME shall be great among the heathen, saith the LORD of Hosts."

CHORIC HYMN.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

I.

THE little birds awake at peep of day,
 When soft winds shake their nests, and leaves are stirred;
 The buds unseal their lids beneath the spray,
 Called by the dews, to mortal ears unheard;
 But thou—though we have called thee, over-loud,
 Thrice with our shrillest voices, thou art mute:
 —But we will touch the lute,
 And melt the dream, that wraps thee like a cloud.
 We passed along the borders of the vale,
 And peeped into it from the misty hill;
 Far in its depths we heard the nightingale
 Muffled in song: we hear him singing still.
 We sat together, all in thoughtful rest,
 Last eve, and watched the golden chaff of light,
 From sheaves of sunset, bounden in the West,
 Stored in the closing garner of the Night:
 And when pale Hesperos with silver crook,
 Led forth his starry flock from out their fold,
 We wept together in the bosky nook,
 And linked our hearts with kisses, each thrice told.
 Hast thou forgot our kisses, and thine own?—
 (We dreamed of only those, the live-long night!)
 Forgot thy loving maidens, chaste and white?
 Forgot the vale, whose depths are yet unknown?—
 It cannot be! Awake, and answer—"No!"
 O, say us "No!" or we must wake, and weep:
 Give us a little sign, before we go,
 That we are not forgotten in thy sleep;
 Think of us, one and all, as we of thee,
 Both now, and evermore, Persephone!

II.

Hearken! our lutes are strung with silver wires,
 All nicely suited, viorant with the strain;
 Our voices melt therein, like soft desires,
 Or South winds dying in a vernal rain!
 The sky-lark listens in the woods apart,
 Since twilight sleeping on the falling dew,
 And hoards our music in his brimming heart,
 Meaning a sweet repayment from the blue:
 But thou art bound in slumber, deaf to all,
 Mute as a little maid beneath her pall,
 Heedless of dear ones coming there to weep,
 Locked in a cold and everlasting sleep!
 If such should be thy sleep, O what should we
 Say to Demeter in her woe divine?—
 And to our hearts, and all that ask and pine,
 For Earth would then demand her lost Persephone?

III.

Not so, not so! bright Hestia would arise,
 And light anew thy scarce-extinguished torch;
 Zeus would rain his lightnings from the skies,
 And pierce the shadow Mors against his porch,
 No more to launch the unseen dart at thee;—
 For Demo-Gorgon has compelled the Three,
 For great Demeter's sake,
 To twist thy shining thread of Life without a break!

Both Lachesis and Clotho spin to-day
 Thy fleece, from off the distaff of the Years,
 Nor dare dark Atropos with fatal shears
 Clip even a shred away!
 For Heaven delights in thee,
 Thou art so like to Heaven, divine Persephone!

IV.

Hark! hear ye not a stirring in her bower,
 A rustling in the dimness of the leaves?
 Ah yes!—and see—the Morning in its eaves,
 Braids through the twinkled green a golden shower!
 Strike all your lutes again, and break the bands
 That Sleep has woven round her in the night;
 Let melting Music with her loving hands
 Slowly unwind his tangled skeins of light!
 Up-gather all thy poppies, drowsy-sweet,
 And all thy syrop-urns of mandragore;
 Fly, Morpheus, fly, ere Morning's wingéd feet,
 Fire-sandalled, bear him to thy palace-door,
 Where, waiting thee, thy Visions shrink away,
 Blinded by coming Day!
 Fly, Morpheus, fly, with heavy-lidded eyes—
 The night is done, the maiden would arise.
 Awake Persephone!—the finches round
 Chirp to the swallows, twittering overhead,
 And little crickets answer from the ground,
 Hidden in tufted mosses, white and red.
 Awake! awake! let sluggards weak and gray
 Before their time, drowse out the morning hours;
 Health-loving maids are up before the day,
 To wet their feet in dew, and gather flowers.
 Flowers grow around in myriads, even here,
 In this dark forest, beaded o'er with dew;
 They call for thee, within thy spirit's ear,
 And all the little birds are calling too;
 And we thy loving maids, so dear to thee—
 Then wake and rise, O rise, divine Persephone!

VIRGINIA IN A NOVEL FORM.

Continued from page 146.

CHAPTER V.

THIS CHAPTER, WITH THE READER'S PERMISSION, IS
 DEDICATED TO CUPID.

MR. ROBERT RUSHTON's time was devoted exclusively to his friend Dashwood. He must be with Frank, morning, noon, and night. He was seldom at home. He had always some business or an engagement with Frank. They found time amid their multifarious duties, to take a mysterious trip together to see Mrs. Blanton. Dashwood came back enraptured with her. He told mamma—who had doubtless in her anxiety for her son, commissioned him to keep an eye upon Therese—that he was proud of Robert's choice—for it was not art, he said, which made Therese so enchanting, but nature. Nature so perfectly beautiful, that he had mistaken it

for the perfection of art, for which he begged the dear dimpled creature's pardon.

Having made the *amende* to Mrs. Blanton, Dashwood, who was getting his affairs in order, previous to his departure to foreign parts, drew me to the window, and begged me with moist eye, and nervous lip, to take good care of Louise for him.

"If she cries for me, when I am gone—ah, if she hangs about your neck, and sobs for me in the long, still hours—comfort her, Jenny, and keep her hopeful, and cheerful for me, will you? Do not let her go off by herself to weep; cheer her up for me, my good Jenny, I must not think of her, all drooping and tearful—and yet—and yet," said he, half musing. "I would not have her careless and gay." I smiled.

"I tell you, dear Jenny" he said, "I would like her to be resigned and hopeful, but not remarkably lively,—you understand?"

"Very well," said I, "I shall exhort my sister to endeavor to poise herself midway between joy and sorrow. I shall tell her that, while I am to try very much to amuse her, she is not to be at all amused."

"Heigho!" began poor Dashwood, with a rueful face, "what a time I shall have with my attachéship! What long, long hours I must endure before I can be with you all again!"

"But you two are determined?" I asked.

"Determined! I tell you no word in the English language can express the firmness of our purpose. Determined! death cannot part us. Mr. Rushton, your estimable father, is, I am happy to say, only a feather in our estimation, Mrs. Barbara a mere puff of wind, Mrs. Braxley a mop to be jumped over on our way to church."

"And uncle Joe?"

"Pooh—small potatoes," said Dashwood with an air. I was not then aware that uncle Joe had deserted the family party, and gone over to the enemy. Such knowledge being considered, by his friends, as highly dangerous to circulate, and as calculated to embitter the domestic peace of that most worthy man.

Papa was highly pleased at Dashwood's appointment; and Tom Farren delivered quite a speech upon the occasion. Poor Robert declared that he had rather part with his right hand than with Frank, but he added, "If I thought it necessary to amputate my right hand, it should be cut off, and I would try and do with the left." Mrs. Barbara inquired where St. Cloud was, and if Mr. Dashwood was likely to meet with a very dear friend of hers, who had gone with her husband to Rio. If so, would he be kind enough to take charge of a steel bag, and a pair of button-hole scissors, which it seems, that friend had left at Mrs. Barbara's on her last visit.

Mamma hoped he would not be shipwrecked, or robbed, or caught by the Inquisition, or, above all, go over to the Pope.

Robert hoped he would write some telling letters to the Star, and let people know what he was about.

During this visit, which was about a fortnight before Dashwood's departure, papa took him kindly by the hand, and led him into the library.

"My dear young friend," he said handing him a seat, and then settling down in his large leather chair, "I am extremely

gratified at this appointment; I am your friend, though I have never flattered you—perhaps your best friends do not flatter you. Well, Mr. Dashwood, the last conversation we had in this room was not a very pleasant one, but I must beg that you will continue to bear it in mind."

"There is no danger of my forgetting it, sir," said Dashwood quickly.

"What I said then I repeat to-day; my daughter must not be troubled by your proposals."

"I have no proposals to make to the young lady, sir."

"I hope not. I have other views for my daughter, Mr. Dashwood."

"So you have taken the trouble to inform me very many times, sir."

"And I wish it distinctly understood."

"I am quick at apprehension, sir."

"That I oppose the affair *in toto*. The long engagement, the promise to wait until you make a fortune, the idle notion about congeniality, and all the foolish visions which have flitted across the brains of all the foolish lovers in the world. I tell you, fortunes and great names are not so easily made. I tell you, every young man of talent is not bound to succeed. I tell you the most strenuous actions are not always crowned with success—that our most ardent wishes had better not be realized sometimes. Bless my soul, suppose all my wild visions had been realized! where would I have been now, in the name of common sense? Suppose I had married my sister's pretty governess for whom I was actually run mad a whole year! Bless my soul—we had better leave these things to Providence, Mr. Dashwood. Young ladies of eighteen, and high-spirited fellows of twenty-two, had better not take their destinies into their own hands. I tell you it is wrong—morally wrong; and you will thank me for all this, some day, if you live—indeed you will."

"My dear sir, I do not blame you for refusing me your daughter's hand; I esteem you for it. I esteem all her friends who have her interests so much at heart. Time can only prove what we are. If I were to say to you now, that ten years hence, I shall be this or that, you would laugh at me. Very well, I say no such thing. But I say *nous verrons*."

"Exactly—*nous verrons*. You go off to a foreign court, young, and unfettered by promises, you will come back with a little more knowledge of men and things. Exactly sir, *nous verrons*."

"Thank you, sir. I shall return to bid your family farewell, with your permission," said Dashwood rising.

"Certainly—come by all means. I

shall be happy to see you. Good morning," and papa opened the door, and shook the hand of his guest, with much cordiality.

"Mrs. Braxley brought Louise home, and in a few days Dashwood came to pay his last formal visit to our family.

Now, poor fellow, his "jests and gibes" were gone. He could no longer rally and be gay. The laughing lip quivered, and the lustrous eye, with its comic fire, was filled to the brim. Once or twice he made an effort to be himself, but it would not do. The light spirit was trailing in the dust, the quick retort and happy repartee were stifled, and the merry laugh no longer rang around the family circle as in the bright days which were flown. Louise was never alone with him during this visit. Papa was all attention to his guest, and Mrs. Barbara and suite mustered about him. My sister went on careless, indolent, and calm. Papa marked with pride the same lofty air and graceful ease—and he thought the dreamer dreamed no more. Dashwood strove to emulate her in her perfect show of insensibility; but he hadn't the self-command of the imperious Louise. And from the filmed eye, flushed cheek, and nervous, restless manner, one saw the anguish of his manly, loving heart, and pitied him for the struggles he so bravely made.

The hour was coming—coming with pulsating step, when these two, so different, and yet so united, were to part. Louise stood calm and clear, under papa's eye, waiting to say farewell. Mrs. Barbara stood looking on, as Dashwood, after shaking every body by the hand, turned firmly and steadily to Louise. He took her hand, and not a tear, or faltering word betrayed the mighty strength of that love which so many had tried in vain to sever.

Louise bade him "God speed" in a clear, unshaken voice, and he made his bow, and left us standing in the hall. I saw him brush away a tear as he gathered the reins in his hand—and I saw him wring Robert's hand as though his heart was breaking,—but this was all I saw.

My sister, as though to test to the utmost limit the great strength of her poor woman's heart, remained standing some fifteen minutes with papa and mamma in the hall. And though she felt that all eyes were upon her, she never faltered or quailed, but stood conversing with them carelessly, as though nothing had happened. Papa took his hat and stick, and walked out. Mrs. Barbara returned to her knitting, and Mrs. Braxley to her snuff, and Louise walked carelessly away.

But in her quiet room her woman's nature triumphed. Here, the pent-up tears flooded the lustrous eyes, and she fell upon my neck, and yielded to the luxury of unrestrained emotion. Here, the woman's nature shone forth in all its strength. Here, the calm and placid girl shivered with emotion. Here, poor Louise threw off the outer garment of proud insensibility, and sobbed convulsively, and prayed, and refused all comfort and all hope. She drew from her bosom his miniature, and a bit of poetry which the guarded lover had scribbled off for her eye alone, on his last visit. As some evidence of the talents with which poor Dashwood was gifted, I transcribe it for the reader.

FOR MY LOUISE.

Well, we have met—nor have our eyes
Revealed the secret they could tell,
Nor blushing cheek, nor faintest sighs
Betrayed the truth we knew so well.

A mystic chain between us lay,
In airy links, unseen and still;
From heart to heart its fairy way,
Electric in its mighty thrill.

A breath, a tone, a careless note,
Would vibrate on each magic round,
In airy circles surely float,
Reaching the heart with lightest bound.

Oh Love! how subtle is thy power,
How wonderful thy changing ways,
Compressing years in one short hour,
And making dreary, summer days.

Louise—ah! should I never come
To claim each promise, and each vow;
Keep them, my darling, for our home,
All star-lighted above us now.

Keep them, Louise, all pure and true,
Keep them—ah, I'll wait them there;
Keep them—nor utter them anew,
Nor breathe them, save to Heaven in prayer.

Keep them—nor tell them save to Heaven,
In stillly hours, where none are near;
The jealous spirit floats at even,
Perhaps such precious vows to hear.

Once more adieu!—my heavy heart
Goes on its weary way alone:
Since loving, trusting, we must part,
Twere better quickly, coldly done.

And parted! oh! the bitter tears,
And fears, which loving heart ne'er flees,
And midnight vigils long as years,
And days—all wanting my Louise!

"Oh, he is gone, Jenny—gone—and all is blank!" cried my sister, her heart realizing anew the full extent of her sorrow. Somebody tapped gently at our door, and Robert came in, and threw himself upon the bed and wept like a child. He drew Louise to him, and whispered to her, and laid her stricken head upon his bosom, and these two children of prosperity sobbed together over their first sorrow.

"Jenny, you must help me to take care of this poor little thing. We must stand by her, sister Jenny, through thick and thin. We must console her, and minister to her in her grief, for she is a ten-

der creature, Jenny, and we must shield her for his sake;" and then our gentle Robert wiped his eyes, and kissed her, and tried to be cheerful and stout of heart. "There's a better time coming, little sis—a happy time coming. The sun does not always shine, little sis, and clouds and darkness are quite as useful as the sun. Come, Louise—cheer up, my pretty pet. You can be brave, I know. Come, little sis, remember all is for the best." And Robert took her in his lap, and with tears in his eyes, talked of being strong and brave.

Dear mamma, with her mother's instinct, came gently in and sat down by her suffering child, and spoke like one who had suffered and had endured. After these little outbursts of uncontrollable emotion, Louise recovered her usual calm self-possession, and we sat in our little room—the indulgent mother, and her children, talking in the twilight until tea time. Robert was chief spokesman of course. Under all dispensations, he was voluble and wise. He was always kind to those in trouble, and was never more happy than when in sad, chastened hours, he could hang about mamma, and caress her, and fondle about her, like a child. I need not say that this handsome, tender son, was the pride of my mother's heart. Robert declared to mamma, upon his honor, that Frank Dashwood was the noblest fellow in the world. And he took that opportunity to favor Louise and me with such lectures on matrimony, as few debutantes are privileged to hear. My brother said if a handsome woman married a rich fool, who would lavish every dollar he had upon her, she might be happy, provided she possessed none of that exquisite delicacy which was the first charm of her sex. Provided, also, that she had no conscience—not a bit—no generosity—no pride—and had been pinched by poverty all her life. To such women money was happiness. He said his sister Louise, with her reserve, her modesty, her delicate nature, her extreme sensibilities, could not be happy with Tom Farren. Because Tom Farren was such a machine of a man. So severe, so stiff, so formal, so built up in his own rectitude, so hard and common-sensible, "that he would break this regal flower of ours, mamma, in less than two years," said my brother earnestly. "Her beautiful eccentricities would be harshly put down—her tears would be childish—her whims unbecoming, and all that. I know Tom Farren—every body must bend to him. He is a walking model in his own estimation, and every body must walk exactly by his rules. And I know Dashwood. I

have tested his heart and soul. He is chivalrous, magnanimous, glorious. Let him succeed. Let him—God bless him—come back renewed and re-established, and I will be responsible for this dear girl's happiness."

"But, my son, your papa knows best."

"We will not discuss the subject," said my sister with dignity, and the supper bell rang merrily, and we obeyed the summons.

Poor Robert had a difficult task before him, viz., to storm the library and sound papa concerning Mrs. Blanton. Papa was remarkably cautious and reserved. He had treated Mrs. Blanton not only with marked respect, but sometimes playfully, and almost affectionately. But this was no proof that he thought her worthy of his son. There were not many who could aspire to that honor. Papa thought Robert destined for great things, and Robert thought Mrs. Blanton was on the very pinnacle of greatness.

Mrs. Braxley, who was staying with us, expressed herself as being glad that Dashwood was gone, and wished Mrs. Blanton could receive an appointment of the kind immediately. Mrs. Barbara repeated for our edification, that she had no opinion of widows with little boys, turning out their shoulders, and stripping their arms, and coquetting with every green-horn in the whole country; and went on with string after string of anecdote, illustrative, and forcibly bearing upon the subject in hand, with divers catastrophes and horrible denouements, of a startling and extraordinary nature. Mrs. Braxley had collected a budget concerning the widow in her dippings. She had learned from some of the mop sisterhood that she had made the deceased Blanton see sights.

"Didn't I tell you all so?" inquired Mrs. Barbara, looking around. But none of us remembered her ever having intimated to us that Therese had made her husband see sights.

Mrs. Braxley went on to say that the late Johnston Blanton had died of yellow fever in Mobile, it was true, but she understood that his system had been previously undermined by a train of nervous disorders, brought on by jealousy, for which, it seemed, Mrs. B. had given him sufficient cause.

"I'll be bound she did!" broke in Mrs. Barbara. "I'll be bound she aggravated that man to death. Why I have known more people aggravated to death," said grandma, with open eyes. "Gracious!"

Of course nobody disputed this alarming fact.

Mrs. Braxley still running on, undis-

turbed by grandma's shrill remarks, continued. She represented the artless, exuberant Therese with her overflowing, boundless heart, and good will towards all mankind, as a wicked, vexatious little imp—destroying the peace of every family into which she entered—and as being leagued with the yellow fever, and the green-eyed monster, to carry destruction into all quarters. She was notoriously fond of waltzing, and polking with beardless youths, easily overcome by her wiles. She was, furthermore, excessively fond of Mr. Blanton, and made nothing of treating him in a most sisterly manner.

The family convocation about this delightful Therese was held in mamma's room. Aunt Braxley had related her dippings, flourishing her tooth-brush with great effect. Grandma had made several blunders, but on the whole her remarks were caustic and telling. Poor Bob had battled for his sweetheart manfully, telling of her simplicity, her gentle charities, her meekness, and forgiving heart. Mamma had related how Therese, during her memorable visit to Fairy Hill, would leave the gay company to come and sit in her room and have a quiet chat with her, and how tender and charming she was. Louise had said how she loved her, and how she had rather Robert would marry her than the queen of all the Brazils. And I had told how she had stolen her soft arm around my waist, and asked me so innocently if I loved her?

"As though any body could help loving her!" cried Robert.

Just then papa came in, and inquired what we were all talking about.

"Why, about this widow who has come here and turned Robert's head," said the ever ready Mrs. Barbara.

"Turned Robert's head! His head is not so easily turned, depend upon it."

"Don't you believe the harf (half) of that," returned the sapient dame. "I have had beaux, a few of them, report says," Mrs. Barbara had been a famous belle. "At all events, I know enough of courting and love-scrapes generally, to know when a young gudgeon nibbles at a bait (which has been passed and repassed, and seen through by wiser fish, I fancy), and then, like a certain young man not a hundred miles from here, gulps down the hook and the line, to the infinite wonder and amusement of connoisseurs in that sort of thing."

"Tut, tut—I hope I shall hear no more of this," said papa. "Mrs. Blanton indeed!"

"My dear Mr. Rushton," interposed mamma, her eyes filling with tears at Robert's discomfiture.

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"Be quiet, my dear, Mr. Robert Rushton should know better."

"Exactly," said the dowager; "he should really know better. Why, Saplingwood is a Solomon to her."

"I beg that you will not speak of her in that way," said Robert, knitting his brow.

"And I beg some consideration for one who has been our guest," remarked the elegant and impassive Louise, from the lounge.

"Hoity, toity!" cried grandma. "It seems that I have aroused a hornet's nest. I am constrained to remark, at the peril of my ears, that young Mr. Hornet's moustache will have to exert itself considerably before the uncommon glibness of his tongue can annihilate me exactly."

"Pshaw!" said papa. "I wonder, Robert, that you are so silly. I expected a flirtation between Mrs. Blanton and yourself, but, upon my word, I was not prepared for any further exhibition of folly."

"I do not like to reply to you now, sir," said Robert, handing papa, who was standing, a chair. "I might be tempted to say something which I should regret. We will dismiss the subject, if you please."

The reader can form no idea of the imitable grace of these words, or of my handsome brother's beautiful and respectful manner. He softened all hearts, and dispelled all acrimony.

Mrs. Braxley, who had not been figuring at all during the latter part of the conversation, now thought it time for prayers. She was a professed expounder and exhorter. She did not mind rising in a crowded church and giving out an appointment for her neighborhood. Indeed she did not mind doing any thing she chose to do. She always rang in the servants, during her visitations and gave us prayers. And such prayers! None of your lackadaisical, lukewarm affairs, but fervent, strong, knock-down-and-drag-out improvisations.

She prayed for rain if she wanted rain. She called sinners by their names, and prayed for their speedy disenfranchisement from the bondage of sin.

But, as I was saying, after much ringing, and scolding, and "blessings over the left shoulder," as Sap called them, she succeeded in gathering in our straggling undisciplined troops. She then read the sermon on the mount, and sang the Old Hundred, after which she favored us with one of her strongest impromptus. She had a clear, ringing voice, and the ready words came trippingly on her tongue, and Mrs. Braxley would have made no ordinary preacher. After a soul-searching and Satan-exterminating prayer, of nearly a half an hour in length, we all received her benediction

and arose from our recumbent position, save my brother's devout man Sappingwood, who thought proper to remain on his knees in an attitude of profound devotion.

"I am glad to see Sappingwood so religious," remarked grandma, in a loud whisper to the company, while Sappingwood still remained upon his bended knees.

"Sappingwood, you will please finish your devotions elsewhere," said papa, as the servants retired. Grandma then approached him gently, and tapping him on the back with her spectacle case, said, "Sappingwood, you will please finish your devotions elsewhere."

At which Sap started up, rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, and seeing grandma, cried out "the devil!" and took to his heels, running over "eight foot eleven," as he called Epsey, and finally made but one step from the head of the stairs to the landing.

Poor Sap had fallen asleep under Mrs. Braxley's soporific prayer, being the most sleepy-headed nigger, grandma informed us, between this and a brother of his she had sold somewhere, wherever that was.

Not very long after this, Robert stormed the library, and informed papa in a pathetic manner, that he was dying for Mrs. Blanton, actually dwindling away, and losing his appetite (in the height of the strawberry season too, said my romantic brother), because Therese would cruelly persist in being so enchanting.

"And what have you done with your old flame, Mary Jennings?" asked papa, turning round in his chair, that he might get a better view of his hopeful.

"Mary Jennings!" said Robert, slightly coloring. "why, when *have* I thought of Mary Jennings?"

"Exactly, and yet that girl alarmed me for twelve months."

"But she is not like Therese, nobody is—"

"Oh no, I suspect not, and the next one will doubtless eclipse Therese."

"Well," said Robert, laughing, "will you try me a year, sir?"

"Yes, two of them, if you like. Come to me in a year, if we all live, and tell me that you are still true to Therese, and that Therese is still true to *you*, mind that, and my blessing will be upon you both."

"Thank you, sir. If—if—by that time we are changed, I will go right off and propose to Col. Fletcher's daughter, upon my word."

"As a personal favor to your indulgent father," said papa.

"And," said Robert, "any other cross-eyed lady of your acquaintance can be favorably noticed about that time."

I must explain to the reader that Maria Fletcher was what is called cock-eyed, though immensely rich, and of distinguished family, and that she was an old bone of contention between papa and Robert.

"You will at least have learned, I sincerely hope," remarked papa, "that happiness in this life does not exactly depend upon the turn of a lady's eye."

"Nevertheless," replied Robert, "I expect to find it sadly inconvenient to repeat the story of my love to a lady with one eye full upon me and the other out of the window."

"A trifle," said papa, and the conversation ended rather differently from what Mr. Rushton, junior, expected.

I am sorry to say that difficulties in another quarter beset my brother. Therese wrote him a little odorous letter, containing rather a startling and unique proposition. She proposed, with her usual naïveté, that they should endeavor to forget each other, and that she really thought Mr. Blanton would die if she rejected him again.

He had taken his bed when she told him all about "an affair," the dear little woman said, and had never gotten up until she promised to be off with Robert. Therese went on to say, that she and Robert were young and could forget perhaps, and form new ties, while poor Mr. Blanton was getting old—indeed was bald under his scratch (!)—and turning gray—and had proved so—oh terribly constant, that she was really afraid he might die, if she persisted in being so cruel as dear Mr. Rushton had advised.

Such a note my brother returned to this confiding, pliant creature, as would make one's hair stand on end. He wrote, that of course Mrs. Blanton could consult her own wishes about the matter—he had nothing to say—and would respectfully withdraw his proposals, rather than submit the lady to any such heart-rending trials as she had described.

After this, my handsome brother wore a sneer upon his lip, and read Byron with wonderful relish.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINS ALL I SAW AT THE FAMOUS BLACK MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, AND MORE BESIDES.

In due time the season arrived for every bird of passage to take flight. Dress-makers were sewing night and day, and spry clerks excessively active. Robert graciously offered to take Louise and myself to the famous Black Mountain Springs (which, by some mysterious agency, were to be the fashion that sea-

son), provided we religiously promised to obey him in all things. He said we must, by all means, take our own maids, buy more dresses than we ever had in all our lives, and exert ourselves during the whole season to do honor to the family. He did not want to feel ashamed of his sisters. They must go in style, and hold high heads if they were going with him. Having agreed to abide by his instructions in all things, to hold high heads, and to take our own maids, active preparations commenced. Grandma and aunt Braxley were at loggerheads about Louise's outfit. The dowager was bent upon sending her to the Springs dressed out as the belles of her day. She wanted to lay in a large stock of spangles, wax beads, paste buckles, and bugles. She had known several persons, in her day, married solely by the skilful use of beads, spangles, and paste buckles. Nay, she instanced one Julianna Ruggles, whose ringlets had made her a belle. And having been made a belle by these ringlets, she was courted by James Maclin, who courted all the belles; indeed, ladies were not established belles in those days, until they had been courted by James Maclin. Well, he courted her, and she, contrary to all precedent, took him. Knowing what she did, she accepted him.

"For," said grandma, "I am coming to a horrible denouement. Robert, yours is nothing to it. She knew, the fiendish woman knew, they were false—the ringlets! and that her head was as bald as the palm of my hand! There she had the advantage of beau Maclin, and she clamped him, to the delight of every body—and he was a belle-hating and a ringlet-distrusting man, from that day forth."

By such reminiscences as these, our estimable grandma prepared us for the Black Mountain Springs, which she evidently regarded as a battle-field. She said that girls who could do nothing for themselves at the Black Mountain Springs, might as well give up. There had been more matches made, and mischief done, at those Springs, than at any watering-place of her acquaintance. While we were making our preparations for our summer tour, this dear old lady was going mysteriously about, with old rusty bunches of keys, and bringing out from secret repositories the pride of her youth, in the shape of trinkets, and silks, and satins. She presented Louise with several large oval brooches, with tombstones and weeping-willows upon them, which she said were wrought with her great, great grandmother's remarkable hair. She gave us a large box of Spa beads,

as large as partridge-eggs, which she said would produce quite a sensation at the Black Mountain, as doubtless they would. She strung my sister's fingers with numerous gold rings, with little odd-looking, bug-shaped stones upon them, to each of which there was a tremendous history attached. Finally, she lugged out, triumphantly, the identical crimson brocade which she had sported on the night of the calamitous conflagration.

In the mean time, mamma and Mrs. Braxley were coming home every evening laden with purchases.

Louise was happy and pleased. Papa opened his eyes at the bills which were handed to him by these industrious ladies, and seemed to think that one more trip to the Black Mountain would put him up to the highest bidder.

Robert had Sappingwood and the horses in training, and they were driving and dashing about every day, preparatory to a series of flourishes to be cut on the scene of action. The Black Mountain Springs, from their out-of-the-way location, were about to find themselves famous. The fashionables were growing semi-barbarous, and were pining to get beyond the great thoroughfare, to an Elysium where democratic steam could not penetrate. My brother, rather than endure uncomfortable inns, and a circuitous route, concluded to go by public conveyance. Sap was therefore sent on with the carriage and horses, and we took the cars. At the railroad station we met the Blantons, bound, also, for the Black Mountain.

Robert met Therese very coldly, which evidently pained the little woman very much. The coaches on the up train were very much crowded, and our party was separated. Robert found himself seated with a knot of college mates, I, with an unprotected female, Louise with Miss Willianna, and Mr. Blanton, Therese, and Adolphe at the lower end of the car.

In travelling, Mrs. Blanton was the most interesting and accommodating little creature in the world. She would not take the best seat she could find, neither would she deprive polite gentlemen of comfortable quarters on any consideration. She held Adolphe on her lap, and sent his "bonne" into another car, in order to accommodate an elderly lady with a lounge. Finally, after doing all she could, to make the ladies, and invalids, and children, around her, comfortable, this dear little woman and her cherub boy both fell asleep, and my brother's eyes rested upon them in spite of himself. He watched the charming tableau

with a countenance of vivid pleasure. Therese sat with her head thrown back, her veil half fallen off, her soft lids closed, and Adolphe's curly head resting on her arm, while Blanton sat stark and stiff on the outside, guarding these treasures with a grim smile.

But on stopping, Mrs. Blanton was the busiest and most earnest little body—gathering up Adolphe, and all the books, shawls, and carpet-bags, belonging to our party, that she could lay her little hands upon. All this time my brother scarcely interchanged a syllable with her. When we came to the staging he could stand it no longer. She was entirely too natural, too busy, too earnest, too irresistible. Taking the most out-of-the-way little naps, saying the most charming things—and all the while pulling and lagging Adolphe about, like a great doll. Tourists were inquiring who the darling little woman was, and Adolphe was a pet with every body.

My brother tried to keep his eyes away from her, tried not to hear her, or to observe any thing she did; but this provoking little woman was too enticing for his philosophy. He found himself ever near her, being drawn more and more to her, and once when she looked up at him and smiled, my brother could have taken her to his heart for very thankfulness.

These horrible stages going to the Black Mountain Springs, were, of course, crowded. The weather was intensely warm, and people's equanimity put to the test. Few could preserve their amiability under all provocations. Ladies often looked sour, and gentlemen looked daggers while performing civilities. Early one morning we were seated in a pleasant coach, and a stirring breeze came down from the mountains, and we were expecting every minute to be dashing along the beautiful turnpike—when—horror of horrors!—a large, fat, hot-looking man, presented himself at the door, and looked around keenly for a seat. Passengers were civilly requested to make room for this very warm-looking man, of only three hundred pounds.

Now Mrs. Blanton, Adolphe, and Robert were cosily seated on the back seat; and ere Robert could enter a protest, Therese had taken Adolphe on her lap, and drawn herself up in a corner, leaving an alarmingly wide space between herself and her almost reconciled lover, to be filled up by this monster man. Seeing this, Robert sprang to her side, determined that no such formidable barrier should come between them, and told her so. She laughed, and the fat man came down with an "ah" and wedged himself in. I may say

that Therese and my brother had now a very close conversation, and, that never had this charming woman felt nearer to him than during the twelve miles he thus travelled. Perhaps I had better request the reader to see a moral in this, as I am not likely to have a moral ready for him at the close of the volume. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Who would have thought that that large, overheated man, could have contributed to any body's happiness, by jamming himself in a crowded stage-coach? And yet, my brother Robert found himself supremely happy. Thus we see the most untoward events are fraught with good for somebody—and therefore we should never complain of untoward events, because they may ultimately develop themselves for our good.

A lady fainted in this crowded coach, and though she was old and common looking, Therese hung over her, and finally restored her with something she found away down in her carpet bag. Such evidences of this dear woman's overflowing goodness of heart and perfect unselfishness, were constantly occurring. Amid disorder she was calm. When others were complaining and railing against contractors, agents, and other discomforts, she was quiet, cool, and pleasant, and not unfrequently rebuked without a word, and restored good humor by her example. My brother, over head and ears in love, finally reached the Black Mountain Springs. We arrived on a clear, tingling morning, and found our rooms awaiting us.

We found all the fashionables assembled at this retired and rustic looking watering-place. Happy groups were dotting the green-sward. Invalids were creeping painfully about. Children and nurses were wandering in all directions, animating the groves and waking up the solitudes. Ladies were talking in knots of twos and threes. Beautiful girls were sitting in piazzas surrounded by beaux. Romantic lovers were threading the distant groves. Dandies were attitudinizing and turning their glasses upon the belles. Carriages were dashing in every direction. Gentlemen in elegant turn-outs, were waving their hands to gay groups as they passed. Little French boys were talking to their French mammas, to the amusement of little Virginia boys, who made faces at them. Hunting parties were going merrily off, and pleasure was being sought in every available form by the hundreds congregated here.

I am sorry to say that our party was very exclusive at these Springs. I regretted this very much, as I desired, of all things, the piquant pleasure of amusing

myself in my own way, and of studying human nature in all its curious phases, as developed by mineral waters. But my brother would not allow it.

There was an old, fussy lady parading about with her daughters in all directions, and talking promiscuously to every body, who I was sure was a character, and I was very anxious to accept her invitation to drop into her cabin at odd hours; but Mr. Robert Rushton never heard of such a thing in his life! Then, there was the singing young lady, and the polking company, and an old beau, who, I am convinced, desired to make my acquaintance, but Mr. Robert Rushton said no, decidedly no. And down at the Spring I encountered a most pleasant lady and courtier-like gentleman, who were most elegantly and exquisitely dressed, had travelled every where and seen every thing in the world worth seeing, and who were really so charming and delightful, and withal so refined, that I promised to call on them, and, indeed, had arranged an excursion to a remarkable cave with them, when I was informed by my brother that I should have cut them; that they were not of our set. And so, by my contract, I was bound to cut them the next morning at breakfast. The reader will perceive that I know nothing about etiquette and exclusiveness, and that my exquisite brother and fastidious sister had all the care of the family honors, inasmuch as I really could not find out, for the life of me, "who was who." I was a bewildered and benighted woman, during the whole of this memorable season; no information was vouched me by any body whom I questioned; frowns, shrugs, and contemptuous "bahs" were all the answers I ever received to my benighted interrogatories. In vain I sought for rules to guide me at these Springs. I saw Mr. Robert Rushton, to whom I was emphatically sold, riding and dining with creatures whose whole souls were absorbed in horses, livery, and style, and I saw him cut, ruthlessly, people whose whole souls were also absorbed in horses, livery, and style! Then I saw Louise petting ladies, and smiling on gentlemen, who were badly dressed, and disagreeable, and yet this young lady would have nothing to do with the so-and-soes, *because* they were badly dressed and disagreeable!

It seems that Therese was somewhat unmanageable too. She only appeared in the ball-room twice a week, which was a rule with our party, but then, oh then! Mr. Robert Rushton was horrified to see her polking and waltzing with all sorts of partners. Mrs. Blanton gathered beaux from all quarters. Every body was doing

her homage. Robert, who had never been accustomed to this southern freedom of manner, was shocked and annoyed to see her polking about with people she never saw before. He remonstrated with her, and she would hang her head and be extremely penitent, and then—away she would go in some fierce fellow's arms.

My sister Louise was called very beautiful, but very haughty. Her admirers were among the most distinguished men at the Springs, and no fops of doubtful genus were admitted into her circle. In truth, my sister, according to her contract, held a very high head. She polk! She slide about zig-zag, with Tom, Dick, and Harry, while the rabble were forming a ring and looking on! Horrors! Gentlemen repented ever offering to take her out upon any such exhilarating excursions. She preferred standing aloof, protected by a cordon of *elegantes*, from contact with the herd; looking ever high-born, and superior, disdaining any air, or grace, or angular movement, which might mar the effect of her elegant repose.

Mrs. Blanton, who was an Alabamian, and who conversed delightfully in French and Spanish, secured all foreigners, all those new-fangled, over-done *outré* specimens who annually invade our staid Virginia, making her sons and daughters stare. I need not say that this was not altogether pleasant to Mr. Blanton or to Robert. I hope the reader and the rest of mankind are already aware of what I am going to tell, viz., that there is no persuading an elegant, thorough-bred Virginian to seek for effect, or to strive to gain the lion's share of public attention. They are invincible in their propriety. They are completely incrustated in a kind of hereditary superiority, and have no idea that all the world is not perfectly acquainted with their claims. Consequently, they will *not* make themselves ridiculous, though all the world should strive to be ridiculous, and though Fashion, who is most potent in Virginia, should proclaim it to be her supreme will that all her subjects should be as ridiculous as possible. They are, under all circumstances and all provocations, the most perfect ladies and gentlemen in the world. The swell mob can swell, and parvenus can dash about without being rivalled by a single son or daughter of the genuine aristocracy of the Old Dominion. Their regal repose of manner and high dignity of character is invulnerable. If other people *will* be *outré* and *will* angle for notoriety, what have these ladies and gentlemen to do with it? If a man *will* wear a remarkable hat, why, let him wear it. If a lady chooses to haul her hair back and invade society like a

Chinese, why these ladies and gentlemen are not responsible. If French people, itching for notoriety, clear a ring and get up dancing matches in the dog-days, why these ladies and gentlemen have no earthly objection. If ladies, by hard dancing, and elaborate dressing, and conspicuous airs, strive to earn a questionable paragraph in a questionable newspaper, these ladies and gentlemen are only surprised at their taste.

I am happy to say that Miss Blanton left all her jewelry at home. It seems that she had it all packed and ready for transportation with the rest of her artillery, for this famous battle-field, and that Therese, by a delightful *ruse*, defrauded her of it. Miss Blanton was bemoaning the emerald-eyed serpents, and other rare and curious specimens, at intervals during her sojourn at the Springs. Our party were spared some terrible be-jewelings by this adroit manœuvre of Mrs. Blanton's, and nobody knows how thankful Robert was for this happy deliverance.

Mr. Blanton walked the gay assemblies like some unhappy, unknelt ghost. The water was of no earthly benefit to this unhappy man; neither were the famous baths conducive of any good. Still stark and still stiff, he gulped his morning draught, and still desperate, he plunged with frisky fellows up to his very chin in medicinal waters. Jaundiced man, he knew not what pleasure, or what comfort was! Victim of the green-eyed monster, butt of Cupid, dispeller of all sociability and ease, Stork in human apparel, terror and scatterer of Juveniles, wonder and inexhaustible source of inquiry and solicitude to all who saw him; silent, speechless, and stiff he came, and silent, speechless, and stiff he was likely to go away.

In the course of time Miss Willianna caught a beau. This was the greatest feat of the season, and the most remarkable event I have to chronicle. I say she caught him, because the man was suddenly caught up, unsuspecting and unconscious of danger, much to his own surprise and much to the surprise of his friends, and all those who had his interests at heart. It happened in this wise. That dissatisfied ghost, Mr. Blanton, while going his mighty rounds, encountered a large man, closely resembling a frog, sitting in a very warm, badly ventilated, spinster-phalanx corner. We understand that when the man in the badly ventilated, spinster-phalanx corner saw Mr. Blanton, who, void of all purpose, and innocent of all damage, was bearing down in that direction, he suddenly exclaimed,

"Why, Blanton!"

And that Mr. Blanton, though gene-

rally speechless found utterance in the words,

"Surely it isn't Dandy!"

"The very man," exclaimed the man in the corner, sincerely hoping that supernatural aid had been sent to his relief. After this, Mr. Blanton shook him warmly by the hand, rescued him from the phalanx of spinsters and badly ventilated corner; and, seeing that the man, thankful for his deliverance, was likely to follow him on his nightly rounds, he brought him straight to me, presented him and walked off, thinking that he had done a first-rate thing, and conferred a lasting favor upon me. Now I, who am, particularly in gay assemblies, the most taciturn of mortals, had nothing very cheering to say to Mr. George Dandy. He, however, seemed anxious to undertake a conversation, and turning to me in a conciliatory manner, remarked that it was

"A very close evening."

"Very," I responded laconically, and the conversation seemed about to give up the ghost. Just at this highly interesting crisis, Miss Blanton, who was perfectly disengaged, tapped me with her fan, and smiled so sweetly, that I immediately presented Mr. George Dandy to her, and was really happy to see that Miss Blanton appreciated that interesting conversationist. Mr. Dandy, supremely happy to find himself so warmly welcomed, lingered near Miss Willianna the whole evening. All I know after this, is, that Dandy was caught, and very soon found himself engaged, and was further informed that he must look forward to matrimony at no distant day. During all this time, Mrs. Blanton so worried my brother, and so tantalized and harassed him, that he pronounced the Black Mountain Springs a bore.

Therese was very celebrated at the South; and Robert, who flattered himself that he alone had discovered and admired this jewel of a woman, was pained to learn that she had been toasted and idolized at many Southern watering-places, and what was worse, that Therese revelled in the admiration. There was no coquetry ever so beautiful as hers. And she certainly excelled in the art of retaining the affections of those fond hearts which she lacerated at every turn. No lover could think her wilfully cruel, and no man of any susceptibility could fail to be enticed by such an array of charms. Grave and reverend seigneurs would cluster around this beautiful, naïve, sincere-hearted woman; men, *blasé* and woman hating, would be attracted by her purity, freshness, and amiability. Many a sad heart has she cheered by her woman's

tact and instinctive knowledge, of what the sad heart required. People overlooked her coquetry, and were lenient to her pretty faults, which all leaned so beautifully to virtue's side. And there was never a frown upon her open brow, never a sarcasm on her untiring little tongue, never a cut for friend or foe, never a severe retort, never a word of malice or ill-will; all was harmony and good nature in her charmed presence, and this fairy creature floated in an atmosphere of love and admiration.

Mr. Blanton, who had turned his back upon all mankind, seemed determined to let Therese run her course, and surfeit on flattery and adulation, while he prowled about a perfect wreck. He hadn't a word to throw at a dog, as the saying is. He walked to the spring three times a day—he went to his meals when the bell rang—he invaded the ball-room twice a week—and thus he passed his time. Robert lost his fine airs and equanimity. He grew almost morose, and could have stabbed a certain fairy-limbed Frenchman with great pleasure. Not a flirtation had he to amuse himself with; Therese absorbing his eyes and ears and inmost thoughts.

In the midst of heart-burnings, and fancy dances, that enemy to crowds at watering-places, Jack Frost, appeared. Every night he nipped belated buds, and spread himself out upon the green-sward, and gave people to understand in his way, that it was time to be off. We bade farewell to the Black Mountain, and its health-giving fountain, about the latter part of September; Miss Blanton having captured Dandy, Mrs. Blanton having done great damage, and Mr. Blanton looking forward to a quiet winter at home, with some faint feeling of comfort. Robert and Therese were evidently at logger-heads. Nothing that little woman could say at table, or elsewhere, was received with the least show of interest by my brother. The yellow *bonne*, and Adolphe, failed to entice his rigid eye, and Therese returned to Mr. Blanton's guardianship, and was borne home, without a kind look, or a flattering word from her whilome adorer.

We returned to dear Fairy Hill, renewed in health and spirits. Robert was rather quiet and subdued, and somewhat given to heavy sighing, solitary rambles, and reverie. We missed Dashwood more and more, as the seasons rolled around. He had been the life of our home circle so long, that even Grandma declared she missed Mr. Chatterbox. His place was ill supplied by Tom Farren, who came in regularly to tea, and sat erect for hours, talking about the crops, horizontal ditches, politics, guano, subsoiling, the convention, Mr. Webster's speech, the rise in cotton, the fall in breadstuffs, the prospects for tobacco, the crevasse, non-intervention, the new candidate, and the missing steamer. It was enough to put us all asleep, to hear Papa and our exemplary neighbor talking over these profound matters. Robert, whenever he wrote to Dashwood, dated from the land of Nod. Alas—Tom Farren had none of the easy variableness, the brilliant flashes of poetry and pathos, and the inexhaustible humor of his gifted rivals. He had no songs, no hearty outbursts of laughter, no high-toned chivalry, no glorious lights and sombre shadows, no merry twinkle of the eye, no moments of sadness, no softened melancholy, nothing, actually nothing, which made our Dashwood eminent among men, and charming among women. Did he, correct Tom Farren, think to woo my delicate sister with horizontal ditches? Did he think to soften her by sub-soiling, or to make her more genial with his eternal guano? Had Dashwood seen all this, he would have laughed. He would have out-talked Tom Farren on horizontal ditches, and had a sly blink of the eye for Louise into the bargain.

Louise, to the horror of Grandma, was deaf and dumb in Mr. Farren's company. Occasionally, he would make a deferential remark to her, to which she would deign a cool monosyllable if she felt inclined. Sometimes she would see him when he called, and sometimes she would not. Sometimes she chose to be a statue, and sometimes a woman. In all her moods and tenses though, she was ever respectfully regarded, and deferentially approached, by that model man, Mr. Farren.

To be continued.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

II.

THERE are fashions in the "Republic of Letters," as well as in the despotism of social life; and a rage for inflated, wordy, and florid title-pages, distinguished the era of the establishment of the "Monthly Review," (1749.) Swift tried to scold, and Arbuthnot to laugh them out of countenance; but in vain. Johnny Barber had taken strong grounds in the premises; and woe to that unlucky scribe who brought to his shop, for sale, a manuscript prefaced by a title-page of "learned length, and thundering sound!"

Cicero was contented to let the text speak for itself; and gratified his friendship, by prefixing the name of "BRUTUS" to his treatise on ORATORS, "LELIUS" to that on FRIENDSHIP, and "CATO" to the discourse on OLD AGE. To be sure, he confesses to Atticus, that he had a volume of prefaces, or introductions, always ready by him, to be used as occasion required. Herodotus and Æschines, the one in his nine books, the other in his epistles, gracefully prefixed the name of a Muse to each of these divisions; and the latter calls his three orations, respectively, by the names of the Graces.

How then would these modest worthies have opened their eyes at such titles as, "Matches Lighted by the Divine Fire;" "The Ocean macro-micro-cosmick of one Sachs;" "Some fine Baskets, baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation!" Griffiths had observed this extravagance with no little concern; and it has been supposed that a desire to correct it, first gave him the idea of the "Monthly Review!" He thus adverts to the evil, in his first advertisement: "The abuse of title-pages, is obviously come to such a pass, that few readers care to take in a book, any more than a servant, without a character." His example conforms to his precept; for his own preface to so important a work, hardly contains twenty lines; the first two of which take the ground, that "undertakings which, in their execution, carry the designation of their use, need very little preface."

The projector met with but little success, at first; and, indeed, several times declared to his friends, that he would abandon the undertaking, but he persevered; and his energy and patience secured their usual reward, and established his journal in a profitable circulation, if not in general favor.

The able criticisms of Dr. Rose, were the foundation of this prosperity. The Dr. has the credit of having written the first article in the Review, viz.: "An Account and Abstract of the first Volume of Mr. Grove's Posthumous Work, entitled, A system of Moral Philosophy." Dr. Rose kept an Academy at Chiswick; he was author of a translation of Sallust, and editor of several compilations, in Latin, French, and English. He died in 1786; and Arthur Murphy has recorded his virtues in some of the most touching lines which ever constituted the "storied urn" a witness of the dead, and a teacher of the living—

"Who'er thou art, with silent footsteps tread
The hallow'd mound where Rose reclines his head.
Ah! let not folly one kind tear deny.
But pensive pause where truth and honor lie.
His, the pay wit that fond affection drew;
Oft heard, and oft admired, yet ever new;
The heart that melted at another's grief;
The hand in secret that bestowed relief;
Science untaught with the pride of schools,
And native goodness free from formal rules;
With zeal through life he toiled in Learning's cause,
But more, fair Virtue, to promote thy laws:
His every action sought the noblest end;
The tender husband, father, brother, friend.
Perhaps e'en now from yonder realms of day,
To his lov'd relatives he sends a ray;
Pleas'd to behold affections like his own
With filial duty raise the votive stone."

To suppose that a "Review," under the most favorable circumstances, can ever secure general popularity among literary men, is as unreasonable as to anticipate a Newgate enthusiasm for an executioner, or for a judge, during criminal sessions. Many must be sentenced, some decapitated; all must be tried, and he who escapes to-day, may be turned off to-morrow. All who are condemned, rebel at their sentence; and those who are honorably cleared, consider that they have received nothing but justice; and are apt to grumble that unreserved praise, and florid commendation, are so scarce, where they are so richly deserved. It is very much with authors and Reviews, as with lawyers and their clients. We were congratulating an able advocate upon the gratitude which must reward successful professional zeal. "Nay, sir," replied he—"if we fail to gain a cause, we are blamed for our stupidity; if we succeed, the client considers his case so plain a one, that we could not help succeeding."

We decline reviewing the fifty-four years of editorial labor which Dr. Griffiths bestowed upon the child of his youth, the companion of his meridian, and the solace of his old age, "The Monthly Review." He who supposes that the purity

of the ermine was preserved without spot or blemish,—that the sceptre was always wielded for the punishment of error, and establishment of truth,—for this long reign of half a century, must have derived his theory of human nature from the precepts of revelation, rather than from the practice of men; he estimates frail man, as he ought to be, not as he is. Indeed, Griffiths may be blamed for more than ordinary literary turpitude, in one memorable case at least, which we do not care to enlarge upon; and for which sore punishment visited the delinquent in his lifetime, and his memory, since his death. We have seen in the first number of this review, that Dr. Johnson had but little respect for the moral and religious opinions of the “Monthly Reviewers.” We cannot give our readers a better idea of the style of these “Reviewers,” than by some extracts from a few of their two hundred and odd volumes, which are now peaceably arranged upon our shelves, surrounded by the works of those who once courted their smile, and trembled at their frown. Is it not an instructive theme—this solemn calm, which succeeds the storm of passion and the war of words? Around us are arrayed the depositories of those minds which were busy in their generations, in striving for the applause of their own age, and the esteem of posterity. Combatants, rivals, once, they are at peace now! The Reviewer and the Reviewed, the Satirist and his victim, know no more the voice of strife, and the jarring of angry dispute! Theobald dreads not the lash of Warburton; and Cibber has forgotten the unenviable distinction assigned him by Pope! Were it not that Cicero has called the library, “the *Soul* of the house,” surely we should denominate it the city of the dead; or rather, the battle field, where the victor and the vanquished, together, have “bit the dust!” But we digress. We were about to submit some specimens of the manner in which the “Monthly Review” led the unhappy culprits, who received an adverse sentence, to execution.

“*The Adventures of William B—ds—w, commonly called DEVIL DICK.*”

“The public are really more obliged to us *Reviewers* than they imagine. We are necessitated to read every thing that comes out, and must, consequently, submit to the vile drudgery of going through those loads of trash, which are thrown in upon us under the denomination of *Lives, Adventures, Memoirs, Histories, &c.* How reasonable our complaint is may easily be judged of by the readers of *William B—ds—w*. The author must cer-

tainly be deeply read in the *Newgate memoirs* or *Tyburn history*: a collection of these he has jumbled together, and published to plague us, in the form of *DEVIL DICK.*”

“*The Adventures of DICK HAZARD.*”

“We have here the history of the *gambling table*, and its consequence—a *prison*. The chief merit of this performance is, that it exceeds not one volume.” (Monthly Review, Vol. XI., page 470; 1754.)

“*An Enquiry into the Occasional and Standing Similitudes, &c.*”

“This mild Hutchinsonian is very angry with his humble servants, the Reviewers, whom he calls Infidels and Scorpions; but as he treats the worthy Archdeacon of Northumberland as a mere jesuit, page 76, we could not expect better words from him.

“To such as read his book, it may not be improper to offer this advice, viz., that they pay not too much regard to his representation of things; but that they rather have recourse to the Holy Scriptures; and for assistance herein, to the writings of the above-mentioned Archdeacon, for our Hutchinsonian Enquirer hath as little candor as good manners.” (Vol. XV., page 516; 1756.)

What an unkind cut! Verily, the “Reviewer” handles a two-edged sword! As if it were not enough to immolate the unlucky Hutchinsonian, he builds over his grave, a triumphal arch in honor of the libelled Archdeacon! In the following introduction to a critique upon “*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*” (since so celebrated), the Reviewers give the public a piece of their mind; and plainly tell all authors what they may look for at their hands:

“The Authors of the Monthly Review being determined never to lose sight of truth and candor, are neither to be misled by favor nor irritated by reproach; neither perverted by prejudice, nor borne down with the current of popular opinion. The books that come under their cognizance will be considered with the same impartiality, whether the Authors be their friends or their foes, in plain clothes or *prunella*, in power or in prison. They would willingly indeed have their censure fall upon books only, without any regard to their authors; but it is certain that a man may be immoral in his writings as well as in his actions, and in that respect he will always be liable to the censure of those who consider themselves not only as judges in the Republic of Letters, but as members of society, and the servants of their country.” Then follows a very

proper reprimand to a very guilty author. (Vol. XXVI., page 31; 1762.) Anon, the "Reviewer" bewails the hardships of his lot:

"The office of a literary Reviewer is perhaps one of the most ungrateful upon earth; for, whether he find occasion for approbation or blame; or whether he thinks it incumbent on him, in case of mediocrity, and in justice to the public, to bestow neither; he is himself morally certain of becoming the object of the severest censure. It were indeed a stale subject of complaint to mention the vanity of Authors, the partiality of their friends or the malice of their enemies: we shall not take up our Reader's time, therefore, with remarks on either of these topics. There is a very serious and plausible objection, however, that hath been of late repeatedly made to the conduct of literary journalists; and particularly to the *English Reviewers*. They are said to be much too severe and sarcastical in their treatment of those Authors, whose Writings are submitted to their consideration: as a proof of which are brought the more candid and favourable examples of those ingenious and learned foreigners who first engaged in works of this kind. Le Clerc and S. Gravesande, we are told, pointed out the errors of mistaken writers with candour, reprehended even the petulant with tenderness, and spoke of all with politeness and urbanity. We shall not enter into a strict examination of the truth of this assertion; there were doubtless among the primitive Reviewers many gentlemen of the most candid and amiable dispositions: but we cannot help thinking that their tenderness for individuals much too often clashed with that justice and impartiality they owed to the public." (Vol. XXXIII., page 447; 1765.)

The "Reviewer" proceeds to prove that a great revolution has occurred in the world of letters since the first institution of "Reviews;" and that this castigation of which the smarting authors complained, was very wholesome, and most beneficial in its tendency. Whether the sufferers were as easily satisfied with these arguments, as school-boys are reconciled to the application of the "*birch*," by the assurance that it is for their own good,—we are not informed. The "Reviewers" complain that, some are so unreasonable, as always to expect *reasons* for the opinions given of the works reviewed. "Our brethren on the continent, do not admit all publications into their Reviews; they have, therefore, more room to expatiate; and their attention is chiefly bestowed on works of some importance, whose merits they may try and determine,

by the established laws of criticism. We, on the other hand, are obliged by our plan, to take notice of every new book and pamphlet that appears in the British dominions; and to separate the corn from the tares, and the sheep from the goats: but, in doing this, we were always to give '*our reasons*' for pronouncing a tare a tare, or a goat a goat, we should find our work swell most enormously under our hands, and far exceed the bounds of a literary journal." So far, very well; but the poor authors must not expect to escape thus lightly: the Reviewers proceed, "Besides, * * we often meet with publications which are so much beneath all criticism (and which, yet, must be *noticed*) that it would be the vilest prostitution of the noble art we profess, were we formally to apply its rules to the investigation of such rubbish." (Vol. LV., p. 300, 301; 1776.)

Our "Reviewers" were good-natured fellows, notwithstanding these savage onslaughts upon stupidity, or mediocrity, as they deemed them. Witness their lenient handling of the author of "*The Final Farewell*," a Poem, written on retiring from London." The Poet thus addresses the critics:

"Ye sage Reviewers! ye, whose monthly toll
Spreads twilight knowledge over all the isle;
Who, Luna-like, your borrowed beams bestow
On those that seldom to the fountain go:
Ye sage Reviewers! who with skill confound
In narrow limits every author's sound,
Who bring all Europe's learning in a page:
And all the wit of all this witty age;
Who bind huge quartos in a little cell,
Like Homer's *Iliad* in a walnut-shell;
Who strip the goose-quill hero of renown,
By puffing purchased of a tasteless town;
Ye who as literary monarchs sit,
Waving your sceptres o'er the realms of wit;
Who show each obvious and each latent fault,
Each venial error, and each brilliant thought,
Forbear! forbear! nor your dread wrath dispense,
On this my first, and this my last offence!

Nor let me find myself for this *Adieu*,
Hung, drawn and quarter'd in the next Review."

To this rather satirical invocation, the "Reviewers" thus pleasantly respond: "Yes, gentle bard, thou shalt be spared! not for thy prayer, but for thy worth; and in the hope that thou hast not bade the *world's* '*Final Farewell*.'" (Vol. LXXVII. page 375, 1787.) With that apparent inconsistency which sometimes surprises us in despots, the "Reviewers" extended more clemency to a bold claimant, than to a cringing suppliant; as a proof of which, see the unfeeling manner in which they *despatch* the unlucky, though doubtless truly amiable, Miss Eliza Thompson.

"*Poems on Various Subjects*. By Miss ELIZA THOMPSON."

ADDRESS TO THE REVIEWERS.

To wait her doom as fixed by your decree,
Lo! at your bar, a trembling maiden see;

Who, self-convinc'd enough you'll find to blame,
Implores your mercy only, seeks not fame.

In generous pity, then, for once excuse
The feeble efforts of an undied Muse.
She asks no praises where no merit's due,
But O, for once, forbear your censure too."

Now is not this moving appeal sufficient to melt the heart of a Nero, or a Helio-gabalus? Perhaps so, but not the heart of a "Monthly Reviewer," for hear the ungallant knave:—

"O 'tis so moving, we can read no more!" That is, no more of the "Address to the Reviewers."

"The poems, indeed, we are under the necessity of perusing. But as Miss Eliza Thompson will not allow us to criticize them, our readers must be content with an extract from one of the best in the collection:

A young Divine a Lady's guest
Last Christmas chanced to prove,
Who boasting his heart profest
A stranger was to love.

"Cupid," he said, "might shoot in vain,
He ne'er could wound his breast;
No maid on earth could give him pain,
Or break his nightly rest."

Two Ladies, much enrag'd to find
Affairs in such a posture,
Each had resolved within her mind
To punish this vain boaster.

From a hair broom they found at hand,
Some bristles they cut small,
Mix'd with some pepper, salt, and sand,
And strew'd his bed withal.

"Alas the poor parson! He must have passed the night in almost as uneasy a manner as the boaster described in the Spectator: * *

"To be serious—If the fair author puts no more pepper and salt in her *pies* than she does in her *poems*, poor though we are we desire not to be admitted as her guests." (Vol. XXVII., page 493; 1787.)

Heartless Reviewer! Unfortunate Miss Thompson! The difficulty of pleasing every body, does not seem to be peculiar to our times; for in Vol. IV. N. S. for 1791, a malcontent is thus noticed. "D. G. is

dissatisfied with our account of Mr. Burke's Reflections. He thinks that we discover 'a determined spirit of opposition to the whole of that work.' We have read and heard of others who are of a very opposite opinion; and who have accused us of an undue partiality in the Right Hon. Gentleman's favor. This is but one more, added to the numerous instances that daily occur (and to nobody, perhaps, oftener than to Reviewers,) of the impossibility of pleasing everybody."

We have not space in the present number, for any comments upon the establishment, progress, &c., of the "CRITICAL REVIEW," commenced in 1756. It comes, however, within the history of the "Monthly Review," to mention that the establishment of the former journal stimulated Griffiths to endeavor to enlist some new talent in the "Monthly." He was pleased with Goldsmith's conversation upon literary topics—for the Doctor did not always "talk like poor Poll," and an arrangement was made (1757) for board, lodging, and a small stipend on the one side, and such literary labor as might be required, on the other. And now here was a strange household indeed! And we might amuse our readers, by telling them how Goldsmith, who never attended to his own business, was censured by Griffiths for neglecting his. How Goldsmith got tired at an early hour of the day, of the drudgery of reviewing prosy volumes, and left his desk for a stroll in Hyde Park, or somewhere else.* How Mrs. Griffiths wanted to have her share in the "Review," and how Goldsmith thought she would be better employed in "reviewing" the larder, and furnishing him with a more plentiful breakfast, and a better dressed dinner. But part of this belongs to the history of the "CRITICAL REVIEW," and the balance will, perhaps, be gladly spared by the gentle, or savage, reader, as the case may be.

MARY SPEARS.

THE following incidents of border experience, are written out from materials furnished by an accomplished lady residing at Paddock's Grove, in Illinois. They were communicated to her by the heroine herself, and by her children and friends; and are related as they were first

told, without the least attempt at embellishment.

Mary Nealy was born on the 20th August, 1761, not far from Charleston, South Carolina, but when she was very young, her father removed his family to Tennessee; the emigrants passing through Georgia to

* It is only fair to state that Goldsmith protested that he faithfully labored for the stipulated time,—nine to two o'clock. This harassing arrangement—which seems to have been galling to all concerned—lasted only a few months.

the place where now stands Chatanooga. The family were sent down the Tennessee River in canoes, taking with them their household stuff, clothes and provisions, while the father drove his horses and cattle along the banks; the two parties joining each other at the Muscle Shoals, where they proceeded by land to the locality afterwards called Nealy's Bend, on the Cumberland river, near the site of Nashville. This must have been about the time of the first discovery of that spot—named "the French Lick"—which was made, according to Haywood, by a party of adventurers descending the Cumberland on their way to Natchez.* Our adventurous pioneer lived here several years, among the buffaloes, elk, wolves, etc., which crowded the adjoining hills and forests, probably familiar with the sight of few human faces, and seeing but at intervals the French hunters and trappers from the north, who ventured so far into the wilderness. Mrs. Nealy took upon herself the task of teaching her daughters, hearing their spelling and reading lessons, while she was busily spinning on her little wheel, material for their garments. This simple instruction was all the girls received: when other settlers came, and a primitive school was established, the sons were sent three miles to attend it every day, the path through the woods being so infested with wolves that they were usually obliged to go on horseback.

After the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, when hostilities threatened the inhabitants of that remote frontier, the family, with others in the neighborhood, sought refuge in a fort; the men venturing out as opportunity permitted, to attend to the cattle and cultivate their fields. Nealy was engaged in making salt, and was sometimes assisted by his daughter Mary, or Polly, as she was called. On a Sabbath morning in the fall of 1770, the young girl, wearing her Sunday dress, left the station in company with her father, and walked with him to the bank of the river, where for the week past his manufacture of salt had been going on. Mary happened to be standing at some little distance from her father, when she suddenly heard the report of a gun, and saw him fall to the ground. She had only time to see an Indian leap from his covert, when she lost her consciousness in a swoon. On her recovery, she found herself in the grasp of two of the savages, who were dragging her off with all possible haste, evidently apprehensive of pursuit from the station, which was at

no great distance. No aid came, however, and the helpless girl was compelled to go on with her captors. They were three days without food; at length a bear was killed, and a piece of flesh given to the starving captive, which she ate raw. This imprudence produced severe illness, which was relieved by drinking a quantity of the bear's oil, according to Indian prescription.

The prisoner was offered her choice between becoming the wife of the chief's son, or the slave of his oldest wife; she chose the latter, and soon made herself so useful that the savages determined to spare her life. The party continued some time in Tennessee and Kentucky, and often encamped in canebrakes. One night in attempting to escape—for the hope of finding her way back to home and friends was still cherished by the unfortunate girl—after leaving the encampment, she chanced to step on a sharp fragment of cane, which ran entirely through her foot. She was of course recaptured, and suffered the extremest agony from the wound, which was not entirely healed for months afterwards. During this time, having learned something of the Indian language, she frequently heard the advice given to kill and scalp her, rather than be troubled with carrying about such a poor cripple; and it is probable that nothing saved her but her knowledge of sewing and other kinds of work, which made her a valuable servant to her mistress.

Notwithstanding the failure of this attempt, the hope of being able to avail herself of an opportunity to escape still had possession of her mind. One night when the Indians had encamped on the bank of a small stream, a heavy storm came on. To obtain shelter, Mary climbed into a tree completely canopied by a luxuriant grape-vine. In a short time after she had thus secured herself, a fierce gust of wind uprooted a large tree near by, and it fell with a tremendous crash, immediately over the place she had quitted. She heard the savages calling to her amidst the darkness and the driving storm, and when they received no answer, ascertained by their exclamations that they supposed she had been killed. A flash of joy penetrated her heart; here was an opportunity of escape! She remained still, while the Indians called and shouted repeatedly; but when they were silent, fear began to shake her new-born hopes. She had been severely punished for the previous attempt, and threatened with the tomahawk if it were ever repeated. Should she leave the tree, the dogs would

* See "Pioneer Women of the West"—Memoir of Mary Bledsoe.

in all probability discover her, and give the alarm. On the other hand, might she not regard her having been impelled to seek this shelter, and the fall of the tree, as a special interposition of Providence in her favor, and could she not throw herself upon this manifest protection? Uncertain what to do, she remained in the tree all night, not answering the calls which were repeated at intervals, in hope the Indians would break up camp and depart before day, as they always did when apprehensive of pursuit. She was found, however, and compelled to accompany them in their northward course, and having crossed the Ohio, gave up in despair the faint hope that had remained in her breast, of being restored to her kindred. With the loss of this hope her trust even in the merciful Father who had preserved her through so many dangers, seemed also to fail. But her extreme sufferings from hunger, cold, and fatigue, were sufficient to overcome greater strength than she possessed.

Fortune seemed to delight in mocking her with opportunities of escape, by which she could not profit. One night when they had encamped, a snow-storm came on, and she was completely covered by a snowdrift. In the morning, as the Indians were preparing to continue their journey, she could be found nowhere, and they concluded she had gone off during the night. Their anger was loudly expressed, and the most terrible tortures threatened, if she should again fall into their power. Hearing all this imperfectly, and only understanding that she was wanted, Mary rose from under her white coverlet in the very midst of the infuriated savages, whose shouts of astonishment and merriment, when they discovered the truth, were absolutely deafening. It was a bitter thought to her, that had she known how securely she was concealed, she might have remained in safety. The morning meal of the Indians was a large black snake, which was roasted and divided. A few inches only fell to the poor girl's share, but the piquant sauce of hunger made it seem delicious food. She was always permitted to share in every thing with her captors.

At one time, when the men were all absent from the camp, a large deer was seen making directly towards it. The old chief's wife ordered Mary to take a gun and shoot the animal, as she was known to be the best shot among all the women. The chief had expressly forbidden firing, on pain of death, in the absence of his men, the discharge of a gun being the appointed signal of the near approach of an enemy, and Mary hesitated

to obey; but being urged, she fired, and shot the deer. In a few moments the Indians came rushing in, expecting to encounter the foe; and, when informed that it was a false alarm, the chief raised his tomahawk to kill the white girl who had dared to disobey his commands. His wife threw herself between him and the intended victim, exclaiming that she herself was the offender; but for a moment, as the uplifted weapon was whirled several times round the Indian's head, Mary expected he would bury it in her own. Perhaps the prospect of plenty of savory venison for supper did something to pacify the angry warrior.

At another time, when, by some means or other, the small-pox was introduced among the party, the captive became desperately ill with that terrible disease. For ten days she was entirely blind, being left alone in a lodge built for her at some distance from the camp, near a spring. Her food was brought and left at the spring, to which she would grope her way once in the twenty-four hours. Her sufferings were somewhat alleviated by an ointment made by simmering prickly pear in bear's grease, which a compassionate squaw prepared for her. During this season of distress, she often wished for death, and sometimes the temptation was strong to rend the ulcers that covered her face; but the thought of home, and the hope of being at some future day delivered from her cruel bondage, would support her to a patient endurance of her protracted trials.

Some of the articles in our heroine's possession, had been taken from her. A knife was left her, which she preserved with the greatest care, and took every opportunity, when she could be unobserved, of cutting her name on the bark of trees, in the hope that the marks might lead to her rescue. She also retained a pair of silver shoe-buckles, of which no one offered to deprive her.

It is supposed that this party of Indians remained about a year in the northwestern part of Tennessee, at the forks of Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and near the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi. Passing into what is now Indiana, they spent some time at a place called "French Lick." Several white prisoners were brought in, meanwhile, from Tennessee and Kentucky: amongst them, a man named Riddle and his two daughters, who were occasionally in Miss Nealy's company. At all times, when her health permitted, Mary was engaged in some useful occupation, never caring how laborious it might be, as her mental disquietude was thus relieved. The only employment she ob-

jected to, was the moulding of bullets, to which she was often compelled.

As the journey was continued, she became acquainted with a French fur-trader, whom she besought to aid her in effecting her escape. He would not listen to her entreaties, and she left him indignant at his want of humane feeling. A little conscience-stricken, perhaps, for his refusal, he brought a blanket the next day, and offered it to her; but she rejected the gift, saying that she scorned to receive anything from a heartless wretch, who was too cowardly to give her the aid she required.

After they had passed into Michigan, where their numbers were increased by other captives, one of the females, weak from exhaustion and carrying an infant a few months old, failed to keep up with the rest, though assisted occasionally by the kind-hearted squaws. When they encamped at night, a consultation was held among the men, and it was resolved to kill the child. They had built a large fire, and when the wood had been consumed to a bed of glowing coals, one of the warriors snatched the babe from its mother's breast and threw it into the midst. It was instantly drawn out and thrown back into the arms of its distracted mother; again snatched from her and thrown into the fire, to be again drawn out; and this fiendish pastime was repeated amidst the screams of the agonized parent, and hideous yells from the savages, leaping and dancing the while with frantic gestures, till life was extinct in the little victim; when it was torn to pieces by the murderers. Scenes like this, which were not of uncommon occurrence, inspired Miss Nealy with a feeling of detestation towards the perpetrators of such outrages, which became habitual, and amounted to a vindictive hate, of which she could never wholly divest herself. She would never speak their language unless compelled by circumstances to use it, and used to say, that the only favor she ever asked of them was, that she might be put to death. When, in after life, a favorite granddaughter, who had been born and reared in her house, expressed a desire to wear ear-rings, and was about to purchase a pair, she persuaded her not to do so, speaking with melancholy earnestness on the subject, and saying she should never be able to look at her beloved child without pain, if decorated with ornaments which would so strongly remind her of her savage enemies.

It was Miss Nealy's lot to witness, at one time, the punishment of a young Indian and his paramour, for a crime rarely

committed among the savage tribes. The criminals were bound to separate trees and stoned to death, the white prisoners being compelled to see the execution.

Many more incidents of adventure, perils and sufferings, are remembered by the family and descendants of our heroine, of her forest travel and sojourn with her wild companions. But the limits of a brief sketch permit only the record of those necessary to illustrate the experience common to too many in those fearful days of our republic. After a captivity of two years, the prisoners were taken to Detroit, where the Indians expected to receive from the British Government, payment for the scalps they had brought. The savages received much attention from the English, as important allies, while encamped in the neighborhood of the city. Mary was sent every day to the house of a French resident, to procure milk for a sick child of the chief. She saw the mistress of the house frequently, who became interested in her when she had learned her history. One morning, she told her to come on the following day; to drop her milk can outside the gate, enter the house without rapping, and proceed directly to a certain room. The poor girl had been suffering from chills and fever for several weeks. The next morning, when she was ordered to go for milk, it happened that her paroxysm of fever was upon her. In the half delirious state of her brain, she had been forming a plan of escape, and resolving that she would take with her the shoe-buckles which constituted all her wealth; and she was looking for them in a box when the order was repeated. She persisted in her search, being able to find but one, when her angry master struck her, and threatened to kill her at once, if she hesitated to obey. Turning suddenly round, she begged him to do so, and put an end to her sufferings, for the pain and bewilderment of fever had caused her to forget that she might soon be free. However, she set out, but soon returned and dropped the odd buckle into the box, to be again beaten and sent on her errand. By the time she had reached the Frenchman's gate, her senses were sufficiently restored to remember the directions of the day previous. When the Indians came in search of her, the woman of the house informed them that the girl had come to the gate, apparently in anger, had thrown down the vessel and departed, she did not know whither—up the street. On the following day, men were sent by the city authorities to whom complaint had been made by the Indians, to search the house; but no trace of the fugitive could be found. All this time, Mary lay quietly concealed in a

small dark closet, the door of which, opening into a larger one, could not be easily discovered. It was a place constructed expressly for stowing away plate, money, or other valuables, when a ransacking was threatened.

Miss Nealy occupied that room for a month, hidden from all eyes, and sustained by the kind care of her benefactress. An accident had nearly betrayed and remanded her to captivity. One day when looking carelessly from the window, she was startled by seeing the face of an Indian, whom she knew too well, and by the gleam of his eyes, she saw that he had also recognized her. She hastened to inform her protectress, and implore her aid. There was no time to be lost, for the savages would not be slow in reclaiming their prisoner. She was supplied immediately with boy's apparel, which she put on; her hair was cut off, and she was sent, accompanied by the son of her hostess, half a mile into the city to the house of another kind-hearted Frenchwoman, who gave her shelter, and kept her concealed through several weeks. Work was also procured for her from a tailor, and she was enabled to earn sufficient to clothe herself comfortably. When the fear of pursuit was over, she was removed by night to an island in the river, where she found seventeen other captives whom she had met before, in her travels through Indiana, Ohio, or Michigan; some of them having been purchased by the British authorities, some having escaped through the assistance of the French inhabitants of the city.

Our heroine remained but three weeks in this new asylum. Upon leaving the island, the captives were conveyed down the lakes, stopping some time at Niagara, and down the St. Lawrence river, and were landed upon the shore of Lake Champlain, where they were exchanged as prisoners of war. Before they quitted the vessel, one of the British officers endeavored to exact a promise from the company, which consisted of women, old men and boys, that they would not aid or abet the continentals against the royal government during the continuance of the war. This heroic woman was accustomed to relate, with much dignity and spirit, how she refused to give the pledge, and challenged the officer to go on shore with her into the thicket of bushes, where she "would cut a switch and brush him till he would be glad to promise, on his own part, that he would never again be caught upon provincial ground." She would describe the scene with as much pride at ninety, as she could have acted in it three-score and ten years before. The others

caught a portion of her spirit, and in very truth cut them switches as soon as they were on shore, daring the officer to come on, and giving three cheers for the brave young woman.

Her companions told her also that they were in expectation of seeing one of the American generals in a few days, and that when he came he would provide her with a horse and saddle. She continued her journey with this company for several days; and when the others faltered from fatigue, and were unable to proceed, she went on in the hope of finding employment among the Dutch settlers, her only companions being an old man and two boys. After a day or two of weary travel in the snow, these also gave up, and one morning left her to proceed alone. It was a sad day for her—tramping on through the snow and water in which her feet plunged at every step, and towards evening a heavy rain drenched her garments. Yet her courage did not fail, for she had now before her the hope of eventually reaching her beloved home, and felt that her success depended on herself alone. She could not persuade herself to stop for rest till after dark, when she came up to the door of a small cabin where a cheerful light was glimmering. Very cheering was the aspect of the huge blazing logs in the ample chimney, but other comforts there were none; scarce even a morsel of bread; and not a bed could be furnished on which to lay her wearied limbs. She was, however, accustomed to hardships, and lying down on the floor with her feet to the fire, without stopping to dry her clothes, soon fell into a profound slumber. In the morning she awoke in great distress from oppression at the lungs, and unable to speak except in a whisper. The woman in the cabin, though wretchedly poor, had a kind heart, and made the suffering stranger as comfortable as she could. Miss Nealy, from her acquaintance with Indian life, had acquired a knowledge of diseases and of medicine, which now proved useful in her own case. She happened to have some medicines about her, which she directed the good woman how to prepare and administer. A severe attack of illness finally yielded to the youthful vigor of her constitution, strengthened by endurance of all kinds of hardship, but it was some weeks before she was able to travel.

In the fear of a recurrence of scurvy, from which she had previously suffered, she procured at a little settlement a few days' journey from this cabin, a small quantity of snuff and other simple remedies prescribed by a traveller, spending almost the last penny she possessed for

these and a little japanned snuff-box, which she presented a few days ago to the narrator of these incidents of her history. In this settlement she also learned that a farmer who lived in the vicinity intended to remove with his family in the spring to the southwestern part of Virginia; and that his wife was in want of a "help" to spin, weave, and make up mens' and boys' clothing. This was good news indeed, and she lost no time in making application to be received in that capacity.

During the winter our heroine labored very assiduously, doing the washing of the family and milking the cows, in addition to the other employments for which her services had been engaged; thus leaving herself not a moment of relief from toil till late bedtime, and receiving in return only fifty cents a week, and but a small part of her wages in money.

When the family set out in the spring on their southward journey, she assisted in driving the stock, as well as in cooking and doing all kinds of work necessary in "camping out;" making almost the entire journey on foot, and being compensated for her laborious services with only food and lodging, and such protection as the company of those she attended, afforded her. Yet, throughout her life, she seemed to remember that family with warm affection, and spoke of them with gratitude; it was her first experience, since her doleful captivity, of human sympathy and home-feeling; and her generous heart overflowed towards those who gave it: her labors to serve them being esteemed as nothing in the balance.

When they reached the Susquehanna river—where she was to pay her own ferriage—such having been the agreement—she asked permission of the ferryman to paddle herself across in a small and leaky canoe lying on the shore near by. He consented, warning her, however, that it was unsafe; but she was an excellent swimmer and intent on saving her money, which she did, and crossed in safety. The people in the ferry-boat were less fortunate; when half way across, one of the cows, affrighted, jumped overboard and swam back to shore. The Dutch farmer requested Mary to return with him and bring the animal over; and she did so, getting her on board, holding her by the horn with the left hand, and having the thumb and finger of her right thrust into her nostrils; thus keeping the cow quiet for a distance of nearly a mile. A modern belle would laugh at such an instance of usefulness; but our grandmothers were more practical and would not have felt ashamed of it. Its happy consequences will soon be seen.

When the travellers arrived at their place of destination, Mary obtained employment for a few days in a family. It happened that a farmer by the name of Spears, who lived in the neighborhood, called in, and heard the girl's romantic history. His wife wanted some one to assist her in household duties, and Miss Nealy was recommended to the place; she accepted the proposal to go at once, and mounted behind her future father-in-law, rode to his house, where she remained some time waiting to find some party that might be going to Tennessee, for her fears of being recaptured by the Indians had grown stronger the farther she travelled westward.

We will now turn to another scene in this "ower true tale." When her family had ascertained beyond doubt that she had been captured by the Indians, they gave up all hope of ever seeing her again. They grieved as for one dead; but there was one whose sorrow was all too quickly banished; the betrothed lover of Mary, who, judging that the smiles of a new love was the best consolation for his loss, speedily transferred his vows to another comely maiden, and was by this time on the eve of marriage. It happened about this period that Mary's brother went on business into the interior of Kentucky. On the very night of his arrival, at a rustic tavern, he fell in with several travellers, who were relating their different adventures after an excellent supper. One of them had come all the way from Pennsylvania, and described with graphic glee, the scene of the crossing of the Susquehanna by the Dutch emigrant family, the escape of the cow, and her recapture and bringing over by the heroic young woman. That girl, he added, had been a captive among the Indians, and had escaped from them. To this account young Nealy listened with aroused attention. "Did you hear the young woman's name?" he eagerly asked. "They called her Polly"—answered the stranger, but I heard no other. "Did you observe that she was left-handed?" again the brother asked, "She certainly was"—was the reply; "I noticed it both in pulling her canoe, and in holding the cow." No farther information could be given; but this was enough. The brother had no doubt that this was indeed his long-lost sister, and that her course had been directed homeward. And now, what was to be done? He was convinced that no family would be likely to emigrate in a southwest direction in that time of peril; she had no chance of an escort to return home; and through the vast wilderness that intervened, how could an unprotected girl

travel alone? He determined, therefore, himself to set out; go to the ferry on the Susquehanna, where the scene described was said to have taken place, and to trace his sister thence, if possible.

He set off accordingly, taking the precaution to make inquiry at every cabin, and of every person whom he met, lest he should pass her on the way. When in Virginia, he stopped one day to feed his horse, and make the usual inquiries at a farm-house, and was told that a young woman who had been in captivity among the Indians, and had recently come into the country, was living in a family some six miles distant. Nealy lost not a moment; but flinging the saddle on his horse before he had tasted his corn, rode off in the direction pointed out. Before he had reached the house, he met his sister. What pen can describe that meeting!* We shall not attempt it.

Mary made immediate preparations to return home, but suffered many hardships, and was exposed to many dangers on their way through the almost trackless wild. The howling of wolves, the screams of panthers, and the low growl of bears were familiar sounds in her ears; but nothing daunted her save the fearful thought of again falling into the hands of merciless savages. Even after her reunion with her family, this terror so preyed on her mind that she had no peace, and her widowed mother yielded to her entreaties, and removed to a more secure home in Kentucky.

The story of Miss Nealy's return to Tennessee, and her strange adventures, was soon noised abroad, and her former lover, repenting his infidelity, came once more to prefer his claim to her favor. It may be conceived with what scorn she spurned the addresses of a man who had not only lacked the energy to attempt her rescue from the Indians, and had soon forgotten her, but who was now crowning his perfidy by the basest falsehood towards the other fair one to whom his faith was pledged.

Mary Nealy was united in marriage to George Spears, on the 27th of February, 1785, at her new home in Lincoln County, Kentucky.† After her marriage, her mother returned with the rest of her family to Tennessee. Mrs. Spears and her husband continued to reside for two years near Carpenter's Station, in Lincoln County; and during the three succeeding years at or near Grey's Station, in Greene County, Kentucky. While living here, it was her custom to accompany her hus-

band to the field, sometimes in the capacity of guard, sometimes to help him hoe the corn; and always carrying her children with her. On one occasion, while thus occupied, they heard a whistle like the note of a wild turkey. One of their neighbors, an old hunter, cautioned them against following the sound, which he knew to be made by an Indian, whom he resolved to ferret out. He accordingly crept noiselessly along the ground, like one hunting the bird, till close to the spot whence the whistle came, when he fired, and an Indian fell.

On one occasion strange sounds were heard close to the dwelling at night, and Mrs. Spears, looking through a "chink" in the cabin, saw the shadow of a man stealthily moving around the house. She awoke her husband; he climbed the ladder to the loft, and putting his gun through an aperture in the roof, fired upon the savage. Five Indians started up and ran off; but he continued firing till the alarm was given at the fort, and aid was sent. A company of soldiers followed the trail for several miles, and judged the number of the savages to have been about fifty. While residing here, Mrs. Spears received intelligence of the murder of one of her brothers by the Indians.

Mr. Spears, who had no fear of them, was in the habit of going to the fort to try his skill in shooting at a target; and when he did not return by dusk, his wife would leave the cabin and betake herself with the child to the woods for safety, for her terror of the lurking enemies, whose cruelty she had so bitterly experienced, was very great. One night, having thus left her home, she was standing with her infant in her arms, under a wide spreading tree, awaiting the return of her husband, when she heard the shrill note of a screech-owl, directly over her head, and fell to the ground as if shot. She often described, in after life, the mortification she felt, on recovering from her fright; but excused herself by pleading that the fears which so overcame her, were for the little helpless child. In times of peculiar danger, she was accustomed to do sewing and washing for two young men at the fort, in return for their coming home every night with her husband, and lodging in the cabin.

On another occasion, when they had reason to believe a large body of Indians were in the neighborhood, and were warned to leave the cabin without loss of time, Mrs. Spears hastily buried her dishes, and emptying out part of the feathers from her

* This noble brother died about five years ago, at his residence near Nashville, Tennessee.

† Date copied from Mrs. Spears' family Bible.

bed, put it on her horse, with such other articles of household service as she could carry, mounted, taking her child in her lap—though within two weeks of her second confinement—and assisted in driving away the stock. The alarm was given that the Indians were near and they must ride for their lives, and she urged her horse at full speed a mile and a half, with all her incumbrances. A party of soldiers was sent out from the fort to reconnoitre the enemy, and struck the trail of some forty savages, but did not venture to follow them more than a few miles.

One day, a man named Fisher came from the fort to Mr. Spears's field, to bring a message to him. On his return he was pursued by Indians, and shot down and scalped in the sight of Mrs. Spears, before a gun could be brought to bear on the fierce assailants. Such incidents kept our pioneers in a continual state of suspense and dread, and during the time they were living in the fort for greater safety, their condition was but little more comfortable. Their cattle were continually driven off, and their hunters, as well as those who ventured out to till the ground, murdered by stealthy foes; so that they suffered terribly for want of provisions. While in the fort, Mrs. Spears heard of two more of her relations being killed by the Indians; five of her family in all, fell victims to savage fury.

The three oldest children of Mrs. Spears were born during those years of terror, when the border settlers suffered so severely. Mr. Spears was a man of intelligence and sincere piety; he was a kind husband, and as they were blest with health and competence, their home was a happy one. Mrs. Spears was gentle and amiable in her manners, and affectionate in her nature, with a warm and generous heart; always modest and yielding, except when sterner qualities were in requisition, when the strength and firmness of her nature were apparent. She made no attempt at any time to divest herself of early habits, in conformity to the improvements of the time, or changing fashions. A carriage was always at her disposal, yet she preferred riding on horseback when the journey was not too long; and in such cases she used a large covered farm wagon. Always charitable to the poor, and liberal to all with whom she had dealings, her industry and systematic housewifery were admirable, and not a moment of her time was ever wasted. Besides being engaged in weaving, sewing, and other domestic employments, she made salves, ointments, and decoctions continually, for all the afflicted of her acquaintance. Her knowledge of medicine was made available

to her friends and neighbors, and to the poor generally, gratuitously; while she accepted compensation from such as came from a distance and were able to offer it. It was a desire to do good which first induced her to undertake the most laborious duties of a physician among her own sex, medical practitioners being very scarce in that region; and her success soon made her so celebrated, that her aid was sought from every direction. She became fond of the practice, and continued to ride her circuit till a few months before her death.

There were some incidents in her experience, even after the cessation of Indian hostilities, which are highly illustrative. One morning, her husband went out a short distance, taking his gun, and bidding her to follow him with his knife, if she heard firing. Hearing a report soon after, she ran with the knife in the direction of the sound, and heard soon after a second shot. Mr. Spears snatched the knife from her hands, and plunged it to the handle into — a monstrous bear, "which" Mrs. Spears used to say, "had in its embrace our biggest and best sow." It was some time before the sow recovered her breath, as each shot caused the bear to hug the tighter; though not a bone was broken."

Mrs. Spears was fond of high-mettled horses, and was accustomed to ride a very spirited one. Her husband warned her that the animal was apt to run away; but our heroine declared she would cure the propensity, which she did one day, when the mare had run about a mile with her, by suddenly checking, so as to cause the animal to dash its head against the trunk of a beech-tree by the roadside, while the fearless rider sprang off in time to save herself.

At one time Mrs. Spears was sent for in great haste to attend a woman living on the opposite side of Green river, several miles distant. Her own babe was too young to leave, and she set off on horseback carrying it in her arms. Arriving at the river, she found that the ferry boat had just pushed from shore. She called to the man to return, urging the necessity of the case, but the man replied that his load was too heavy. On this the spirited matron urged her mare into the river, swam her past the ferry-boat, reached the opposite bank first, and was in time to thank the ferryman for his humanity before his boat touched the landing. The child she carried on this occasion was accustomed to relate this anecdote, and its truth was confirmed by the old neighbors in Kentucky, among whom the lady to whom we are indebted

for this memoir, travelled a little more than a year ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Spears removed with their servants—a negro boy and girl—to Illinois in 1824. Their three surviving children, all of whom had families, accompanied them. All had prospered and were comfortable in their worldly circumstances. They settled at Claray's Grove, in Merard county. The parents were blessed in their children, and had "godliness with contentment." Mrs. Spears' solicitous care for her servants, in regard not only to bodily comfort, but moral and religious culture, equalled that she had bestowed on her own children, and it was returned by the most devoted affection and willing obedience. When the boy—Jem—became of age, his mistress gave him a liberal outfit, with liberty to depart if he chose to do so; but he preferred remaining with her. By thrifty increase of his store, Jem was enabled afterwards to purchase both his parents, who belonged to a relative of Mrs. Spears, then residing in Missouri. They were redeemed by the dutiful son, and brought to Claray's Grove but a very short time since. The sympathy and aid given by Jem's mistress to this cherished project, may throw additional light on her most lovely and christian character.

At a very advanced age—between eighty and ninety—Mrs. Spears visited her brother in Tennessee. This brother in the time of the Indian war was riding in company with her mother when she was wounded by a shot from an Indian. He killed the assailant, but while attempting to place his mother again in the saddle, received a shot from another lurking savage. A man who accompanied them helped him to mount his horse, and the party made good their escape. On her way to visit this brother, Mrs. Spears travelled in a large covered wagon, and was accompanied by her grandson, a boy about fourteen years of age. They camped out every night. During one day Mrs. Spears had noticed a horseman pass them several times, and attentively mark, as she thought, one of her best horses.

Apprehensive of thievish intent, she had her bed laid that night upon the ground, that her quick ear might catch the sound of approaching footsteps. In the dead silence of the night she heard the sound, and raising herself with a loud voice, demanded who was there? The intruder retired without making any answer; but in the space of an hour or two returned, with the same stealthy step, which was again detected by the watchful matron. Starting up, she repeated her question, and when no reply came, charged the man with his nefarious design, and threatened punishment if he dared to come again. The thief did not seem inclined to give up his prey, but came the third time on horseback. The matron, aware of his approach, prepared herself for him, and as he came near, suddenly sprang towards him, holding a large article of dress, which she flapped in his horse's face with such a report that the animal wheeled round in affright, and bounded swiftly out of her sight. Then the thought struck her, perhaps the rider had been thrown and killed; and she was uneasy, till by laying her ear to the ground she could hear the regular receding tramp of the horse, showing that the man had escaped without injury.

Mrs. Spears died at her residence at Claray's Grove, on the 26th January. 1852, surrounded by affectionate children and grandchildren, who still reverently cherish the memory of her virtues, and look to the example of her well-spent and useful life. The times of trial which nurtured such noble natures, by developing their strength and power of endurance, may never return in our powerful and prosperous country; yet have we all work to do in the great battle of life, and not without lasting benefit may we contemplate the character of those heroic matrons who bore so much of the burden in our struggle for independence, and whose influence was so controlling and extensive, though unacknowledged in the history, which deals only with the actions of men.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

IT is a remarkable fact in literary history, or, perhaps, we should rather say, in literary criticism, that for more than a hundred years an unquestioned connection has been maintained in popular opinion between Robinson Crusoe and Juan Fer-

nandez; so that in school geographies, books of voyages, and the like, wherever it becomes necessary to mention the island, an allusion to the hero of Defoe's romance is sure to follow, while yet the slightest examination of an unabridged copy of

Robinson Crusoe will show that it contains no reference whatever to Juan Fernandez, but that, on the contrary, a very well-defined locality in another part of the Western Hemisphere, is assigned to the imaginary island. Undoubtedly this delusion originated in the charge against Defoe that he had derived the idea, and many of the details of his fiction, from the well-known story of Alexander Selkirk's residence on Juan Fernandez, though it can be easily proved that Defoe was under little or no obligation to the Scotchman's narrative.

The story of Selkirk is briefly this: He was the sailing-master of an English privateer, commanded by Captain Stradling, which was cruising in the South Seas, and which stopped at Juan Fernandez in 1704, for supplies and repairs, that island being then as well known, and almost as frequently visited by French, Spanish and English vessels, as it is now. In consequence of a violent quarrel with his commander, Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel, and accordingly, in September, 1704, he was set ashore at his own request, being supplied with a sea-chest, his wearing clothes, and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion, together with books of navigation and his mathematical instruments. He remained upon the island four years and four months, until he was taken off in February, 1709, by Captain Woodes Rogers, commander of the *Duke*, a British privateer, in which vessel Selkirk shipped himself as a mate, and after a long cruise returned to England in October, 1711, eight years before the publication of Robinson Crusoe.

Selkirk, it will be observed, voluntarily went ashore, well supplied with arms, tools, clothes, and books, upon an island that for two centuries had been the resort of ships of various nations. Robinson Crusoe, on the contrary, as every boy knows, was shipwrecked, and escaped by swimming to a desolate island, not laid down upon the maps. Juan Fernandez is in the Pacific Ocean, about 34 degrees, or more than 2000 miles, south of the Equator, and 400 miles from the southwest coast of South America. Let us now see where Robinson Crusoe's island is situated, according to his own veracious and explicit narrative.

He relates that he had been living for some years as a planter in Brazil, and being "straitened" for want of slaves, was induced to go on an expedition to the opposite coast of Africa for the purpose of

procuring negroes. From St. Salvador or Bahia, on the east coast of Brazil,

"We set sail," he says; "standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast."

When they came to about ten or twelve degrees of northern latitude, which, it seems, was the manner of their course in those days:

"We had very good weather, only excessive hot all the way upon our own coast, till we came to the height of Cape St. Augustine, from whence, keeping farther off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the *isle Fernando de Brouha*, holding our course *north-east* by north, and leaving those isles on the east. In this course, we passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in seven degrees twenty-two minutes northern latitude, when a violent tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the southeast, came about to the northwest, and then settled in the north-east; from whence it blew in such a terrible manner, that for twelve days together, we could do nothing but drive, and scudding away before it, let it carry us whither ever fate and the fury of the winds directed.

"About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in *eleven degrees north* latitude, but that he was twenty-two degrees of longitude difference west, from Cape St. Augustine; so that he found he was *got upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the River Amazon, towards that of the River Oroonogue*, commonly called the Great River. * * * * Looking over the charts of the sea coast of America, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to, till we came within the circle of the Caribbee islands, and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes, which, by keeping off to sea, to avoid the in-draft of the *Gulf of Mexico*, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail. With this design, we changed our course, and steered away *north-west* by west, in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief; but our voyage was otherwise determined; for being in the latitude of twelve degrees, eighteen minutes, a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce, that, had all our lives been saved, as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country. In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men, early in the morning, cried out, Land! and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such

a manner, that we expected we should all have perished immediately."

The ship being thus stuck fast, the crew took to the boat, which soon swamped, and all perished, except Robinson Crusoe, who swam to shore, and found himself on an island, from the highest part of which, the main-land was distinctly visible on a fair day. In his first conversation with his "man Friday," Crusoe states that they talked of a current which swept by the island, which, he says, "I understood to be no more than the sets of the tide, as going out or coming in; but I afterwards understood it was occasioned by the great draft and reflux of the mighty river Oroonoko, in the mouth or gulf of which river, as I found afterwards, our island lay; and this land which I perceived to the west and northwest, was the great island Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river." This is certainly sufficient to prove that Juan Fernandez was *not* Robinson Crusoe's island, and has in fact no more claims to be so considered, than Martha's Vineyard, or Staten Island. But, if any more evidence be needed, it will settle the question to quote the title of the original edition of Robinson Crusoe, which is generally abridged, or modified, by modern publishers. It reads: "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; who lived eight and twenty years, all alone, in an uninhabited Island, on the Coast of America, near the mouth of the Great River Oroonoke; having been cast on shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by himself. London: printed for Mr. Taylor, at the Ship, in Paternoster Row."

It is possible that Defoe may have been indebted to Selkirk's brief and bold narrative, for a few hints and suggestions; but considering the locality which he has assigned to Robinson Crusoe's island, the manner in which Crusoe gets there, and some other circumstances of the story, it seems to us highly probable that, in planning his work, Defoe was thinking less of Selkirk, than of Peter Serrano, a Spanish sailor, whose story is told in a book, with which Defoe could not have failed to become acquainted with, namely: "The Royal Commentaries of Peru, written originally in Spanish, by the Juca Garcillasso de la Vega, and rendered into English by Sir Paul Rycaut, Kt." This is a large folio volume, published in the best style of the day, at London, in 1688, when Defoe was twenty-seven years old. The translator, Sir Paul Rycaut, was a notable personage in his time, and his book at-

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The following, with the omission of a few unimportant sentences, is Rycaut's translation of the account of Serrano.

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water into the greater, some of which contained twelve gallons: so that having made sufficient provision of meat and drink, he began to contrive some way to strike fire, that so he might not only dress his meat with it, but also make a smoke to give a sign to any ship which was passing in those seas. Considering of this invention (for seamen are much more ingenious in all times of extremity than men bred at land), he searched every where to find out a couple of hard pebbles instead of flint, his knife serving in the place of a steel: but the island being all covered with a dead sand, and no stone appearing, he swam into the sea, and diving often to the bottom, he at length found a couple of stones fit for his purpose, which he rubbed together until he got them to an edge, with which being able to strike fire, he drew some thread out of his shirt which he worked so small that it was like cotton and served for tinder; so that having contrived a means to kindle fire, he then gathered a great quantity of sea-weeds thrown up by the waves, which, with the shells of fish and planks of ships which had been wrecked on those shoals, afforded nourishment for his fuel: and lest sudden showers should extinguish his fire, he made a little covering like a small hut with the shells of the largest turtles or tortoises that he had killed, taking great care that his fire should not go out. In the space of two months and sooner, he was as unprovided of all things as he was at first, for with the great rains, heat and moisture of that climate, his provisions were corrupted; and the great heat of the sun was so violent on him, having neither clothes to cover him nor shadow for a shelter, that when he was, as it were, broiled in the sun, he had no remedy but to run into the sea. In this misery and care he passed three years, during which time he saw several ships at sea and as often made his smoke; but none turned out of their way to see what it meant, for fear of those shelves and sands, which wary pilots avoid with all imaginable circumspection; so that the poor wretch, despairing of all manner of relief, esteemed it a mercy for him to die, and arrive at that period which could only put an end to his miseries: and being exposed in this manner to all weathers, the hair of his body grew in that manner that he was covered all over with bristles, the hair of his head and beard reaching to his waist, that he appeared like some wild and savage creature. At the end of three years, Serrano was strangely surprised with the appearance of a man in his island, whose ship had the night before been cast away upon those sands, and had saved himself on a plank of the vessel. So soon as it was day, he espied the smoke, and imagining whence it was, he made towards it. So soon as they saw each other, it is hard to say which was the most amazed. Serrano imagined that it was the Devil who came in the shape of a man to tempt him to despair: the new-comer believed Serrano to be the Devil in his own proper shape and figure,

being covered over with hair and beard; in fine, they were both afraid, flying one from the other; Peter Serrano cried out as he ran, "Jesus, Jesus, deliver me from the Devil." The other hearing this, took courage, and returning again to him, called out, "Brother, Brother, don't fly from me, for I am a Christian as thou art:" and because he saw that Serrano still ran from him, he repeated the *Credo*, or Apostle's creed, in words aloud, which, when Serrano heard, he knew it was no Devil that would recite those words, and thereupon gave a stop to his flight, and returning to him with great kindness, they embraced each other, with sighs and tears, lamenting their sad estate without any hopes of deliverance. Serrano supposing that his guest wanted refreshment, entertained him with such provisions as his miserable life afforded; and having a little comforted each other, they began to recount the manner and occasion of their sad disasters. Then for the better government in their way of living, they designed their hours of day and night to certain services. Such a time was appointed to kill fish for eating, such hours for gathering weeds, fish-bones and other matters which the sea threw up to maintain their constant fire: and especial care they had to observe their watches and relieve each other at certain hours that so they might be sure their fire went not out. In this manner they lived amicably together for certain days, for many did not pass before a quarrel arose between them, so high, that they were ready to fight. The occasion proceeded from some words that one gave the other, that he took not that care and labor as the extremity of their condition required; and this difference so increased (for to such misery do our passions often betray us) that at length they separated and lived apart one from the other. However, in a short time, having experienced the want of that comfort which mutual society procures, their choler was appeased, and so they returned to enjoy converse and the assistance which friendship and company afforded, in which condition they passed four years; during all which time they saw many ships sail near them, yet none would be so charitable or curious as to be invited by their smoke and flame: so that now being almost desperate, they expected no other remedy besides death to put an end to their miseries.

However, at length a ship adventuring to pass nearer than ordinary, espied the smoke, and rightly judging that it must be made by some shipwrecked persons escaped to those sands, hoisted out their boat to take them in. Serrano and his companion readily ran to the place where they saw the boat coming; but so soon as the mariners were approached so near as to distinguish the strange figures and looks of these two men, they were so affrighted, that they began to row back: but the poor men cried out, and that they might believe them not to be devils or evil spirits, they rehearsed the creed, and called aloud upon the name of Jesus: with

which words the mariners returned, took them into the boat and carried them to the ship, to the great wonder of all there present, who, with admiration, beheld their hairy shapes, not like men, but beasts, and with singular pleasure heard them relate the story of their past misfortunes. The companion died in his voyage to Spain, but Serrano lived to come thither, from whence he travelled into Germany, where the Emperor then resided; all which time he nourished his hair and beard to serve as an evidence and proof of his past life. Where-soever he came, the people pressed as a sight to see him for money; persons of quality, having also the same curiosity, gave him sufficient to defray his charges, and his

Imperial Majesty having seen and heard his discourses, bestowed a rent upon him of four thousand pieces of eight a year, which make 4800 ducats in Peru; and going to the possession of this income, he died at Panama without further enjoyment. All this story was related to me by a gentleman called Garci Sanchez de Figueroa, one who was acquainted with Serrano and heard it from his own mouth; and that after he had seen the Emperor, he then cut his hair and beard to some convenient length, because that it was so long before, that when he turned himself on his bed, he often lay upon it, which incommoded him so much as to disturb his sleep."

WOMAN AND THE "WOMAN'S MOVEMENT."

"THE Woman's Movement," as it is called, does not, in our opinion, pre-ge any directly valuable results. We have an abundant respect for it, considered as a feature of that healthful discontent which is pervading all minds and conditions, and which surely foretokes the eventual permanent enlargement of society. But we think the immediate aims of the ladies who manage the movement and give it character, are ludicrously unworthy. It furnishes another and a striking commentary upon woman's incapacity as a legislator or leader in human affairs. Had any mere man undertaken to shape the remedy for woman's grievances, and had he discovered that it was probably to be sought in some enlargement of her sphere of action, he would never have dreamt of claiming the existing professions as her rightful arena. For your mere man has an habitual reverence for precedent, and is not easily persuaded that an insufficient wisdom regulates the course of history. He would see in the circumstance that woman had always been excluded from the civil and political arena, an augury of her being reserved to a superior theatre of action. In the circumstance of her exclusion from the learned professions, he would see only a proof of their contrariety to her essential nature and habits. We are told by the soberest of our judges, that if woman be admitted to forensic practice, it will soon be next to impossible to get a righteous decision from the bench, so inevitable a bias must her advocacy of any cause produce upon the judicial mind. And if you suppose her once admitted to practise medicine, have you the slightest idea that the orthodox practice which has so long sufficed "to speed the parting guest," would have

friends enough left even to bury it five decades hence? And then imagine her fairly deposited in the episcopal chair! What dread havoc would soon be made with those ancient and admirable dogmas which have done such stout constable's service for society in times that are past! The very virtue of woman, her practical sense, which leaves her indifferent to past and future alike, and keeps her the busy blessing of the present hour, disqualifies her for all didactic dignity. Learning and wisdom do not become her. Even the ten commandments seem unamiable and superfluous on her lips, so much should she herself be the fragrant blossom of all morality, so much should her own pure pleasure form the best outward law for man. We say to her, "Do not tell me, beautiful doctor, I pray you, what one ought or ought not to do: any musty old professor in the next college is quite competent to that: tell me only what I shall do to please you, and it shall be done, though the heavens fall!"

Besides all this, and if it were otherwise advisable to think of retrieving woman's dignity by a recourse to the learned professions, it would be entirely too late to do so. Democracy has so shattered the dignity of the professions, it has so broken down the fences whereby their ancient respect was hedged in, and laid them open to every undisciplined vagabond who fancies that they may afford him a comfortable pasturage, that it is idle any longer to regard a man as respectable simply because he is a lawyer, physician, or clergyman. Any one who pleases, and who pleases moreover his particular *coterie* and sect, may be either of these things as suits his fancy. There is no public hindrance to the step, nor is there any public

concurrence in it. In the old world these men wear big wigs, and gold-headed canes, and shovel hats, which are so many badges of public recognition, and which you instinctively defer to, therefore, as the tokens of a superior presence, as signs of the supreme power. There is something very grateful to the imagination in these marks of a close alliance between the public and private life, something very admirable in seeing the general unity thus impressing itself by means of each particular diversity. It is quite an "experience" to an American to confide his affairs to one of these big-wigs, to have his pulse counted by one of these gold-headed canes, or receive the gospel from under the eaves of one of these egregious brims. Both soul and body feel agreeably soothed and flattered by this ceremonial. They seem for the first time to have found their due respect and observance. It is hard to believe that you shall not get sounder law, more virtuous medicine, and humaner divinity from these stately and authentic gentlemen, so enforced by the public good-will and momentum. You say to yourself that you have scarcely before looked upon the State and the Church as credible or vital facts, so much do these foolish paraphernalia set them off; and you are tempted to feel a momentary compassion for your somewhat nude and pagan brethren, sitting away off at home there, unconscious of your advantages.

Democracy, therefore, in thus destroying the wall of partition between the professions and the laity, destroys also the peculiar dignity of these professions, and so renders the female aspiration in that direction absurd. And the leaders of "the woman's movement," as it is somewhat ambitiously called, have acted therefore very unwisely, we think, in making professional distinctions so prominent an element of the remedial treatment they propose for woman's grievances. Altogether it appears to us that these amiable and precipitate ladies have exhibited a complete misapprehension of the genius of their own sex, which by the way is not a fact to be wondered at. For each sex finds in the other its own best appreciation. Woman, no doubt, has a much wiser sense of what is manly than man himself has, because she surveys him from without, and gathers up the scattered rays of his character in one full and symmetric impression. She has no private biases to deflect her vision. So it is with man in respect to woman. His spontaneous appreciation of woman is much truer than her own. Intellectually, no doubt, they are very equally qualified to judge of each other and themselves; but as to the

judgment which precedes deliberation, which anticipates induction—in short the *spontaneous* judgment of either sex with respect to the other—it is much more reliable than its own. Both man and woman instinctively acknowledge the truth of this position, by the entire frankness with which each discovers to the other depths of romantic emotion, depths of poetic sensibility in themselves, which they would never think of disclosing to their own sex. We have heard when favorably situated for the purpose, our friend Fairshake the broker say things to women which Sir Philip Sidney would have envied, but which all Wall-street would be sure to laugh at as totally incongruous with Fairshake's character. And what is worse, foolish Fairshake himself would join in the laugh, so much are we all in the habit of accepting the estimate which the stupid people about us put upon our character. Poor Fairshake passes so much of his time in Wall-street, and is so faultless in deference to the decisions of the Board, that if it should decree the human heart essentially devoid of sentiment, he would dupe himself into acquiescence. Yet nature makes very light of conventions, and will go on to surprise Fairshake with revelations of a mild divinity in his own soul, which must finally teach him self-respect, respect for humanity. As things are now, neither man nor woman disclose themselves truly, that is poetically, save to each other, because neither has a perfect faith in themselves, but only in the other. Hence as a general rule, we may conclude that the appreciation of either sex by itself is quite untrustworthy, when compared with that offered by its opposite.

But settle this as you may, it is an undeniable misconception of woman to suppose her at all capable of entering into rivalry with man, capable of competing with him for ecclesiastical and political distinction. It is nothing short of a scandalous misconception of womanhood. We shall be pointed to Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, Mary de Medicis, and the other illustrious women who have exhibited a great genius for affairs. But we do not say that there are not very unwomanly women to be met with along the course of history. We see them in the street, in the market, in domestic life, every where, women who fairly compete with men in the pursuits of learning, traffic, and so forth. All we say is, that these women are exceptions to the rule of their sex, that they are extreme or unwomanly women. We have long been persuaded that man and woman have not yet been so sharply discriminated as they

shall one day be; that a great actual confusion indeed exists in the sexes, so that there are many technical women who are really or inwardly men, and many technical men who are really women. Man is not man, nor woman woman, primarily by virtue of their formal differences from each other, but by virtue of their spiritual or interior differences, the difference of their genius or temper of mind. And where this fundamental difference does not exist the outward difference is only transient. The natural body in that case has only to be laid aside by its decease, for the spiritual one to assert its latent sexuality; so that probably many a woman who has unmisgivingly laid down on this side Jordan in short-skirt and petticoat, will wake up by sheer spiritual gravitation on the other side in corduroys and top-boots, and many a man who has laid down in coat and pantaloons, will similarly come to true self-consciousness in petticoat and curl-papers.

It is idle, therefore, to argue to woman from certain exceptional women. We must learn to discriminate between women and woman, between the infirm actual and the stainless ideal. Mrs. A. B. and C. are doubtless capital women, and properly estimable to all their acquaintance. But they have not the least title to call themselves woman, nor to charge any possible perturbation of their private orbits to the influence of that sweet sanctity. Woman is a grand and divine reality, who is not so foolish as to commit herself to any special guardianship, nor so vulgar as to whisper secrets in any private ear. She appoints no attorneys. No one speaks by her authority. They who know her best and are most transfigured by her intimate loveliness, suspect their great fortune the least, and are still the lowliest in all feminine modesty. It is doubtless excellent to hear Mrs. A. B. or C. discourse of woman, and labor our sex and hers very deservedly on that behalf. But we cannot help feeling the thing to be sheer comedy all the while. If they will read lectures, or write paragraphs and pamphlets upon the sufferings of the poor maidens who lack suitable and healthy employment, and upon the temptations to vice which such lack engenders; and if they will scornfully stigmatize our heartless public morality which permits all this temptation, and then visits the shrinking victim with its Pharisaic scorn; then every manly breast in the community will second their eloquent zeal and indignation. Here is a manifest case of suffering, calling upon every passer-by, man and woman

equally, to cry aloud for its relief. The extremity of the case sanctions any mode of action which promises to be effectual, and if there were no other means of drawing attention to it, one would excuse a single-minded woman for dressing herself in military costume, or climbing a church-steeple, or riding Godiva-like through the public streets. It is an exceptional exigency, and any sincere mode of advertising it on the part of those whose sympathies are so powerfully assailed, will not only be tolerated but applauded.

But no one believes in this didactic attitude as the normal or permanent attitude of woman. One excuses it only when a certain necessity calls for it, and does not willingly think of woman coming before the public, without such invincible necessity. No man believes, nor ever will believe, in woman, as a teacher or preacher, until he has grown indifferent to her as woman. His instinctive loyalty forbids him to believe her capable of any serious didactic intention. He will believe any good thing you have to say of her, any wonders you have to tell of her devotion to her lover, to her husband, to her child, to her friend, or to the needy at her door. He will believe you when you speak of her disinterested affection, her cheerful self-denial, her blithe and genial activity, and the power which these things give her to redeem the longest day from tedium, and people the darkest night with eminent stars of hope and consolation. But he will not believe you when you tell him of her seriously taking the great unwashed condition of humanity at large to heart, and drawing on the seven-league boots of philanthropy, to go forth upon a mission of reform. For woman, in her true and unperturbed estate, is incapable of philanthropy, which is the love of all mankind. She loves only man, and cannot be taught to bestow her affection upon the race. The conception is too vague for her affection, the motive too vast for her strictly practical genius. She believes only in the concrete, the tangible, the visible, and her mission, as they call it, is strictly proportionate. Of course, she is so blissfully sympathetic a creature, that if her lover or husband or friend, conceive a concern for the Patagonians, and give up his substance to proselyte the Choctaws, she will very meekly toil up to that cheerless height of virtue, purely by way of keeping him company. But she will not stay there a single moment of her own accord. She would see all Patagonia hanged, and every Choctaw in Halifax, before she would get up any original trepidation on their behalf. For the only credible Patagonian to her

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imagination, is the lover or husband of her choice, and the only irresistible Choc-taws to her affection, are the dimpled little daguerreotypes, whose sunny faces look up to her from her own floor. The only mission God saw fit to endow her with, was that of civilizing this private Patagonian of hers, and evangelizing these little Choc-taws of her own invention; and no wider ambition would ever enter her beautiful head, had not her native instincts been grossly sophisticated by a morbid sentimentality. By natural and divine right, she fully believes in her capacity to make the individual man happy and blessed, and precisely in so far as she indulges this perfectly womanly aspiration, she must of course remain blind to the forlorn estate of the huge rest of the world.

So much in our opinion is indubitably true of woman's genius. Therefore we will let women invade the pulpit, the rostrum, the quarter-deck, and every other unwomanly place, to their heart's content; but we will do woman the justice to acknowledge, that she firmly disclaims all complicity with these vagaries, and rigidly exacts a totally distinct theatre of action.

The genius of woman differs from man's most obviously in this respect perhaps, that it is less reflective, less apt to weigh consequences; in short, more impulsive. It is easy for man to obey an external law, to shape his conduct by a wholly outward prudence or expediency. It is not easy for woman to do so. She does not cordially obey any thing but her own affections, and where these have been interested, is much too prone to renounce prudence altogether. Woman's activity dates from her affection, man's from his intellect rather. In reference to any thing to be done, man inquires whether it be true or agreeable to his intelligence; woman inquires whether it be good or agreeable to her heart. Man hears a profound voice of warning, saying, Thou shalt not eat of the fruit of this tree, for in the day thou eatest thou shalt surely die; and he consequently refrains. But woman heeds no warning voice, and merely considers whether or not the fruit be agreeable to the sight, the taste, and so forth, in order to put forth her hand and eat.

This characteristic lack of reflection in woman is the secret, no doubt, of her superior energy, of her superior practical efficiency. She is for ever busy. An idle woman, except where great wealth and grossly artificial manners have overlaid her native freshness and elasticity—is one of the rarest of sights. An idle man is one of the commonest. To lounge, to snooze, and in that snooze perchance to

snooze, is a prerogative of man. You will scarcely enter five houses out of ten in an afternoon, without finding some great heap of a husband or a brother gathered up upon the sofa, recruiting his overtaken forces by a comfortable sleep. How hard to rouse him from his recumbency at your entrance. First one leg shows signs of life, then an arm wakes, then the other leg, then the whole body stirs, finally the huge head moves, and the entire drowsy mass erects itself, dimly acknowledges the gas-light, yawns once or twice, and after all this preliminary flourish very probably sinks back again to repose. Clearly man is not handsome in himself, or when uninspired by woman. Who could imagine that this had been once the sleepless lover that talked the moon down the western steeps, and swore an eternal alacrity in the divine art of pleasing? Where now is his alacrity? Alas! he has left it behind him in Pine-street and Pearl-street, to be put on to-morrow morning to entertain those occasional western merchants, and has brought home only his relentless tedium to bestow upon his habitual wife and little ones. Who can wonder that the dulllest round of lectures or the least vivacious of theatricals prove so attractive when compared with this tedious domestic paralysis?

It is not so with the other sex. I mean that it is a very much less common thing to see an indolent, self-indulgent woman, than it is to see a man of that sort. Every one knows individual women, possibly, who are untrue to the characteristics of their sex, victims of absurd fashion, distorted by a fatal luxury out of feminine health and grace. But the rule with woman is unceasing activity. The plain reason is, that her action dates so exclusively from herself, is motivated so much more from her affections than from her intellect. It is always the sunlight of affection which kindles her energy, while the poor moonlight of the intellect enlivens man's. Man feels impelled to seek subsistence, physical and social. He has great powers to overcome and clothe with his livery, the powers of earth and air, and the forces of the human mind itself. These are his destined ministers, but their reduction to his service is slow and wearisome. He has perpetually to remember, and invent, and contrive a thousand modes of progress. He has slowly to sift the teachings of a wide experience, and garner them up in laws and statutes. He has to appoint bounds for this thing and that, to encourage industry, to discourage vice and idleness, to punish crime. He has to defend himself from aggression, to enlarge his territory when population

presses on the means of subsistence, to foster education, to establish commerce, to promote religion, to sustain international justice. All this indicates the bent of his genius. It is an outward bent. He does battle with the aboriginal forces of nature, and makes them finally docile to his will. He is engaged in preparing a theatre of life, rather than in actually living. Thus his action is imposed by his outward necessities, instead of his inward taste or inspiration. It accordingly consumes instead of refreshes him. He waters the accursed sod with his tears, and earns his bread in the sweat of his brow. Undoubtedly it is for his good that the ground is accursed, as the good book tells us. Because if nature brought forth spontaneously to man, if it required no culture, but supplied all his wants at sight or on demand, why then, manifestly, the resources of his genius would have remained for ever unknown. In that case his faculties, for lack of something to call them forth, would have remained for ever hidden from his consciousness, and he would accordingly have gone down to the grave a mere pampered menial of nature, unconscious of God, and indifferent to any life but the sensual one. All this is sublimely true. But it is none the less true at the same time, that the progress of human development is a slow and painful one, and that poor man, meanwhile, being ignorant of the glory that is in store for him, and knowing only the toilsome experience by which it comes about, often sinks down in utter weariness, or renounces life itself in hasty and untaught despair.

But woman's activity leaves her refreshed, because she really lives instead of only prepares to live. For it is very curious and beautiful to observe, that just in so far as man by his stalwart might subdues the domain of nature to himself, woman steps in to glorify it by her enchantments. The aim of all man's exertion since the beginning of history, has been to conquer himself a home upon the earth, nor will he ever flag in that career, until he has secured one proportionate to his powers; that is to say, a home which shall be coextensive with the uttermost bounds of space, and to which every realm of nature will bring its glad and lavish tribute. But wherever he halts for a night in this career, wherever he establishes a temporary home to inspire him against the fatigues of the still beckoning to-morrow, there woman comes to pitch the white tent of her innocence beside him, and make his otherwise inevitable wilderness blossom like the rose. His work has ever been that of the hardy pioneer, stretching forth into the savagery

of nature, and rescuing it from the grasp of her own incompetent offspring, the bear, the fox, and the serpent. Her work has ever been that of turning the rude domain thus snatched from nature, into a smiling and blooming home. For man, with the immense love of dominion which characterizes him, would pause nowhere, but go on to oversweep and consume the whole earth, were it not for these angel arms of woman binding him to stay and cultivate his present possessions, that so his future conquests might be the more secure. The rude conqueror he! She, the builder up and fashioner of his conquests! For this is the vital difference of the pair, that man for ever asks more, while woman is always intent upon making the most of what she has. Man is a perpetual seeker, woman turns whatsoever she finds into a present use and profit. Man's eye is fixed upon the future, woman's upon the present. He sweeps the heavens with his gaze, to see what fairer worlds invite his adventure; she quietly unpacks the trunk of his observation, and appropriates whatever available results it contains, to the improvement of his present abode.

We are in the habit of saying that home is the true sphere of woman. And the saying is just, provided we truly interpret the idea of home. If home be a place of bondage for woman, if it be the mere skulking place of avarice, debauchery, or other uncleanness; if it be the throne whence some base menial, elevated into the prerogatives of a husband, fulminates his sovereign pleasure; then it is no place for woman. Then woman is bound by fidelity to her sex, or what is the same thing, by her own self-respect, to abhor and flee such a home. The laws, perhaps, may not this year justify the step, but the private sentiment of the community is every day getting so clear, so pronounced on this subject; is getting in fact so *public*, that the mere laws must soon reflect it, and no flagrant husband, knowing his own disloyalty, will venture meanwhile to encounter the odium of compelling his wife's return under such circumstances.

But with this proviso, the observation is just. Home *is* the true sphere of woman. What is home? It is the shrine of man's freedom; it is the seal which society sets to the private or individual sacredness of its members. Society reckons all her members sacred, in proportion to the universality of their function. In an incipient stage of society, the priestly and the warrior functions are the most universal, as the one class educates the nation, and the other defends it from foreign oppression.

And in a transition stage of society like ours, the commercial class exercises the most universal function, because now the problem of humanity is to destroy existing nationalities, or those things which divide the brotherhood of man, and fuse mankind into one grand unitary family. And commerce is effectually promoting this end. Hence the commercial class is now chiefly in honor. No matter how soulless a clod the individual merchant may be, and however impracticable a subject he may prove to your mere pedantic and *dilletante* uses, still his function is superb, and both state and church, accordingly, by an infallible instinct, lavish upon him their tenderest caresses. They give the merchant the best home of any man in the community, and celebrate his births, marriages and deaths with a *gusto* that somewhat affronts the unconstructed understanding.

Now the meaning of this home is freedom, is independence of foreign constraint, is the ability to obey one's own inspirations exclusively, or fulfil one's own pleasure. At home one can wear the old coat, or no coat at all; can lie on the floor and play with the children all day; can dance, and whistle and sing out of tune, can ride on the ballusters, can talk bad grammar, or indulge the most revolutionary expressions, without any one having the right to complain, which every one would have if he did these things in public or on the street. Home is thus the sanctuary of the private man, the sphere of one's true or characteristic development, the place in which he acts for himself, and not from the inspiration of society. But, notoriously, man very sparingly enjoys this refuge of home. He is out in the tent, in the field, in the workshop, the factory, the study, the office, the desk, wholly intent upon extending the dominion of society over nature. Society claims all his energies to enlarge her own borders, and he has no time, comparatively, to build up this immortal sanctuary of home. Now it is woman who has here stood him instead. She has been the divine *menstruum*, or solvent, to turn all the crude ore of his enterprise into most fine gold. Man has been so much the creature of society, so much the slave of necessity and duty, so much the mere statesman, lawyer, clergyman, shopkeeper, tradesman, ploughman, soldier, sailor, that he would have utterly forgotten his original manhood, his true spontaneous life, had not woman blissfully enshrined it for him. She has ever been the casket of his privacy, the shield of his true individuality, the guardian of his essential humanity, keeping it bright and unsullied for him until such time as

he leaves off serving society, or the finite, and is ready to serve only God, or the infinite. While man has been sunk in deep sleep, or a profound unconsciousness of his essential nature and attributes, woman has been steadfastly garnering it up, and illustrating it under all the forms of her characteristic activity.

The theory of all our distinctively masculine activity is, that it obeys a purely outward stimulus, and hence is convertible with mere toil. Man always works under some constraint of necessity or duty; works with a view to achieve or maintain some purely outward end, such as wealth, or an eminent social position for himself and family, or distinguished professional success. Society bounds his aspiration. The demands of society are primarily imperative upon him, and hence, even at his best estate, he has not the serene and disengaged air of a son of the house, but rather the abject and tired and spiritless demeanor of a hired servant. He is not working from life, but to it. He is not bringing forth, as yet, from the depths of divinity within him, the miracles of art and of beautiful fellowship, which shall one day make life an enchantment; he is serving the needs of his purely natural and social life, protecting his body against the inclemency of nature, and winning his upward way to the recognition of his fellow-men. Of course we speak here of the rule and not the exception. The privileged members of society, they who are already secure of her favor, have time undoubtedly to prosecute all the arts by which life is refined of its primal grossness. And occasionally, moreover, divinity, as if tired of waiting for the slow obedience of nature and society, flings forth some brilliant specimen, whom we name genius or inspired person, because he *anticipates* the general destiny, and is seen to work and act from an ideal force, from an inward life, which uses nature simply as a ministering servant. But these are the exceptions. The rule runs as we have read it, that man's activity in the general has always obeyed the spurs of necessity and duty.

Now we all know that woman's activity has not been of this sort. Her temper has never been one of progress, but of enjoyment. What she aspires to has never been the conquest of new territories, but rather the improvement of those already possessed. She has not found her happiness in the pursuits of wealth, learning, or political power, but only in developing the household humanities, or brightening the best bliss hitherto known to the human heart, that namely, which is sheltered within the four walls of home.

In a word, she has found both her truest happiness and her truest dignity in fulfilling the part of wife, or ministering angel to man. For woman is woman only in order that she may be wife, only in order that she may be the true helper and inspirer of man: and this is the theme to which we have hitherto been simply preluding.

Woman is by nature inferior to man. She is his inferior in passion, his inferior in intellect, and his inferior in physical strength. It is easy to quarrel with the fact, but it is quite impossible to dispute it. It is easy to pronounce it a very scandalous and flagitious fact if you please, but there the fact stands nevertheless, full of a quiet contempt of your petulance. For the fact is wholly unborn of human legislation. No man's wit ever fashioned it. It took place by no votes, but by the absolute decree of nature. Gravitation is not a whit more undeniable. Electricity is not a whit more respectable. And facts of this natural pith and reality must necessarily smile at quarrelsome persons. They are facts utterly above the sphere of will, denying the power of will even to modify them, and like all such facts, are inwardly replete with a goodness and wisdom which always mean laughter and ridicule to unreasonable or fussy people.

This foolish quarrel with woman's natural inferiority to man, proceeds upon an exaggerated notion of nature, or what is the same thing, a defective estimate of spiritual existence. Our modern amazons suppose, when you speak of woman's *natural* inferiority to man; when you say that she has less passion, less intellect, and less physical force, that you depress her in the scale of being, that you rob her of so much absolute life. But this is the gravest of mistakes. The truth is exactly otherwise. Our passions, our intellect, and our physical force are precisely the things which finite us, and in proportion as we are identified with them, in proportion as we feel ourselves included in them, is this finiting influence felt. In this fact we find the reason of the instinctive shame a man feels when he is praised for his natural endowments, and of the universal contempt he encounters whenever he sets himself to boast of these things. When you praise a man for his great goodness of heart, or the power of his intellect, or for any merely physical perfection, you fill him with an inward discomfort proportionate to his true manliness; you drive all his good angels away from him, and leave him stripped of the sheltering garments of modesty. And if a man himself come to you glorying in his emotional, or intellectual, or physical

differences from other men, it is of no consequence to you whether the literal facts be as he alleges or not; the man himself strikes you as an unparalleled donkey, whom it were good instantly to cudgel out of that conceit. We repeat it: no matter whether a man's superiorities be actually true or not to our conviction, we instinctively revolt at his being aware of them in any such sense as to take credit to himself on account of them. And the only reason of this instinctive revolt is, that our natural endowments, however comparatively great they are, are not the just sources of our pride, because they are not the true sources of our life. Nature furnishes an admirable platform for the revelation of our life, but it by no means constitutes the life. God alone, or infinite goodness, truth and beauty, is our life, and this surprising pomp and affluence of Nature furnish only the mould or matrix of its perfect development. Hence our natural endowments, if we identify ourselves with them, only obscure our essential infinitude. And only in proportion as we disclaim their subjection, or what is the same thing, reduce them to our subjection, and become ourselves obedient to divine ideas, the ideas of a supersensuous goodness and truth, do we put on an immortal consciousness, and ally ourselves with Life.

Hence in ascribing to woman a *natural* inferiority to man, we by no means seek to depress her in the scale of being, but on the contrary to exalt her. It is this natural inequality of the sexes besides, which constitutes the true ground of their union, and enables woman to be the fountain of unmixed blessing she is to man. If she had been equal to man in passion, in intellect, and physical strength, her own distinctive attributes would have been overlaid. She must inevitably have lacked in that case, all those delicious weaknesses and softnesses which are the outward badge of her inward sweetness, and which constitute the arms of her omnipotence to the imagination of man. In short she must have ceased to attract man, have ceased to open the fountains of the ideal within him, and consequently all that divine poetry of the heart which now blossoms in the beautiful relation of husband and wife, and bears such exquisite fruit in that of parent and child, and the other social relations contingent upon that one, would have been for ever unknown.

Suppose for a moment that woman had been naturally equal to man. Suppose that she exhibited his devouring passions, his grasping intellect, his rude physical might, which is competent to rend the

oak, and bring the wild bull to his knee. Suppose in fact that she were another man in temper and genius, another man in all the voluntary attributes of man. What sort of a courtship must she have provoked from him? He would have attacked her as he now attacks a rival power, with sword and pistol by his side, amidst the blowing of trumpets, and all the other fanfare of righteous war. He would have besieged her like a fortress, mining her foundations, sapping her outworks, leaping her trenches, scaling her ramparts, slaying her garrison, and subjugating her to his compulsory servitude, not as now exalting her to his social equality. And then imagine the children of such a courtship. Alack! alack! what itany would be long enough to recite their abominations! A sprinkling of girls—what could be called girls, perhaps, great muscular jades as agile as wild-cats, and yet more mischievous and fierce—might slip into the first generation, but every successive one, as an Irishman might say, would be boys alone, boys of both sexes.

What is it that man likes in woman? It is the exact opposite of himself. Contrast or opposition is the secret of their union. She is adorable to him precisely in the degree that she is unlike him. Thus you often observe that where the man is a huge powerful creature, with a great shaggy head and mane, and limbs like leviathan, suggesting only thoughts of violence and war, he is sure to aspire only after the daintiest and delicatest of women, as feeling that so rude a soil needed the ornament and apology of such a flower. Or if on the other hand, he himself approach the borders of womanhood in his physical structure, being a small, delicate, subtle organization, suggesting thoughts of pure and refined delights, then he will aspire only to his natural parallel in the other sex, and will blissfully woo and win and wear the sturdiest and most sinewy of dames. It is simply an illustration of the law of the contact of extremes, which binds a masculine *minus* to seek his complement in a feminine *plus*; and *vice versa*.

This precisely then is what man finds in woman, the satisfaction of his own want, the supply of his own lack. And in order to be thus much to him, she must first of all be intrinsically distinct from him. Man does not want what he already is. Excessive supply in any sphere produces a deficient demand. Accordingly man being already full of passion, intellect, and physical strength, does not covet those things in woman. She has all these things to be sure in

her degree, but they do not make up her womanhood. They are what she has in common with man. But she is something vastly beyond these things, something which he is not, and which, therefore, claims his boundless homage. She is above all things else, a form of *personal affection*. Man aspires to the infinite, woman loves the infinite in the finite. Her genius is not *passional*, is not intellectual, is not mechanical; it is purely personal. Her aim in life is not to gratify her passions, is not to enlarge her intellect, is not to perform great actions, though, of course, all these issues take place incidentally; but simply to love and bless man. Her mission, as it is called, is not to promote the spread of science and art, is not to do battle with ignorance and superstition, is not to wrest the great field of nature from the dominion of savage beasts; it is all simply to refine and elevate man. Her passions, her intellect, and her activity, unlike man's, do not carry her abroad over all the earth, to devour, and consume, and lay waste; they are all concentrated in this one most definite pursuit, the culture of man himself. This it is which makes her so eminently practical, which keeps her from *ennui* and dyspepsia, and every form of spiritual fidget. This it is which makes her so complete and self-contained a person, so serene and beautiful a power; this is the true secret of her charm, the sure argument of man's deathless worship. How she penetrates his inmost being with the subtle aroma of her presence, and awakens long echoes of delight which seem to stretch onward to infinity! A something quite infinite attaches to her. Enchantment waits upon all her steps. She adds splendor even to the day, she lends color and fragrance even to flowers, and turns the innumerable stars of heaven into similitudes of her matchless perfection. Her looks are nectar, and all her words ambrosia upon which the gods are nourished. She is so self-centred, her aim is so single and definite, that all her action and motion are instinct with faultless grace. How dear to the heart of man is this exquisite self-contentment, in which he himself is so deficient! How can he help worshipping the charming creature at his side! See how sweetly unperturbed, how calmly self-possessed she is! How modest and unconscious of observation, as if her business was not to be blessed, but only to bless, or rather to be blessed only in blessing! "I lack," he says, "this serene force, this spontaneous life that wells up so miraculously in this fair neighbor, and I would forsake all things, would gladly

forswear both passion and intellect to call it henceforth mine. What a contrast we exhibit, to be sure! I wander up and down the earth incessantly, beseeching every god to take compassion on me, or soliciting the votes of my fellow-men, or laying up treasures against some possible season of calamity. But she, delicious vision! is already radiant with the divine smile, is quite indifferent to the votes of all mankind, and finds an exhaustless occupation in the sweet womanly tastes and activities which have their home in her own bosom."

Hence and hence only it is that woman becomes the wife, becomes raised to the fellowship or equality of man, and entitled to his tenderest homage. Not because of any claim based upon her natural equality with him, but purely because of a claim based upon her natural *inequality* with him. Her natural equality would have formed no claim to his spiritual regard; on the contrary it would have disclaimed it. Every man knows this experimentally. Every man knows that any great development of passion or intellect in woman is sure to prejudice his devotion. Daniel Webster was a man of great passions and great intellect. Would any man fancy a woman after the pattern of Daniel Webster? Madame de Stael was a woman exactly after that pattern, with equal force of passion, and even greater variety of intellectual endowment. But Madame de Stael attracted the love of no man of woman born, except M. Rocca her second husband, who was a woman. She invariably repelled it. Schiller, after one or two interviews with her, was so impressed with her essential masculinity, so outraged by her unwomanly intrusion into his mind and conscience, that he expressed a dread of having committed the unpardonable sin, even in talking with her. No, the charm of woman is personal and infinite: it does not reside in her having the same passions, or the same intellect with man, but rather in her having such an inequality with him, in these respects, as enables her to exhibit her own distinctive endowments, and so fascinate his regard. And these distinctive endowments are all summed up, as we have said before, in her being primarily a form of personal affection, in the fact that she finds her life only in ministering to man. Thus her life is always a present one. She does not wait for better circumstances, for a heaven beyond the grave, in order to begin to live. She lives now, and brings forth the proper fruits of life. Hence the first woman was named *Eve*, that is, *LIVING*. And thus in early ages, and even now in barbarous countries where

we have our own early ages stereotyped to sight, children were reckoned an honor to woman, and barrenness a discredit. The power of producing offspring—of bringing forth life—that is the ineffaceable badge of woman, that has been in all ages her crown of honor. Such was the first and rudest recognition of the true poetry of her nature, such the first grand charm she exhibited to the imagination of man. But this original and coarse appreciation has been refining all along the stream of history, until we now reverence in woman not merely the mother of our children, but the fountain of the purest and best life known to society; the fountain of joy, of sweet contentment, of all that is refined in thought, of all that is generous and disinterested in affection, of all that is graceful and spontaneous and irresistible in manners. She is *Eve*, or living still, but with how much diviner a life than she ever knew before! She daily puts on a more expressive grace, and man's love and worship grow ever more tender and true. His heart fully confesses the truth which his intellect is all too slow to discover. For woman is only the outward presentation of whatsoever is profoundest and divinest in himself, and of whatsoever therefore is most unsuspected by his own lumbering intelligence; and his passionate adoration is only the instinctual or blind acknowledgment of the fact. She is the embodiment of his own ideal selfhood. She is his own better nature visibly incarnated. She is the expressive type or symbol of that lustrous life which shall one day redeem him from earth, and ally him with divinity. Because man himself is destined for union with God, because man himself is bound one day to love and serve God alone, and to exhibit a selfhood accordingly instinct with divine power and beauty, therefore it is that woman symbolically unites herself with him, loves and serves him as he will one day love and serve God, and exhibits a person instinct to his eyes with grace and enchantment. She is not passion, she is not intellect, she is not strength. He is all these things, and they do not satisfy him. On the contrary they consume and fatigue him. The more he has of them, unless he himself still be above them, the more restless and unhappy they make him. Unless I be superior to my passion, superior to my intellect, and superior to my brute strength, I must be their tool, and he that is the tool of these things, has not begun as yet to be man. To be the slave of passion, of knowledge, or of mere physical activity, what is it but an endless toil, what is it but an endless headache and heartbreak? Accordingly, from his pro-

foundest soul man aspires to be something more than these things, aspires after a selfhood which is not bounded by these categories, and which cannot be exhausted by their demands. He aspires, in short, after union with God, aspires to realize a selfhood which shall be divine. Now this selfhood stands naturally imaged to his sight in the sweet alluring form of woman. Woman is nature's revelation to man of his own God-given and inde-feasible self. In that shrine of dazzling innocence, God has transfigured all that is inmost and ineffable in human destiny. Therefore it is that man naturally worships woman with deathless devotion, because she reveals him, as he will one day be, to himself. And therefore it is that when he aspires to her favor, it is not with a view to transient enjoyment, but permanent possession rather. He does not ask her to become his mistress, or the companion of his pleasures merely, but his wife, or the partner of his cares as well; and hence the inseparable bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

For this reason, says the grand old book, man shall leave father and mother, and cleave only to his wife. That is the law of the union. The husband cleaves to the wife, not the wife to the husband. He was not created a help to her, but she to him. And what a help has she proved! How she has softened this rugged world to him by turning it into a delicious home, by peopling it in the first place, and so connecting him in sympathy with the remotest regions of space, and

then by garlanding it with every grace of her own melodious nature. What a worker she is, to be sure! How every stroke tells from that fairy hand! How every thing she touches suddenly buds and blossoms with beauty! The common air grows tonic with her presence, and the music of her cheerful feet is like the tinkling of bells which the traveller hears upon the necks of the kine descending into secluded Alpine valleys.

God makes man out of the dust of the ground, and his highest virtue therefore is humility. But he makes woman out of man, and the virtue of humility in him, accordingly, becomes in her refined into the peerless grace of modesty. Humility is the true badge of the manly nature, modesty of the feminine. Woman is a refinement of God's original handiwork. Man stands between her and the bare earth. She is a plant that springs exclusively out of a human soil, and she will therefore be precisely what that soil, by its own richness, permits her to be. If the soil be unimproved and wild, as in savage humanity or in early periods of history, she will be visibly degraded, the mere abject vassal and drudge of man. If the soil be enriched by culture, as in civilized humanity, she will flower more and more resplendently in all the attributes of wife, until finally, when man himself shall have become fully developed by the beneficent advance of science and art, she will put on the panoply of her accomplishments, and bring forth a fruit that is divine.

HOW THEY LIVE IN HAVANA.

ALMOST every one in Havana imitates St. Paul so far as to live in his "own hired house:" still, there are houses there which are called hotels. In these, however, the stranger must not expect to find even the faintest likeness to Mivart's, or the Hotel Meurice, or the Astor House. The hotel of Havana has not the slightest trait in common with the French hotel, either as it exists upon its native soil, or as modified by English frigidity and reserve, or American gregariousness; or with the English inn, or the American tavern, or the Eastern caravansera. It is nothing more or less than an ordinary boarding-house, though differing widely in its habits and aspect from its counterparts in New-York. The number of hotels is very small. There are three only which are kept by Americans: there may be four or five kept by Spaniards. Those

Americans who wish to talk Spanish and eat Spanish, may go to one of the last, *La Noblesa Vascagonda*, for instance; but the probabilities are, that after a day's experience of garlic and oil, they will complete their Castilian accomplishments by 'walking Spanish' into new quarters. In any house in Havana, public or private, Spanish, French, German, or American, enough vernacular conversation and cookery to satisfy any reasonable taste, may be had for the asking; and as the habits and character of the people can be closely observed without sharing the bed and board—the bed being in fact a board—the traveller will find the equilibrium of his mind and body preserved, and no advantage lost by committing himself to the care of an American host.

When in our last number the reader and the writer stopped in their walk

through the narrow, dirty alleys which the Habaneros call *calles*, and which take the place of our broad and dirty streets, it was before the huge door of our hotel. As this building is a fair specimen of the better class of houses in Havana, being in fact the former residence of a wealthy Spaniard, let us look at it somewhat in detail. The gateway is vast enough for that of a fortress, and is surrounded with ornamental tracery, in which the influence of Moorish taste upon the builder is very evident. This gateway is, save a small window at its side, the only external aperture in the lower story, which is nearly twenty-five feet in height. It is closed by a huge bivalve door of treble mahogany, thickly studded with brass knobs, which are the heads of the bolts which bind it together. One leaf stands open; we enter, and find ourselves at one end of an oblong courtyard, paved with flat stones. On our left stands the high-wheeled *volante*, which is sure to be found in this part of the house of any person even 'well to do,' and behind it is the pallet on which the porter sleeps; for the ponderous gate admits of no latch key, and whoever comes in after ten o'clock at night must rouse the porter, who is generally a soldier upon half pay, well-used to disturbed slumbers. As we stand in the gateway, we see that the walls are between two and three feet thick, and are built not in layers, but with an irregular mixture of stones and mortar. At the end of the court-yard, half hidden behind an arch, are two horses, which have their stable, as we shall see, directly under the dining-room. Around the court-yard are the apartments of the negroes, and the store-rooms. From the middle springs a tall, slender catalpa tree, branchless, except near its top, which almost reaches that of the house, where its broad, thin leaves, cast their delicate shade upon the gallery which we see running round the court above our heads. Close by the tree is the mouth of a large cistern, long unused. We turn to the left, and ascend a broad stone staircase, with a heavy balustrade. On the first landing stands a puzzling piece of mahogany furniture; for it is too high for a refrigerator, and too low for a shower-bath. It is a filter. Opened, it discloses a large hemispherical stone basin, from the lower surface of which the water drips rapidly in great pellucid drops into an earthen vessel below. This natural filter far surpasses, in efficacy, any artificial contrivance for the same purpose; even those to which the "American Institute has awarded a gold medal." And the water, which is thus filtered, and which is brought into the city by an aque-

duct, is, to confess the truth, purer and more palatable than the Croton. Another flight of the staircase leads us to the floor of the balcony, upon which open all the principal apartments of the house. A broad platform before us has a floor of cement, hard enough to be polished like marble. On one side is a cane settee; on the other a huge Spanish arm-chair, with bottom, sides and back of unyielding leather; such a chair as the fortunate possessor of Pellicier's *Don Quixote*, published in Madrid in 1798, will find in the admirably characteristic illustrations of that edition. Here is the entrance to the drawing-room, a large apartment fronting on the street, and the full width of the house, about fifty feet, in length. Its floor is of tessellated marble. Its furniture seems penuriously meagre and mean to those who are accustomed to the overloaded rooms of the North. A piano-forte, a book-table, upon which no books are, a cane-bottomed sofa, a few ordinary chairs, and half a dozen or more, huge cane Boston-rockers, are the sum of its contents. Its lofty roof is unceiled, and shows beams rather fantastically carved. The windows, reaching from the floor nearly to the roof, open upon a balcony, which seems to overhang the middle of the narrow street. They are all open now; but we notice that they do not close with sashes, but with heavy shutters; in each of which, about six feet from the floor, is a glazed aperture about nine inches square. Such a thing as a glazed window sash does not exist in Cuba. Sleeping chambers open upon the gallery around the court, which we noticed from below; and on the side of the quadrangle, opposite to the drawing-room, is the dining-room, which is nothing more than a wide platform thrown across the court, and open to the air through arches. Beyond this, the gallery again leads to other sleeping rooms, to offices, and to the kitchen, where all the cooking is done with charcoal in small furnaces. Some houses have a lower gallery opening on the first landing of the staircase, and leading to other sleeping apartments. From the upper gallery, a steep flight of steps leads to the heavily-tiled roof, whence we ascend to the top of one of the square elevations we have already noticed. The furnishing of the bed-chambers is of the same meagreness as that of the drawing-room. A cot, or a simple four-post bedstead, upon the sack-bottom of which no bed is laid, but only a quilt or two, a wardrobe, a washstand, and the inevitable rocking-chair, all of rather homely materials, are what we find. This paucity and poverty of furniture is a Cuban trait, and

is indicative of no frugality. The man whose *rolante* and harness have a thousand dollars' worth of silver worked into their decorations, and whose *calesero* (coachman) carries enough of bullion about him to purchase his freedom, will not have so much, or so expensive furniture in his house as the New-Yorker who considers himself in very moderate circumstances. The very palace itself is no exception to this remark. And the reason is simply one of climate. A common cane-bottomed chair or sofa is more comfortable here than one with a stuffed damask, plush or hair seat. A bed or a mattress would be a nuisance; curtains, an abomination. Even the indispensable mosquito bar is oppressive. A carpet would soon be alive, and walk off the floor of itself. Every shelter for an insect is avoided. And yet, in spite of this care, a bit of cake left upon a table will, in a few minutes, swarm with ants; cockroaches, half a span long, trot through your bed-chamber; you cannot bathe without finding spiders upon your clothes when you require them again; and scorpions will wander up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber. They have ants here which eat down houses; others so large that they kill chickens by attacking them in the throat; indeed, this little insect, so much the favorite of moralists, swarms here to that degree, that one who had not the fear of Dr. Johnson before his eyes, might find in the fact a reason for calling Cuba the queen of the Antilles. Here we have the small tarantula, and another spider almost equally venomous, whose huge and hideous body is about two inches in diameter; and although the body of the scorpion is hardly larger than a pigeon's egg, and its bite very rarely fatal, still they have an unpleasant way of seeking shelter in boots and shoes, and resenting with spirit any interference with their domiciliary arrangements. As to other insects of a more domestic character—household Macbeths, who murder sleep—I can say nothing. It was my good fortune to rest with undisturbed slumbers. One room escaped our attention as we passed from the staircase to the drawing-room, for our backs were toward it. It is a small oratory, which opens upon the platform at the head of the stairs. The door is richly carved and gilt, as is the little altar; over which is a well-colored virgin and child by some imitator of Murillo. But the house is in the hands of heretics now, and the oratory is made a place for the safe-keeping of valuable articles; among which, lies a set of harness loaded down with silver.

The houses in Havana are never more

than two stories high, and, as we before remarked, some of the finest are but one. The internal arrangements of these correspond very nearly to those of their loftier companions; the single floor in these being divided as the second is in those. As the drawing-room is always upon the street, and as that is always so narrow, the ponderous gratings which in these single-storied houses are necessary for the protection,—not of the window sashes, for there are none, but of the inmates,—seem to be made for their safe-keeping, rather than their comfort. The effect of these huge bars of iron bowed before windows which pierce massive walls, is very strange and somewhat unpleasant. They seem very inconsistent with the light color and otherwise gay appearance of the buildings they protect. In passing through one narrow street, the houses in which are chiefly of this structure, it seemed to me as if I were walking in a city of pea-green prisons. But the penitentiary look of these houses is not the most remarkable aspect which they present to the European or American visitor. Their inhabitants, when occupying the front rooms, seem to be living in the very street; and as far as privacy is concerned, they might as well do so. It must be remembered that the causeway is not wide enough for two persons to stand upon it abreast, that the wall of the house is invariably flush with the street, and that two, or three, or four huge windows open to the ground from the drawing-room. Fancy yourself, then, taking an evening stroll through the city. You come at every step upon an open window, through which it is impossible that you should not see the innermost recesses of the lighted room. There is the little slipper, which the dark-eyed daughter of the house let lazily drop from her pretty foot as she lay upon the cane-bottomed sofa, eating *dulces* after dinner. Upon the table in yonder corner, is a small package of paper *cigaritos* in most annoying proximity to a fan and a black mantilla. The *señorita* who dropped the slipper, sits now in one of the double rows of rocking-chairs which stretch away from the window, her little foot, bare of stocking as well as shoe; and the *señora* who will take up the *cigaritos* sits opposite. Both are rocking as if they were paid at so much the vibration, while they gaze listlessly but steadily into the street. If you are fresh from the North, and reasonably modest about intruding upon other people's privacy, you will be somewhat startled at thus finding yourself made one of the family, whether you will or no. But if you show your surprise, you will

be looked upon as ignorant or low bred; and should you turn away your head, the ladies will think you mean to slight them. If you wish to appear but civil, you should look respectfully but admiringly upon the *señorita*, as long as your pace leaves her within your sight. If you would be gallant, you may stop, lift your hat, and tell her in your very best Castilian that you cast yourself at her adorable little feet; and she will look pleased, and the *señora* will thank you and forgive the omission of *usted* in your speech. The least you can do is to go on about your business, as if your walk were by the side of a dead wall. It seems, indeed, very droll, to pass house after house, and looking into all as if you stood in the very room, see the family, more or less numerously represented, sitting in the eternal cane-bottomed Boston-rockers, in two rows which stretch at right angles with the street, from each side of the window far into the apartment, and all rocking as if a vibratory motion were a penance enjoined for original sin. This is the way in which the Habaneros pass their evenings. But, if you venture on compliment, although the lady should have no watchful *dueña* near, do not presume upon the gracious manner in which your gallantry is received, or even acknowledged; else, some fine evening as you pass the *Campo Marte*, you may feel the point of a stiletto between your ribs. If the lady wait for you to address her, be circumspect, let her manner be as gracious as it may; but if she begin the conversation, you may step in and finish it, and the manner of your reception will depend entirely upon your tact, the reasonableness of your expectations, and the kindness of her disposition.

You live at Havana, thus: You rise at six o'clock; to remain longer in bed would be to sacrifice the pleasantest part of the day. While you are dressing, a slave brings you coffee, which is drunk here three times a day. Drink it, even if you never drank it at home. Here, it is in fact not the beverage it is there, for you are not the same man. It is always safe, and generally agreeable, to assume the habits of life of the country in which you find yourself. Your coffee will be delicious, with but one drawback: its delicate aromatic flavor is deteriorated, vulgarized, by the sugar. Refined sugar is unknown in Cuba, where the best that is used has a coarse, impure taste, which you would gladly exchange for the flavor of the syrup in which, at home, you dip your double slice of buttered buckwheat cake. You wonder that the Habaneros do not refine their sugar. If you begin

the day thus wondering, you will go through it in a state of amazement. The Habaneros do nothing that they can do without doing. Your coffee and your toilet finished, you have your time till nine o'clock before you. All Havana breakfasts at nine o'clock. Before that hour, a good portion of the day's business is done, and the Habanero, who was probably in his office by six o'clock, goes home to breakfast, as we go home to dinner. The ladies go to Mass about half-past seven o'clock. At any of the numerous churches, you may always, at this hour, find a score of them upon their knees near the altar. As you walk around and look at the vile daubs of pictures, and the bones and teeth of saints preserved in alcohol, like two-headed snakes in an apothecary's shop, these devout ladies will gaze modestly, but calmly at you, with great black eyes, and give their little hands such a piquant flirt, as they tell their beads, that you cannot avoid admiring their dimpled prettiness, and the contrast between them and the black dress which every Havanese lady of position wears at church. On ordinary and saints' days, which occur once or twice a week, the attendance is much more numerous; and on these occasions, the young gallants of the city go,—not to church; for in Havana, no gentleman, unless he is a priest, goes to church,—but to the church doors, round which, as Mass is about finished, they cluster, and as the ladies come out, they hand them to their *volantes*. This is a courtesy which, in Havana, any gentleman may offer any lady. You encounter a lady whom you have never seen before, coming from her own house, from a church, or a shop, and about to step into her *volante*; you doff your hat, present your hand, conduct her to her seat, she thanks you graciously, and both of you go your ways, feeling the happier for the service rendered and the acknowledgment made. A lady in Havana takes every proffered courtesy kindly, and thanks you for it. She does not stalk up to your seat in public places, and, with sulky doggedness, silently demand that you should give up to her what you have paid for and secured, and after you have given it, take no more notice of you than if you were a cur which had been driven from her path. She does not, if you offer your hand or your arm to assist her, shrink within herself, and look at you as if you were a leper or a branded felon, because you have never been 'introduced.' If she be pretty and you tell her so, she thanks you for admiring her; and I have yet to learn that this disposition on her part lessens her pleasure in receiving attention and admiration, or yours, in giving it.

Breakfast is almost as important a meal with the Habanero, as dinner. It is hearty: decidedly *à la fourchette*, almost *à la fourche* with some of the merchants who have, for three hours before it, been on the wharf:—of which, more anon. Indeed, invitations to breakfast are quite as common as invitations to dinner; and the ordinary breakfast table, save in the absence of preliminary soup, and supplemental dessert, differs little from the ordinary dinner table. Before breakfast, is the proper time to eat oranges, which is done thus. The skin is pared off with a sharp, rough-edged knife, leaving a thin layer of the white leathery underskin still around the fruit. A small slice is then cut from one end, and the pulp is sucked from the incision; successive slices being removed as the process advances. It is well to remember this. Those who have eaten an orange in this way, will never eat one in any other. Only the thick-skinned Havana fruit, however, can support the operation. An orange or two, rather gives zest to the appetite for breakfast, and, although by nine o'clock it is oppressively hot, in spite of the land breeze which has sprung up, you look at the well loaded table with desiring eyes. On it you will find fish, poultry, fried eggs, agouts, chops, plantains deliciously stewed in wine and jelly, as well as roast-whole and fried in slices, yams, rice and rolls. The native rice has a rich, sweet flavor, which is far superior to that of the product of our Southern States. It is darker and smaller grained. Rolls are the only form in which bread appears; and this staff of life with us, is one of the luxuries of a Havanese table. Almost every barrel of flour used on the island is brought from Spain, as the import duty on American flour is nine dollars a barrel. With the poorer classes, rice takes the place of wheaten flour, and plantains answer the purpose of all other vegetables. There is yet another occupant of the breakfast table which finds great favor with all natives and many foreigners: it is the *aguacate*, or alligator pear. It is somewhat of the shape, and generally, three or four times the size of an ordinary pear. Its outer skin is tough, and of a bright green color; in the centre is a smooth stone, about as large in proportion as that of a peach; between the two is a soft oleaginous substance which is made into a salad, or eaten 'neat,' with expressions of ecstatic pleasure by those who were born to the taste or have acquired it. As for me, my attempts to eat it only produced disgust. Its taste, to the uninitiated, can be likened to nothing else than that of tallow faintly sweetened, about to that

vague indefinite degree to which the parsimonious hand of the ordinary genteel boarding-house keeper sugars the pale, watery custards which grace the end of her Sunday dinner. Fasting and prayer might beget a relish for this greasy fruit; but I can conceive no other mode of attaining that gastronomic virtue.

At breakfast, no coffee or tea is offered; but at every other plate stands a bottle of red Bordeaux or Catalan wine, of which all partake as freely as if it were water. Do you shrink from drinking it so early in the day, or from drinking it at all? You are unwise. Take it, asking no questions, as you did with the coffee three hours ago. Though at the North, such potations at such an hour would make your eyes ache and your head swim, here you will feel from them only beneficial effects; or, more correctly, will know nothing of them, save to feel their want if you should omit them. After breakfast, coffee comes again; over which, it is the fashion to sit and chat awhile, as we do over our after-dinner wine. Drink that too "for the stomach's sake."

The stranger is told that he should house himself in Havana, between ten o'clock in the morning, and four in the afternoon; and in the summer it will be well for him to avoid the sun for about two hours before and after midday. The heat, though seeming at first not so scorching as that of many a July day in the northern cities of the Union, has a latent, penetrating power, which seems to wilt your brain and dry up the marrow in your bones. But in the autumn, winter, and spring, a quiet walk may be safely enjoyed in the shadow of the houses, whose close proximity to the street always gives grateful shelter to some portion of it, save at midday. The Habaneros themselves walk their streets at all times. But do not imagine that they locomote after the fashion of an American in Broadway. A man who should walk in Havana as most men do in New-York, would be thought stark mad. The shopkeepers would actually get up from the boxes and bales upon which they stretch themselves, waiting for customers, and stare at him in silent wonder. The Spaniards are decidedly not 'fast.' They have a proverb which runs in this wise, "*el que se apresura se muere, y el que no, tambien*;" (he who hurries dies, and he who does not, dies too.) This is their rule of action—or inaction. In this spirit they live and move, and have their being:—that is, they live and have their being without moving. As we leave our hotel for a stroll, we see a score or so of men, who seem also strolling. Not a bit of it; they are going to business.

There is a strapping negress with fruit for sale, which she carries on a board upon her head. She strolls too; her laggard step beating the rhythm of her drawing, nasal cry. She is hatless, shoeless, stockingless; less every thing, but the one garment, which hangs half off her bosom, all open at her back, and reaches but little below the calf of her leg. Do not pity her on this account. She has all she feels the need of; more would be superfluity. She is earning something towards purchasing a lottery ticket which may give her freedom; and it is more than likely that at home she has the means of appearing on saints' days in all the bravery of clouds of cotton lace, glass beads, pink shoes, and a fan. Look at her full, round arms, polished shoulders and dimpled back. Those are not the traits of physical wretchedness. See, she stops to speak to that porter, who is carrying a box upon his head, which seems as if it would press him into the earth. His only garment is a pair of trowsers, which reach from the waist to the knee; the sweat pours in streams from off his broad, muscular back, making it glisten in the sun like that of a Hercules in bronze. But see his merry grin of recognition. Pass slowly by the pair, and you will see that their interview is graced by a "million of manners." He is dignified and deferential, she pleased and gracious. *Señor* and *Señorita* pass freely between these poor burden bearers, and the slave assures the slave that he is her devoted servant. They part with compliment; and, as they cannot bow and curtsy, a wave of the hand, which most actors might envy for its unaffected grace; and each toils on, the happier for the interview. Surely there are lessons of content and courtesy to be learned from a Cuban slave. But hardly have they parted, when one of them is made to feel the bitterness of bondage under tyrants. A little officer of the civil guard turns a corner suddenly upon the porter:—little officers of the civil guard are always turning corners suddenly in Havana, so are little officers and little privates of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; the place swarms with them;—this one comes suddenly upon the poor porter, who, toiling along upon the narrow causeway, cannot give place so quickly as his officership thinks is due to his dignity, and he therefore whips out his sword and strikes the poor slave two or three blows with the flat of it, curses him, and sending the weapon home in the sheath with a valorous clang, passes on with the air of a man who has nobly sustained his position. It makes one's fingers tingle and produces an itching sensation in the toe of one's

boot, to see outrages like this perpetrated, as they hourly are in Havana; and it is but justice to the Spaniards to say, that they do not confine such demonstrations to the slaves, but treat any one of their own countrymen, particularly any creole, who chances to be in custody, for a real or fancied offence, in exactly the same way.

Yonder comes a body of men of wretched exterior. They walk in pairs; and the clank of iron as they step, the soldiers who lead and follow the column, tell us that they are galley slaves; men condemned for civil or political offences to the *presidio*. They eat just enough to keep them alive; they sleep upon the stones; they work as hard as Spaniards can be made to work; he is happy among them who possesses an old cotton handkerchief with which he can wind his gyves so that they may not gall him; it makes one heart-sick to look upon them; and yet they have one comfort, yes, a luxury. In one way or another, past conjecture, they manage to get money enough to buy cigars, and the enjoyment is not denied them. A Spaniard knows no crime so black that it should be visited by the deprivation of tobacco. The convict who is deprived of the ordinary comforts or even the necessities of life, may enjoy his cigar, if he can beg or borrow it: if he stole it, the offence would be regarded as venial. At the doorway of most of the shops hang little sheet-iron boxes filled with lighted coals, at which the passers by may light cigars; and on the newel post of the balustrade of the staircase of every house stands a small chafing-dish for the same purpose. Fire for his cigar is the only thing for which a Spaniard does not think it necessary to ask and thank with ceremonious courtesy. If he have permitted his cigar to go out, he steps up to the first man he meets, nobleman or galley slave as the case may be, and the latter silently hands his smoking weed—for it is impossible that two Spaniards should meet and not have one lighted cigar between them—the light obtained, the lightee returns the cigar to the lighter in silence. A short and suddenly checked motion of the hand as the cigar is extended is the only acknowledgment of the courtesy; this is never omitted, however, even when the person obliged has turned away his head to resume an absorbing conversation. Women smoke as well as men; but it is becoming bad *ton* for the younger ladies of position to use tobacco; and though in a full railroad car I have seen every person, man, woman and child, including the American conductor, smoking, except myself; it was evident that none of the women were of the higher

classes. To placard "No smoking allowed," and enforce it, would ruin the road.

During the day, ladies are rarely or never seen in the streets of Havana; and never walking, unless perchance you catch a glimpse of one with a mantilla thrown over her head and using her fan as a parasol, while she trips along to have a bit of gossip with her next neighbor. The men are not noteworthy in appearance, save for their swarthiness and their slothful movements. The consequence is a striking incongruity in appearance between the strange, fantastic, Eastern air of the city, and the very proper and Parisian looking people who inhabit it. The *volantes* and the *caleseros* alone have an air which would be out of place in any other city. The *volante* or *quitrin* is exactly like a large gig, with the body in front of the huge wheels, and resting upon the shafts between the wheels and the saddle. It is drawn by one horse, or two, or three, always harnessed abreast. It is built for two persons; but it is common to see three fat Spanish women seated in one, especially round the Grand Plaza, and upon the *Paseo*. The *calesero* mounts postilion-wise upon the horse. His dress consists of a bright cloth or velvet jacket, richly trimmed with lace, in which the arms of his master are often worked, a laced hat with a cockade, and white linen trousers, over which enormous boot-legs rise almost to his hips. His lace is gold, he wears massive silver spurs of formidable dimensions, and his boot-legs are covered with buckles and etceteras of the same material. He delights in a gayly-embroidered cambric handkerchief, which he is always sure to display to the best advantage from the side pocket of his jacket. But amid all this magnificence, this carrying about of bullion, this warlike encasement of cucumber shins in boot-legs, the poor blackey's feet are bare, at least on the top. His boot-legs have no feet. They are magnificent shams, strapped over his trowsers. He wears low-cut shoes perhaps, but no stockings, and between the edge of the shoe and the termination of his boot, is six inches by four of unmitigated ebony foot. Often enough he is without shoes as well as stockings; and yet, unless he is a public *calesero*, and a very unsuccessful one at that, he wears his stupendous boot-legs. The horses are small and have very little action; and as their long tails are plaited tightly and looped up to the saddle, to prevent them from swashing about the liquid mud which floods the streets when there is rain, they have a very mean and rat-like appearance. They are, however, not without spirit and a power of endur-

ance. American horses are a luxury indulged in only by the wealthiest. At the livery-stables the hire of a *volante* with an American horse is nearly twice as much as that of one with a horse of the country. The jockeys give them a name which means 'horses which hold up their heads.' It is not strange that an upright carriage of the head in man or beast should strike a Cuban Spaniard as a peculiarity.

It is just the time now to eat a pine; and luckily here is the *Dominica*, the *café* which figured so largely in the exaggerated accounts of indignities offered to the remains of the misguided fifty who were shot under the walls of Fort Atares. It is a large building, of a single story, opening on three sides through wide and lofty arches upon an inner court, in the midst of which is a fountain. Its single floor is of tessellated marble. The pine which the waiter placed before us so courteously, and which it is almost needless to say we eat by tearing it in pieces with a silver fork, is truly excellent, but not so much more luscious than some which we remember to have eaten at the North, as we expected to find it. The truth is, that occasionally as fine a pine can be procured in New-York as the market of Havana will ordinarily afford; but there such a pine costs six shillings, and is rarely seen; here it may be had at any time for six cents.

There are few visitants to this famous *café* at this time of day, and it is not surprising that every head should be raised as yonder tall, slovenly figure enters. "*Los Califormianos!*" is passed around. True enough, he is one of the same tribe by which we were encountered ere we had reached the shore. A steamer arrived this morning from Chagres, and as that from New-York is not expected until to-morrow, a hundred and fifty or two hundred of these Jasons are turned loose upon the city. Singly, in pairs, and in companies they rove about the place, utterly indifferent



as to their forlorn appearance, and with an ill-disguised contempt for the people around them, which increases every hour. This one, as he stands for a moment alone on the threshold of the door, his hands thrust deeply into the pockets of his baggy sack-coat; his trowsers threatening to tumble in a heap about his heels; his boots virgin of blacking, but not of Chagres mud, and turned up at the toes like the front of a wood-sled; his matted beard hiding his mouth, but not its sneer; his hat so shapeless and so greasy that it is fit only for the use of the soap-boiler,—as he stands thus, he looks with the quiet unconcern of native independence and conscious wealth,—for ten thousand dollars is wealth to him,—upon the people who regard him as little better than a pirate and an ogre. Catch him eating pines and ices! He comes in to 'liquor,' and regretting that none of his companions were with him when he stumbled unexpectedly upon this 'bar-room,' he whets his thirst, while awaiting their arrival, by a slight preliminary potation, consisting of a quarter of a pint of brandy and two tablespoon-fuls of water. The excellent quality of the spirit tends somewhat to elevate the country in his estimation; and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he turns around with a complacent smile, and resumes his bold scrutiny of the other visitants of the place; not seeking to suppress a broad grin as he notices many of them eating thin slices of crisp cake, which they dip daintily into the huge tumblers of lemonade from which they occasionally sip a little of the refreshing liquid with a spoon, or suck it through a silver tube. Though in appearance he is a fair type of the Californian, as he is known in the south and west, there are occasional varieties of the genus which differ from him materially. Look through one of the doors into the street, and see that pair, one of whom, not unlike our first acquaintance, stands staring at some object new to him. His companion differs from him equally in manner and in dress. He wears a cutaway coat, a waistcoat, a cravat; he has blacked his boots; and his trowsers, which

once were black, are thrust into them only because the bottom rims are ragged. More wonderful than all, he wears a tolerably clean shirt, kept doubtless to provide against a contingency, and put on in honor of the ladies he vainly expected to meet in Havana. He is evidently a city man. His beard is reduced to a moustache and a peaked tuft upon his chin. He wears a cap which mayhap was bought at Genin's, and carries a well preserved umbrella under his arm. He thinks it 'ungenteel' to stare; and with folded arms he stalks on in dignified propriety, while the other satisfies his curiosity. He is evidently some young lawyer or merchant's clerk, who was more devoted to his moustache and the opera than to clients or customers, and who foolishly thought he could make that fortune in California which did not 'turn up' ready made at home. He has failed; but had he succeeded in his wishes, his success would have been of little service to him. Ready-made fortunes, like ready-made clothes, rarely fit those who get them.

By this time the place seems to swarm with Californians. The Spaniards begin to entertain fears that they may hold a mass meeting on the Grand Plaza, and organize a revolution. They pervade the city, and as they are bent on pleasure and have very little coined money, you may see them in the silver-plate shops and the exchange offices selling gold dust. They drive a sharp bargain, and sell only as much as they must part with to supply



their present need; for the government prevents the exportation of gold by giving the ounce (double), which is actually worth but sixteen dollars, the legal value of seventeen. I remember one of them, thin-faced, with straight yellow beard and hair; a fellow like Falstaff's friend Justice Shallow, "so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible." He stood listlessly behind two others who were selling dust to an old Spaniard, who took no notice of him until he found that his companions turned continually around to consult him, for he was the sharpest and the richest of the party. In spite of the miscellaneous condition of their wardrobes, these men have a certain manliness of manner, which contrasts favorably with the air of those around them, and which, aided not a little by the full growth of that manly ornament, the beard, makes them not unpleasant objects of contemplation,—at a distance.

Having put money in their purses, their first desire after "a drink all round," is for a drive. They have a contempt for the *volante*, which they call "a damned parson's gig with the wheels behind." Some of them are obliged to take up with the despised vehicle; but as many as can, get into an old barouche, which for years has been getting mouldy in some out-of-the-way stable. There are but three other four-wheeled vehicles in the city, to wit, the state carriages of the Captain General and of a foreign dignitary; and after being reluctantly convinced that neither of those gentlemen would "hire out" their carriages, half a dozen of our Californian friends take this, and sitting in it and out of it in all possible and impossible attitudes of nonchalance, they drive about the town and the suburbs, through the *paseos*, to the Bishop's Garden; everywhere but to the baths; not neglecting to stop and drink at every other *posada*, and make themselves fit subjects for the cholera as they go up the Mississippi.

Every body dines in Havana at three o'clock. There is nothing remarkable at dinner, except that the fish, though firm, is insipid, and the beef dark-colored, and of a strong flavor. Fish in great variety



and abundance are to be found in the fish market of Havana, of which, till lately, Señor Marty, the manager of the opera, had the entire possession, by monopoly. But all the varieties are almost equally tasteless. This is accounted for by some, from the fact that all the fish for Havana are taken upon the coral reefs, the lime in which has this effect upon them. How much of a reason this may be, I will not pretend to say; but I have remarked that trout, the highest flavored of all fish, are never found in a brook which flows over lime-stone rocks. Beef always must remain bad in Havana, until the Cubans are taught how to raise it and how to butcher it. It is ill-fed, over-driven, improperly killed, and instead of being divided into proper joints, is cut into strips, with the grain. There are one or two butchers, however, who cut joints for the few American and English tables in the city. Coffee concludes dinner; after which no Habanero does any thing but go to the *paseo*, the grand plaza, the theatre, the café or a cock-fight.

On Sundays and saints' days, the ladies drive upon the *paseo* Isabella II., for an hour and a half before sundown. They go in full dress, and without hats:—no lady in Havana ever wears a hat, except some person of high fashion and fortune who may wear a very costly one in a ball-room. Two always, and sometimes three, occupy one *volante*; but it is not the custom for a gentleman to share the seat with a lady. The *volantes* thus filled.



and with their tops thrown down, pass slowly up one, and down another, of the long avenues of the paseo, which are sometimes so full, that the checking of one horse stops the whole line. The gentlemen walk at the sides, or crowd together at the ends of the avenues, where they scrutinize the ladies as they pass, without reserve. Should one admire matron or maid, he tells his admiration, and his avowal is graciously received. This general custom of driving in full dress, affords continual opportunities to judge of the pretensions of the fair Habaneros to beauty. I became reluctantly convinced that personal charms are rare among them, especially in the higher classes. I saw but one of gentle blood, and but three or four among the middle class, who would be made the marks for opera glasses in New-York. The ladies, Creoles and Spaniards, generally have bright black eyes, and dark glossy hair, but the mouth is apt to be large and heavy, and the eyes are rarely expressive or finely formed. Their figures incline too often to excessive fullness or its opposite. Their hands and feet are small; but they spoil the appearance of the latter by wearing shoes which are too short, by which they are made to look clubbed and ungraceful. They dress more hideously than it is possible to conceive. Their fashions are, of course, Parisian; but their combinations of colors would drive a French *modiste* mad. An orange-colored robe with maroon flounces, or the same flounces upon a green robe, or a French gray robe, with rose-colored flounces, are not uncommon. Their fans are magnificent, and it is needless to say what an important part of the female pa-

raphernalia they are here, as in Spain. Some ladies have a hundred, and more.

On two or three evenings a week, one of the regimental bands plays in the Grand Plaza, before the Palace. At this time the square is surrounded with a double row of *volantes* filled with ladies in full dress. Gentlemen walk in the square and pay their respects to such of their fair friends as they may recognize. This answers the purpose of our evening visits. Society, as we understand it, does not exist in Havana. Set balls and fêtes, the *paseo*, the Grand Plaza, and the theatre, take its place. The music over, the ladies drive home, and soon the streets are almost deserted. At half-past eight o'clock the watchmen make their appearance. Each one is armed with a lance, a long knife, and a pair of pistols, and carries a lantern; and thus they bristle through the city, blowing a whistle, and calling the time and the weather at every half hour. Their orders are "to comprehend all vagrom men," and they are not slow to obey them. The police of the city, especially at night, is very rigid, and any man in the street after ten o'clock, is liable to be called to an account. This, among other things about the place, smacks of antiquity; and as you are dozing off into your first sleep and beginning to think uncertain thoughts, the long drawn nasal cry of the watchmen will mingle with your fancies, and take you back perchance, in dreams, to Messina, and *Dogberry*, who had "two coats and every thing handsome," and *Verges*, who was "as honest as any man who was no honestest than he;" and to that soldierly bachelor *Benedick*, and the lady *Beatrice*, who loved him from the

beginning, even while she jeered and flouted him; and to gentle *Hero*, "done to death by slanderous tongues:" and if it should be so, you will never patiently see

the play played out again, even though Ellen Tree were *Beatrice*, Wallack *Benedick*, and Burton *Dogberry*. One such ideal vision kills stage effect for ever.

NOTE.

We have received from an esteemed correspondent, the following communication of interesting facts, relating to the building known in Havana as 'The Chapel of Columbus' first Mass, which was alluded to in our last number. We were fully aware of the objections which he urges against the supposition that Columbus heard Mass upon the site of this chapel; and we stated explicitly, as our correspondent quotes, that that event took place "according to tradition," only. To speak of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, as standing, according to tradition, upon the spot where Christ was born, even when we know that such is not the case, is not to claim credit for the tradition. The *selba* tree "became sterile" long ago; but its trunk is said, doubtless erroneously, to have been standing within the memory of living inhabitants of Havana. The monument described by our correspondent, stands a little more than half-way between the gate and the entrance to the building. G. P. has our thanks for the interesting inscriptions, copies of which we did not possess.

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly,

SIR:—I have been much gratified by a perusal of "A Glance at Havana," in the February number of your "Monthly,"—a very correct idea being given of both the place and people. There is one statement, however, which, although the traditions of the city may afford some foundation for it, is not historically correct; and as I do not think your contributor would desire to have it remain uncontradicted on the pages of a magazine, which, hereafter, I trust, will be recognized as authority upon many subjects, I would beg leave to notice it.

The statement referred to is contained in the following passage:

"***** Another minute's walk brings us to the chapel built upon the spot, where, according to tradition, Columbus first heard mass upon the island. This is a very small Grecian building, standing at the end of a court-yard, about one hundred feet in depth, the entrance to which is through a lofty gateway, surmounted with the royal arms of Spain, surrounded with the ever-present inscription, "*Siempre fiel isla de Cuba*." The tree, under which the temporary altar was said to have been raised by the discoverer, was standing not many years since, but fell in one of the terrible hurricanes which sometimes enliven the torpor of tropical life. The chapel is opened to the public but once a year, and then with great solemnity."

Now, as Columbus died in 1506, and Havana was not founded until 1519, his performance of Mass upon the spot would be rather questionable, independent of proof that he did not visit that part of the coast, and that the structures referred to were not intended to commemorate such an event.

The chapel, to which allusion is made, was erected about the year 1527, and within it are two pictures, of large size, by some modern artist; one of them representing the celebration of the first Mass, and the other, the meeting of the first Cabildo (congress or local council), held on the site of the present city. As stated in the magazine, the court and chapel are rarely open to visitors, except by special permission, but more frequently than once a year. Had access been obtained by your contributor, he would have found the following inscription in Spanish, upon its front:—

"In the reign of Ferdinand VII.—Don Francisco Dionisio Vives being President and Governor—loyal Havana, religious and civil, erected this simple monument, decorating the spot where, in the year 1519, the first Mass and Cabildo were celebrated. The Bishop, Don John Joseph Dias de Espada, solemnized that grand sacrifice."

In front of the chapel stands (I use the present tense, presuming it to be still there, although it is not mentioned by your contributor), a white monumental column (brick stuccoed I think), standing on a base of the island stone, of which you have here a representation, of older date, but repaired and improved when the chapel was erected, which bears an inscription on each of its three faces. The first is in Spanish, which may be thus translated:—

"The town or city of Havana was founded in the year 1515, and when removed from its first site to the banks of this harbor in 1519, it is related that there was on this spot a frondiferous (*frondosa*) *Selba*, under which were celebrated the first Mass and the first Cabildo. It remained until 1753, when it became sterile, and to perpetuate its memory, our Catholic Monarch Ferdinand VI, then governing Spain, ordered this stone to be erected. Field Marshal Don Francisco Cajal de la Vega of the order of Santiago, Governor and Captain General of this island. The Attorney General being Doctor Don Manuel Philip de Arango, LL. D., A. D., 1754."

The second inscription is in Latin, and is of similar import. The third is also in Latin, and refers to Columbus, which accounts for the connection of his name with the place; the following is a free translation:—

D. O. M.

"The illustrious august hero, Christopher Columbus, renowned for skill in nautical affairs, having discovered a new world, and subjected it to the crown of Castile, died at Valladolid on the 20th May, 1506. His body, delivered to the care of the Carthusians of Spain, was transferred, at his own desire, to the Church of the Metropolis of Hispaniola. Thence, when peace was concluded with the French Republic, his remains were removed to the Cathedral of the Virgin Mary, of Conception: the chief religious orders being present at the solemnities on the 19th January, 1795. The city of Havana, not unmindful of so great a benefactor, preserves his precious remains until the great day.

"The most illustrious Señor Don Philip Joseph Tres-palacios being Bishop, and his Excellency, Don Lewis de las Casas, Governor and Captain General."

Very respectfully, yours, G. P.

SIMPKINS ON HIS BALDNESS.

Come listen, friends, the while I spin
A ditty of my cares;
How years, like greyhounds, swift and thin,
Are hunting all my hairs.

I could uncover once, 'tis known,
With quite an easy air;
But now my head has somehow grown
A harder thing to bare.

Like Alexander's is my fate;—
Nay worse, for, ere I'm down,
My hairs, not wise enough to wait,
Fall out about my crown.

I strive my stormy soul to calm
With all the oils I see;
Alas, not all Columbia's Balm
Brings any balm to me!

Galvanic remedies in vain
I've used to ease my care;
They give me dreadful shocks of pain
But ne'er a shock of hair.

Tricopherous and Macassar fail;
Each nostrum only tends
To point anew that ancient tale
The hair with many friends.

Though orthodoxy I've professed
Since I could bend a knee,
Yet now I wish myself possessed
Of every hair I see.

Nay, I have stranger things than that
To make your eyes grow big,—
Though a place-hunting Democrat
I'm turning to a wig.

On science once I used to spout
With zeal and satisfaction;
But now my top-piece makes me doubt
Capillary attraction.

Why, why resist, since time the foe
At all precautions mocks,
And, were I Hobbs himself, would go
And pick my strongest locks?

Yea, what avails it to retire,
And shrink from sight appalled,
When, like a lost child by the crier,
Where'er I go I'm bald?

Besides, although my head look odd,
The songs of many a skald are
About a Scandinavian god
Who certainly was Balldur.

BANCROFT.

History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. By GEORGE BANCROFT. VOL. V. pp. 459. Boston. 1852.

A MORE congenial task was never given to an artist, than the composition of American history has been to Mr. Bancroft. If genius is subject to the law of predestination, we should say that he was born expressly for the fulfilment of this work. At all events, he has made it his peculiar mission; he has engaged in it as a chosen and favorite labor; he has gathered constant inspiration from his theme; and melted all that was harsh and prosaic in its details into fluent and harmonious beauty, by the warm glow of his enthusiasm. Seldom has a work of literary art borne such an impress of the sentiment, in which it was conceived. Its profound sincerity of thought, its faithfulness to the convictions from which it proceeds, its loyalty to the ideas with which it identifies the action of Providence in the progress of the ages, give a freshness and vitality to its narrative, which we rarely find in philosophical histories. We venture to believe that no other subject could present such a powerful appeal to the sympathies of the author; and we are certain that it is precisely the intellectual characteristics which he possesses, that are best adapted to develop the great theme in all its grandeur and comprehensiveness.

The condition of American history, previous to the cultivation of the field by Mr. Bancroft, afforded little promise of brilliant success in its elaboration. Its leading facts had been succinctly related. Its annals had been recorded with diligent minuteness. The principal dates and incidents were familiar to every schoolboy. The simple narratives of contemporary documents had been wrought up into popular displays of festive eloquence. Poetry had thrown its enchantments around the romantic features of our colonial and revolutionary epochs. But still every thing was in a chaotic state. No plastic spirit had shaped the crude materials into the epic symmetry, which forms the appropriate dress of truth, as well as of fiction. No previous writer had dreamed of the singular capabilities of the subject. It had been regarded only with the most superficial views. The general principles involved in the development of American civilization, had never been investigated; scarcely had they occupied the attention of thinking men. The time for that had not yet come. Thus far, our history had been written only by piecemeal; and the sublime

unity, which pervaded its different elements, and connected it with the politics and culture of Europe, was hardly suspected; much less was it unfolded in its profound relations with the past and the future. When Mr. Bancroft first announced his intention of writing the history of the United States, the plan was received, as we have been told, with utter indifference by eminent literary men whom he consulted. They perceived that there was already a plenty of isolated narratives; but they had no comprehension of the philosophic unity which might be given to the subject by the hand of a master. It remained for the youthful and ambitious scholar, fresh from historical and philosophical studies under the influence of the best European culture, to falsify their predictions, and enlarge the sphere of their ideas, by the production of a work combining originality, depth, and picturesque beauty, to such a degree, as at once to elevate it to the highest rank in American literature. He has redeemed the subject from the repulsive barrenness of the mere annalist, connected its events with the principles on which they depend, evolved the universal laws which underlie the special developments of history, thrown around the fortunes of a few struggling victims of oppression, the fascinations of eloquence, seized upon the imaginative elements in their story with the alert fancy of a poet, and illustrated their progress from dependence to freedom by the lights of a noble and suggestive philosophy.

The adaptation of the subject to the author, and of the author to the subject, has been a singularly happy circumstance in Mr. Bancroft's literary career. Not that he would have failed of distinction in any department of intellectual effort, to which he might have devoted his energies. He possesses too choice and brilliant gifts of nature, not to have attained an enviable eminence. Uniting a remarkable versatility of thought with great activity of temperament, he has exhibited the qualities which insure the success of the poet, the orator, the elegant essayist, and the founder of philosophical systems. But in no other sphere than that with which his name has become identified, could he have found such scope for the exercise of his peculiar endowments. He was the first writer to conceive of the history of his country, as an integral

unity; and in this conception he has opened "fresh fields and pastures new," converting the arid wastes of solitary and unrelated events into scenes of living and beautiful harmony. In this respect, he enjoys the same felicity with our most universally admired prose writer, Washington Irving. What Irving has done for the local scenery of his native land, Bancroft has done for its history. Under the magic touch of Irving, the picturesque glories of the American streams and forests have been revealed in lovelier enchantment, wedded to a thousand quaint traditions, and crowned with a natural home-like charm that appeals to the heart no less than to the eye. In like manner, Bancroft has invested familiar themes with a new significance, combined the imagination with the memory in the retrospect of the Past, adorned the deeds of our ancestors with the chaste coloring of historical portraiture, and revived the fading memorials of our heroic age in a form of permanent reality. We may say of both these great writers, that they have been equally fortunate in the moment of their appearance on the scene of American letters. Each had his destined work; the world into which they were born was unoccupied; a crowd of materials lay open to their hand; with the true instinct of genius they recognized their advantage; and the signal success which they have reaped, is no less due to the fortunate accident of their position, than to the acknowledged splendor of their endowments. Such is often the apparently precarious tenure of literary fame. We think it may partly be explained by chronology—that a few years earlier or a few years later, would have changed the fate of the greatest "heirs of renown"—forgetting that it is the glorious privilege of genius to detect the latent qualities of the time, to discover the unshaped materials of poetry and creative thought amidst the rubbish of daily life, and, like the healing descent of the angel, to call forth potent elements of vitality from the stagnant pool of custom. No doubt the genius, both of Irving and Bancroft, is indebted to opportunity; but how often has the same opportunity been presented, with no answering inspiration to turn it to account!

The peculiar merit of Mr. Bancroft as a historian, consists not in any one predominant characteristic, which designates his mode of composition, but in the completeness and artistic proportion with which he has constructed an organic whole from a vast collection of materials. Regarded merely as a narrator, we cannot assign him the highest rank. His style is too elaborate for the graceful flow of

narrative writing. Each sentence is fraught with a weighty meaning. In a few lines, are often condensed the results of extensive research. Chapters are crowded into a paragraph. The connecting links on which the charming play of style so much depends, are wanting. The well-rounded transitions, by which the reader is gently transported from one topic to another, without a sense of mental fatigue, are seldom supplied, so that the journey, instead of leading over a smooth and facile road, takes us up a mountain ascent, where a watchful eye and strong nerve are essential to progress. In the pages of Bancroft we rarely find the sweet and limpid flow of expression, which gives such a seductive enchantment to the style of Washington Irving; nor do they ever exhibit the well-mannered diffuseness, the soft, velvety evenness of surface, which make the reading of Prescott an almost voluptuous delight. But this defect in narrative, is inherent in the plan of his history. He aims at integral representation, rather than at a lucid but superficial sketching of events. The attempt to unfold the seminal idea of American history, to portray the course of affairs in their relations with the great world-drama of the age, and to combine the veracity of facts with the proportions of epic unity, could hardly be carried into effect within the limits of a smoothly flowing narrative.

The first condition of good narrative, however, Mr. Bancroft possesses in a most eminent degree. His statements are founded on thorough investigation. With a strong disposition to generalize in theory—the leading attribute of all philosophical minds—he never indulges it, in the sphere of facts. He never loses sight of minute events and circumstances in a cloud of generalizations. Practised in the examination of historical evidence, he brings a singular sagacity to the decision of those delicate points, where the balance often trembles in suspense, but on which the most pregnant issues depend. No one can detect any marks of haste or impatience, any neglect in the search for latent evidence, any reluctance to unravel vast and repulsive masses of testimony in the construction of his narrative. Cherishing decided predilections in matters of opinion and taste, he has preserved such remarkable impartiality of statement, that the very breadth and candor of his views has led censorious and cavilling judges to accuse him of time-serving. But no such charge is warranted by facts. He never conceals his own convictions; never professes sympathy with an opinion which he does not respect; and above all, never

colors the truths of history to serve a favorite purpose. With the strict fidelity of his narrative, which is, no doubt, the primary demand in a genuine historian, but which is perhaps the least frequently fully realized, Mr. Bancroft exhibits other qualities, which greatly distinguish him from previous writers.

His subject naturally suggests the pictorial sketches which form the appropriate embellishment of historical description. The admirable skill in word-painting, which would have given Mr. Bancroft distinction as a poet, if he had not selected a different career, finds ample sphere for its exercise in the delineation of the fortunes of the colonists. The fragrant riches of the primeval forest in contrast with the elegancies of advancing civilization; the teeming abundance of animal life which rejoiced the eyes of the hardy settlers in quest of food; the bounteous luxuriance of vegetation revealing the virginal resources of the unexhausted soil; the quaint simplicity of rural life among the primitive families in the wilderness, and on the banks of delicious streams; the aboriginal poetry of Indian manners while yet uncontaminated by the vices of artificial society, present an irresistible temptation to the pencil of the artist, which Mr. Bancroft has genially followed in the numerous gorgeous episodes that afford such a grateful relief to the prevailing severity of tone in the representation of events.

But it is not merely with the eye of a poet that Mr. Bancroft has contemplated the vast panorama of American history. Trained in the schools of a profound transcendental philosophy, which looks on external events as the exponents of some vital principle, he seeks the pervading, energizing idea, which underlies and inspires the progress of American institutions. This he detects in the inborn aspiration of the human soul for freedom, its consciousness of a spiritual destiny, and its desire for the realization of universal unity. Hence, to Mr. Bancroft, the progress of history is the shadowing forth in time and space of the inherent tendencies of the soul. American history surpasses in dignity and grandeur the developments of former ages, inasmuch as it is the outbirth of a sublimer and more significant idea. In his view, "the diurnal flow of existence never rests, bearing the human race onward, through continuous change. Principles grow into life by informing the public mind, and in their maturity, gain the mastery over events: following each other as they are bidden, and ruling without a pause." The American revolution was designed to organize social

union through the establishment of personal freedom, and emancipate the nations from all authority not flowing from themselves. The battle was fought for the advancement of the principles of everlasting peace and universal brotherhood. Its fruits were to be the substitution of the natural equality of man for hereditary privilege,—of a government founded on the concord of opinion for the irresponsible authority of an autocrat, and of the inauguration of a plebeian democracy by the side of empires rejoicing in a long line of haughty sovereigns.

Such is the groundwork on which the stirring events that form the subject of the present volume are traced. Continuing the description of the antecedents of the revolution, it shows how Great Britain estranged America by the series of Parliamentary assumptions which reached their climax in the passage of the Stamp Act, Feb. 27th, 1765. The narrative, though singularly condensed, is sufficiently copious for a lucid exposition of facts; the progress of British legislation is followed, step by step, and described with patient minuteness; the characters of the most eminent English statesmen then on the stage, are placed in a clear light by brief graphic sketches, as well as by the vivid portraiture of their deeds; while the connection of American independence, with the grand historical drama of continental Europe, is unfolded with that remarkable breadth and keenness of vision,—that extraordinary alertness of mental association, which detects the bearing of distant and apparently insignificant events on the question under discussion, for which, in our opinion, Mr. Bancroft is without a rival among living historians.

The first four chapters of this volume present a masterly view of the condition of Europe, including England and her dependencies, prior to the American revolution, and during the debates in Parliament on the taxation of the colonies. Not only is the political character of the age portrayed with a peculiar brilliancy of coloring, but a profound analysis is given of the development of ideas which prepared for the assertion of freedom by the colonists of America. According to Mr. Bancroft, the cause of the Protestant Reformation had gained such signal triumphs in the Seven Years' War, that the great Catholic powers were compelled to band together, in order to check the progress of change. The religious, political, military, and industrial forms of the Middle Age were undermined; the dynasties that had been consecrated by the Roman Church had yielded to the off-spring of the Reformers, and Protestant-

ism had so far fulfilled its political ends, as no longer to threaten the world with convulsions. But Protestantism contained within itself the seeds of a more expanded growth. It was the harbinger of new changes in the state, for the common benefit of civilized man. The dominant idea of the Reformation, was the right of private judgment. The liberty of the individual in affairs of opinion had been proclaimed by Descartes, and under the more comprehensive form of philosophical freedom, had taken deep root even among the nations which adhered to the old faith. New theories in politics, ethics and industry, sprung up on the basis of individual supremacy. The first fruit of this intellectual movement was skepticism, groping its way through the clouds of tradition; the educated mind of Europe turned its inquisitive activity in the direction of doubt. As in the days of Luther and Calvin, it pleaded the Bible against popes and prelates, it now invoked the authority of reason on every object of human thought. Proceeding in the way of skepticism, the new reform led to revolution.

Prussia, which had been the favorite disciple of Luther, and the child of the Reformation, now under the absolute rule of Frederic the Great, still extended protection to the activity of reason, as expounded in every variety of creed. It gave a shelter to Rousseau; invited D'Alembert and Voltaire as its guests; encouraged Semler in his boldness of criticism on the records of the Bible; inspired Lessing with lofty hopes for the education of the race to a universal brotherhood; and introduced the pregnant analyses of Immanuel Kant, as profound and free a spirit as any since Socrates, into the teachings of its youth.

In France, the spirit of the Middle Age was struck with death. The nobility, which numbered not much more than a hundred thousand souls, was overbalanced by the many millions of an industrious people. Its young men, trained by the study of antiquity, imbibed republican principles from the patriot writings of Greece and Rome. Authority in conflict with free opinion, only called forth licentiousness, and was laughed out of countenance by the potent audacity of ridicule. Skepticism spread its taint over the social circles of the capital; it was infused into every department of literature and science, and blended with the intellectual life of the nation. Using the weapons of polished wit and brilliant vivacity, Voltaire maintained the cause of free inquiry with a petulant contempt of restraint. With the spirit of a partisan, he searched the archives of history, and drew materials for

sarcasm against the Roman hierarchy from the annals of the race. Addressing free thinkers throughout the cultivated world, the influence of his writings pervaded Europe. In an age of skepticism, he was the prince of scoffers, reflecting the licentious brilliancy of the aristocracy, when almost every considerable house in Paris had pretensions as a school of philosophy. With no conception of the regenerating power of truth, he cherished the humanizing influence of letters. Welcoming whatever tended to soften barbarism, to refine society, and to stay the cruelties of superstition, he had no hopeful visions of the coming of popular power; he heard not the footsteps of Providence along the line of centuries, and regarded the vital changes in government, as among the accidents of a day. Nor did he comprehend the tendency of his own labors. In mocking the follies and vices of French society, he had no wish to destroy its institutions, and would have hated the thought of hastening a democratic revolution. "Thus," says Mr. Bancroft, "skepticism proceeded unconsciously in the work of destruction, invalidating the past, yet unable to construct the future. For good government is not the creation of skepticism. Her garments are red with blood, and ruins are her delight; her despair may stimulate to voluptuousness and revenge; she never kindles with the disinterested love of man."

Montesquieu possessed a mind of a different and more organic tendency. He discovered the title-deeds of humanity beneath the rubbish of privileges, conventional charters, and statutes. Disdaining the impotence of epicureanism, his generous nature found no resting-place in doubt. He saw that society must repose on principles which do not change even in the midst of revolutions; that Christianity, which seems to aim only at the felicity of heaven, is also the foundation of human blessedness on earth. In the laws of every nation, he sought for the truth which had inspired them; and recognized the priority of justice behind the confused mass of positive rules. Full of the inquiring spirit of his time, he demanded tolerance for all opinions; and though he failed to discover the true basis of government, he gave a powerful impulse to the principles of political liberty.

The new ideas fell with quickening influence on the fruitful genius of Turgot, who came forward in the virgin purity of philosophy to the duties of active life. To him, the human race was one great whole, composed of members of one family, under a common Father, and always marching, though with slow steps, towards a

greater perfection. His personal character exhibited the finest qualities of a man. His integrity of purpose was equalled only by the extent of his information. With a peculiar loveliness of disposition, he carried a delicate and unerring taste into the pursuit of letters; a singular disinterestedness admirably tempered whatever of austerity was mingled in his make; devoting himself to the solace of human wretchedness, he preferred the performance of good to the glory of its accomplishment.

Thus while the skeptical philosopher, the erudite magistrate, the benevolent founder of the science of political economy were laboring, as they could, for human progress, a new writer sprang up from the discipleship of Calvin, from the republic of Geneva, and the abodes of poverty, through whom the ignorant poor gained a voice in the world of discussion by the press. With a discriminating criticism on the character of Rousseau, Mr. Bancroft attaches great importance to the effect of his writings on the development of popular thought. With him, truth was no more to be conveyed by the prudent reserve of academicians; nor to attract by the felicities of wit; nor to court the favor of the great by the interchange of flatteries; nor to consult the interests of special classes. Personally weak and suspicious, betrayed by poverty into shameful deeds, he possessed a deep and real feeling for humanity. In an age of skepticism, and in the agony of want—tossed from faith to faith as from country to country—he read the signs of death on the features of European civilization, but with faith in man's spiritual nature, he breathed the spirit of revolution into words of flame. Boldly interrogating all the grandeurs of the world, he aroused Europe to inquiry concerning the rights of the people. While France drove him from her soil, while the men of letters hooted at his wildness, calling him a "savage charlatan, who sought fraternal union among men by setting the poor to plunder the rich," without learning or deep philosophy, from the wars of the world in which he had suffered, from the wrongs of the down-trodden which he had shared, Rousseau derived a burning inspiration which kindled the heart of Europe. He lit up the darkness of his times with flashes of instinctive genius—proclaimed the truth, to which men had been so long blind, that the old social world was smitten with inevitable decay—and that if there is life still on earth, "it is the masses which live." "His fiery eloquence and the concerted efforts of men of letters, who fashioned anew the whole circle of

human knowledge, overwhelmed the priesthood and the throne. The ancient forms of the state and the church were still standing; but monarchy and the hierarchy were as insulated columns, from which the building they had once belonged to, had crumbled away; where statues, formerly worshipped, lay mutilated and overthrown, among ruins that now sheltered the viper and the destroyer."

Crossing the channel on the north of France, we come to a wise and happy people, whose domestic character is marked by moderation, whose opinions have no tendency to extremes, and who, at the period under consideration, suggested to the speculative men on the continent, the principles of religion and government, which they rashly developed without qualification or reserve. In England, free opinion had been boldly applied to every question of faith as well as of science. The reaction of Protestant Europe against the blind adoration of the letter of the Bible, was preceded by the writings of the English free-thinkers, who, tracing Christianity to reason, and teaching that it was as old as creation, prepared the way for the German Rationalists. The materialism of France was derived from English treatises, like that of Locke on the Human Understanding. The speculative views of Voltaire were ripened in the atmosphere of England; there Montesquieu sketched his plan of a free government; and from English writings and examples Rousseau derived his idea of a social compact. Yet such was the stability of the institutions of England, that "the ideas which were preparing radical changes in the social system of other monarchies, held their course harmlessly within her borders, as winds playing capriciously round some ancient structure, whose massive buttresses tranquilly bear up its roofs and towers and pinnacles and spires."

England was an aristocratic republic, with the king as the emblem of a permanent executive. The church had no independent power. It was subordinate to the state, and in its civil capacity, merely a creature of Parliament. The articles of its creed, as well as its liturgy, were enacted by statute. The predominance of temporal power, impaired the spiritual influence of the clergy. They slumbered over the traditions of the church. "The dean and chapter, at their cathedral stalls, seemed like strangers encamped among the shrines, or lost in the groined aisles which the fervid genius of men of a different age, and a heartier faith, had fashioned; filling the choir with religious light from the blended colors of storied

windows, imitating the graceful curving of the lambent flame in the adornment of the tracery, and carving in stone every flower and leaf of the garden, to embellish the light column, whose shafts soared upwards as if to reach the sky."

The Parliament, though in form, an unmixed aristocracy, was tempered with popular franchises, that served to mitigate the intrinsic evils of the system. Strong checks were placed upon the aristocratic spirit. Every Englishman claimed a right to pass judgment on the measures of the administration. The power of public opinion, embodied in a free press, was an active and controlling element in the British government.

The literature of the country was imprinted with the prevailing character of the English mind. Neither its earlier nor its later productions were at war with the spirit of the national institutions. The philosophy of Bacon was marked by moderation as well as grandeur, following precedents and facts, rather than theories, and promoting the advancement of science by the method of observation. Newton, content in the serene retirement of a university, calmly submitted to the limits of nature in the pursuit of truth. The spirit of the age, in the various epochs of English history, was manifested in its poetry. With the dewy freshness of the morning, Chaucer described the mingled heroism and joyousness that beguiled the pious pilgrimages, or lent a charm to the hospitality of Catholic England. Spenser celebrated the glories of departing chivalry in the brilliant pictures of allegory. Shakspeare, mastering every chord that vibrates in the human soul, unfolded the panoramas of English history, and embodied in his easy numbers the fairest aspects of English manners and social life. Milton, representing the stern dignity of English republicanism in his heroic greatness of mind, was a no less determined foe to libertinism and disorder, than to the encroachments of arbitrary power. Dryden, reproduced in his verse the wayward wavering of the English court between Protestantism and the Church of Rome. Pope was the poet of aristocratic life, flattering the great with sarcasms against kings, and vindicating the order of Heaven amidst the apparent ills of the world. But none of these poets called forth a sentiment of hostility to the institutions of England.

The skepticism of modern philosophy was confined to the aristocratic classes. It had not penetrated the mass of the nation. The spirit of the people rebelled against materialism. English metaphysics was stamped with the peculiar moderation

of the national mind. While Locke laid the foundation for the gross materialism of Hartley and Priestley, the more genial Berkeley indulged in the construction of a purely ideal system, and Butler, pressing the analogies of the material creation into the service of spiritual life, established the supremacy of conscience on the authority of reason. While Hume pushed the principles of the sensuous philosophy to their ultimate consequences in a barren skepticism, Reid illustrated the reality of right by the moral powers of man; Adam Smith found a criterion of virtue in universal sympathy; and Price, following the suggestions of the Platonic Cudworth, defended the immutability of moral distinctions. Thus, the freedom of English speculation corrected its own excesses, and never sought to overthrow the fabric, which had stood before Europe for centuries as the citadel of liberty.

The blended respect for aristocracy and for popular rights was impressed upon the courts of law, pervaded the systems of education, and was interwoven with the prosperity of the large towns. Still more did it penetrate the rural life of England. "The climate not only enjoyed the softer atmosphere that belongs to the western side of masses of land, but was further modified by the proximity of every part of it to the sea. It knew neither long continuing heat nor cold; and was more friendly to daily enjoyments throughout the whole year, within door or without, than any in Europe. The island was 'a little world' of its own; with a 'happy band of men' for its inhabitants, in whom the hardihood of the Norman was intermixed with the gentler qualities of the Celt and the Saxon—just as nails are rubbed into steel to temper and harden the Damascus blade. They loved country life, of which the mildness of the clime increased the attractions; since every grass, and flower, and tree that had its home between the remote north and the neighborhood of the tropics would live abroad, and such only excepted as needed a hot sun to unfold their bloom, or concentrate their aroma, or ripen their fruit, would thrive in perfection; so that no region could show such a varied wood. The moisture of the sky favored a soil not naturally very rich; and so fructified the earth that it was clad in perpetual verdure. Nature had its attractions even in winter. The ancient trees were stripped indeed of their foliage; but showed more clearly their fine proportions, and the undisturbed nests of the noisy rooks among their boughs; the air was so mild that the flocks and herds still grazed on the freshly springing herbage; and the

deer found shelter enough by crouching amongst the fern; the smoothly-shaven grassy walk was soft and yielding under foot; nor was there a month in the year in which the plough was idle. The large landed proprietors dwelt often in houses which had descended to them from the times when England was gemmed all over with the most delicate and most solid structures of Gothic art. The very lanes were memorials of early days, and ran as they had been laid out before the conquest; and in mills for grinding corn, water-wheels revolved at their work just where they had been doing so for at least eight hundred years. Hospitality also had its traditions; and for untold centuries, Christmas had been the most joyous of the seasons.⁷² The system formed such a large element in English history and English life, that it was even endeared to the people, and seemed the most natural organization of society. The manners of the aristocracy implied rather than expressed the consciousness of undisputed rank. The tenantry clung to the lord of the manor as their natural protector. They loved to live in his light, and to win his sympathy by their faithful attachment. They caught refinement of their superiors, so that their cottages were carefully neat, with roses and honey-suckles clambering to their roofs. They cultivated the soil in sight of the towers of the church, near which reposed the ashes of their ancestors for almost a thousand years. Thus the local institutions of England, sharing the common character, were at once the evidence of aristocracy and the badge of liberty. The whole social and political life of England bore the stamp of a general unity.

Such was the internal condition of the mother country at the peace of 1763. Abroad, the fame of England was exalted above that of every other European nation. Triumphant over her hereditary enemies, she retained half a continent as the monument of her victories. In America, her dominions stretched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay. For several years, the Board of Trade had looked forward to peace as the moment for making the colonies feel their power. The appointed time had come. Charles Townsend was placed in the office of First Lord of Trade by the Earl of Bute, and intrusted with the administration of the colonies. In the council of which Townsend now became a member, was Bute, prepared to give his support to the highest system of authority of Great Britain over America,—Mansfield, the illustrious jurist and determined whig, maintaining that an act of Par-

liament could alone prescribe rules for the reduction of refractory colonial assemblies,—George Grenville, who made the plenary authority of the British Legislature, the first article of his political creed,—the Duke of Bedford, a convert to the new colonial system,—Halifax, thirsting for an occasion to carry into effect his opinions of British omnipotence,—Egremont, hot-headed and self-willed, using the patronage of his office for enriching his family,—to whom was now added Charles Townsend, a man bold, impetuous and eloquent, with a daring purpose of carrying difficult measures with unscrupulous speed. His primary object was a revenue from the colonies, subject to the disposal of the British ministry, under the sign manual of the king. The right of deliberation in the colonies on their votes of supply was to be no longer tolerated by the ministry. The accustomed requisitions of the King were to be superseded by an immediate taxation of the colonies by the British legislature. After various changes in the ministry, the Stamp Act at length passed both houses of Parliament in the spring of 1765.

This is the epoch, when the power of the British oligarchy, under the revolution of 1688, had reached its greatest ascendancy. The ministry had succeeded in imposing a system of taxes on America for the benefit of the British exchequer. The colonists could not export the cheap products of their industry to any place but Great Britain, not even to Ireland. No foreign ship could enter a colonial harbor. Great Britain was not only the sole market for the products of America, but with some exceptions, the only storehouse for its supplies. The colonists abounded in land, adapted to the feeding of sheep, but lest they should multiply flocks, and wear their own cloth, the passage of wool, and all manufactures of wool, from one province into another, was forbidden under severe restrictions. A British sailor, in want of clothes in their harbors, could not buy a new suit of a greater value than forty shillings. The printing of the Bible in British America was prohibited as a piracy. The country which was the home of the beaver might not manufacture its own hats. It abounded in iron ores of the best quality, as well as in wood and coal; but all iron mills and steel furnaces were forbidden as nuisances. To these restrictions, taxation both direct and indirect was now added.

Upon this gloomy night of oppression, the day-star of the American Union was about to arise. The colonists saw that if the British system of taxation should prevail, it would extinguish the flame of

liberty all over the world. The whole continent was awakened, alarmed, disaffected, restless. From North to South, through the press, in private letters, as they met for counsel, or in groups in the street, the lovers of liberty unfolded their common griefs, and planned retaliation or redress. The right of taxation was indignantly denied. Opinion was echoed from mind to mind, "as the sun's rays beam from many clouds, all differing in tints, but every hue an emanation from the same fires." Amidst the prevailing darkness, light broke from the excitement of a whole people. In Virginia and in New England, associations were formed for the resistance of the Stamp Act by all lawful means. The watchfulness of a united continent was believed to be the best protection of American rights and liberties. While the seeds of discontent were everywhere scattered, there was no hope of relief, but in the prospect of union. In the daring language of Otis, there must be such a union as "should knit and work into the very blood and bones of the original system, every region, as fast as settled." The summons for a Congress was sent forth by Massachusetts. The first response was uttered by South Carolina. "She was all alive, and felt at every pore." Following the counsels of Christopher Gadsden—a man of earnest convictions, of transparent sincerity, with an adamant will and strenuous integrity, with a courage that defied danger, and a persistence which nothing could shake, and cherishing a profound sense of religion, combined with an inquisitive and tolerant spirit—South Carolina pronounced for union. "Massachusetts," says Gadsden in an autograph letter in possession of Mr. Bancroft, "Massachusetts sounded the trumpet, but to Carolina is it owing that it was attended to; and had it not been for South Carolina no Congress would then have happened." Otis might now refresh his enthusiastic vision that "the State of longest duration, greatest glory, and domestic happiness, would be established on the American continent." He already heard the prophetic song of the "Sibyls" chanting the spring-time of a new empire.

The Congress, around which clustered so many hopes newly warmed into life, assembled in New-York, Oct. 7, 1765. The spirit that pervaded this body, presents a striking practical illustration of Mr. Bancroft's historical theory. Its deliberations were not founded on empirical suggestions. The wisdom which circulated throughout its actions, received its impulse, not from prudential calculations, but from a universal sentiment. "Out

of the heart, arose the bright ideal of their dream." The first question presented, was in regard to the groundwork on which to rest the collective American liberties. Should they build on charters or natural justice—on precedents or abstract truth—on special privileges, or eternal reason? While Otis and Johnson were in favor of resting the rights of the colonies on charters from the crown, Robert R. Livingston, of New-York—a man whose goodness of heart set him above prejudices, and equally comprehended all mankind, refused to place the hope of America on such a foundation, and the brave and noble Gadsden spoke against it with vehement impetuosity. It was his determination and advice to the delegates, not merely to stand on their essential and common rights as Englishmen, but on the broad ground of their natural rights as men. The difference of charters should make no difference in the claims of the respective colonies. There should be no New-England man, no Carolinian, no New-Yorker known on the continent. All should be Americans. These views prevailed in the Congress. The appeal for liberty was not founded on royal grants, but on human rights that were prior to charters, and would survive their ruin. The people caught the same spirit. From mouth to mouth flew the words of John Adams, "you have rights antecedent to all earthly government: rights that cannot be repealed or restrained by human laws; rights derived from the great Legislator of the universe."

We have no space to follow Mr. Bancroft through his luminous exposition of the effect of the Stamp Act on the public sentiment of the colonies, and the discussions in Parliament, which terminated in its repeal. The volume closes with an account of the rejoicing in America, on the announcement of this measure. At first this was universal, and unmixed with apprehension. South Carolina voted Pitt a statue. Virginia expressed its gratitude by a statue to the king, and an obelisk, inscribed with the names of the defenders of American freedom in the British Parliament. Washington gave his cordial thanks to the opposers of tyranny. In Boston, a bright day in May was set apart for the celebration of the glad event. Expressive emblems of the general joy filled the town. The clergy joined in the universal acclamation, and the pulpit rung with patriotic eloquence.

Here we must take our leave of the historian for the present, trusting that the speedy appearance of another volume will again bring us into his company. His labors thus far, afford the richest promise

of instruction and delight in his future productions. In this portion of his work, he has given vitality even to the arid details of Parliamentary discussion; a store of fresh information is imparted from original documents, new facts are frequently stated, and old facts placed in a new light; while a spirit of rigid historical justice is preserved in the delineation

of events that are in the highest degree remote from the sympathies of the author. The complete work, for which every intelligent reader must eagerly look, cannot fail to be one of the noblest achievements of American literature. We may well be proud both of the history and the historian.

ARE WE A GOOD-LOOKING PEOPLE?

"WHEN our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country;' 'Ay, neighbor,' she would answer, 'they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome."

America, too, like the wife of the immortal Vicar, while she holds to the good old proverb, handsome is that handsome does, has her allowable share of pride in the good looks of her children, and vain of their beauty, would bid her sons and daughters, hold up their heads. And a fine show they make, the American family of twenty millions, more or less, of blooming children, vigorous men, and good-looking women, all for the most part at work, in the school-house, the field, and the factory, the nursery and the kitchen; a nation, truly, of workers, living upon their dollar a day, and earning it; eating, not the bread of idleness and dependence, which is apt to be but short commons at best, but feasting upon the wholesome abundance, that skill and labor alone know how to create, and enjoy. Man has never had so fair a chance as in America, and it would be contrary to all the laws of development and progress, if with freedom of life and action, free to think, free to breathe, free to go, free to stay, he did not grow up in all goodly proportions.

Modesty is no more an American than an Irish virtue, and we have not been backward in putting what we thought our best foot foremost, though it has been for the most part the worst, the one in the silk, and not that other in the home-knit stocking. Our talk generally keeps up *pari passu* with our walk; our speech is quite commensurate with our greatness; we talk big as we grow big; our style, with our smart doings for our theme, is like young America's trowsers, generally

of the *criard*, loud order, showy in color, and large in pattern.

Great things should be allowed to speak for themselves; it is useless to attempt to out-roar the sea, or out-thunder Niagara. Any effort to assume the lion's part, must inevitably result in a Nick Bottom roar, as gentle as any sucking dove; and the eagle as well, had better be left to its own powers of voice, whatever they may be. The lion and eagle will both be heard all the better, without the squeak of diminutive animals, and the twittering of small birds. The "greatest nation in all creation" is not a tune to be set to Pandean pipes, to inspire the jig of a people's revels, on the occasion of America reaching her majority, and coming to her property. Jonathan, true to his business habits, had better take his share among other great nations, in the partnership of the world, as a silent partner; and with his real estate, expanding into a continent, and his balance account showing, in the census, twenty-five millions of people to his credit, should content himself with such facts accumulating in his favor, and go on, honestly and virtuously, as he has commenced, and leave the result to speak for itself; as such results surely will.

It is true, we are not going to leave the Americans to speak for themselves on the score of their good looks; it is so natural for beauty to turn away its head, and blush on such occasions, that a spokesman is necessary. Besides, we are not about to grow grandiloquent about grand things, to split the ears of the world with such loud-sounding themes, as greatness and glory, freedom and independence. Our part, just now, is nothing more than a little innocent gossip about the forms and faces of our countrymen and countrywomen; the color of an eye, the cut of a whisker, the turn of a nose or an angle.

Are we a good-looking people? At the very proposal of this question, what a flutter among the gossamer beaux and belles; what oft-repeated and anxious con-

sultations of the mirror; what varied expressions; what smiles, what coquettish airs; what graceful swanlike arching of necks; what curvetting and yielding, and voluptuous movements of form; what tightening of waists and expanding of busts; what anxious sidelong glances; what sly sprinkling of pearl powder and cunning touches of rouge; what deceptive lures; what positive orders to mantuamakers, and such overwhelming bills at Stuart's and Beck's! Compose yourself, Miss Belinda, it is not art, but nature; it is not fashion, but humanity; it is not the paint pot, but health; it is not you, but your maid, that has any concern in this matter.

By what theory of beauty are we to be guided in discussing this momentous question? Enough good and bad has been written about it, from Plato to Lord Jeffrey. Plato says that there is nothing beautiful but mind, and would have us set our cap at an abstract idea, embrace it, and remain childless in the cold comfort of Platonic love. St. Augustine is said to have written an elaborate treatise on beauty, but it has never come to hand, and posterity has reason to congratulate itself; for it was, probably, as was proper in a reverend divine, only a heavy sermon upon the lightness of vanity, or a long homily upon the short-comings of this world; or possibly a commentary, too slow for this fast generation, upon the seventh commandment. Leibnitz held that beauty consists in perfection; so do we. My Lord Shaftesbury, who did not believe in a Supreme Being, had an undying faith in a supreme beauty; and contended that man was endowed with a specific sense to recognize it, and fall down and worship it. The great Burke, in his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, holds that all objects that have the power of relaxing the nerves and fibres are beautiful; *ergo*, says Lord Jeffrey, a warm bath would be the handsomest thing in all creation. The nerves of Burke were evidently relaxed by the beauty of Marie Antoinette, and he gave the world an immortal illustration of his theory, in his panic-struck book on the French Revolution. Diderot says, beauty consists in exciting the idea of relation. The idea of relations has a great deal to do, undoubtedly, with the modern conception of beauty; it is an axiom in fashionable life, that a woman, with rich relations, is a beauty; and that a woman, with poor ones, is decidedly the reverse. How would Diderot solve this proposition of Jeffrey in illustration of his theory? Given: three old women, fat, fatter, and fattest: find their beauty. Would he answer, they are beautiful, and

their beauty consists in their relation to each other, of comparative degrees of fat? We are inclined to think that Diderot, who was a Frenchman, and had a practical eye for beauty, would, in spite of his theory, go elsewhere for his Graces. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that mediocrity was the secret of beauty; that average form, color and expression, was the *lex suprema*, by which handsome men and women were to be judged. Then an ordinary woman must be a handsome woman. We leave Sir Joshua in the lurch of this *reductio ad absurdum* and his followers, without any rivalry on our part, to make love to all the ordinary women, in accordance with their theory. Hogarth held that beauty consisted in a crooked line, and would, of course, prefer a bow-leg to a straight one, or the turned-up nose of a shrew, to the regular one of the beauteous Helen. Alison and Jeffrey contend that beauty consists in its association with the emotions of the mind; hence, all women must be beautiful, when in the calf-sucking era of youth, any thing with the show of a petticoat excites the emotion of juvenile love. Others again, hold that beauty consists in utility; we need not say that this not only would make the maid necessarily handsomer than the mistress; but we would be bound, in obedience to this law, to admire our Irish cook in the kitchen, in preference to our young wife in the parlor; the former being equal to all the responsibilities of the *cuisine*, while the skill of the latter would be puzzled, as much as George the Third, with the perplexity of an apple dumpling, and wonder with that sapient monarch, "how the devil the apple got in."

We can get no aid from the philosophers. Let us question the practical experience of nations. Does beauty consist in the forty stone of John Bull, or the feather weight of Jonathan? Is Anglican Daniel Lambert, the fat man, or Yankee Calvin Edson, the living (dead now, by the by) skeleton, the type of beauty? Was the Hottentot Venus, who suckled her young over her shoulders and carried the rest of her family upon her natural bussie, or Madame de Pompadour, a beauty? Is the King of the Brobdignags or the King of Lilliput the genuine Apollo? Is the tall Patagonian or the short Esquimaux, the handsome man? Is white, black, red, tawny or copper the color of beauty? Is the chalk and brick-dust of a New York fashionable who daries every night from 11 P. M. to 4 o'clock A. M., or "the black, sticky varnish, a good deal like conserve of grapes," with which the Thibetan women of fashion, as M. Huc tells us, daub their faces, the veri-

table complexion? Will the club feet of the Chinese or the splay feet of the negroes, walk the course for the prize of beauty? Will the black nails of the oriental beauty, filthy with *henna*, or the rosy-tipped fingers of morn, bear away the palm? Shall we whisper our love in the small ear of England's aristocratic dame, or in the monstrous speaking-trumpets of the Peruvian squaw? * Shall we look for the beauty of wisdom in the flat heads and squat faces of an Indian council, or in the long heads and long faces of the Historical Society?

We are completely at a loss for a standard of beauty; both theory and experience are at fault, and we must fain judge according to our liking. We confess to a preference for Americans, for the royal family of the sovereign people, for our sons of enterprise, and our daughters of the household.

Almost all English travellers say flattering things of the good looks of the American people. Mrs. Trollope fell in love with the seemly appearance of the men, however she may have turned up her nose at their manners, and would have been pleased to have seen more of their handsome faces and less of the soles of their boots. It is true, Dickens's portraits are not flattering; but his Americans are mere scarecrows of the imagination to frighten away his countrymen who settle like crows in never-ceasing flocks upon our land. Thackeray, in his *Kickleburys* on the Rhine, paints a young American, as the perfection of a dandy Apollo, elegant by nature and faultless by art, with a good form in a perfect coat, with small hands in the smallest and smoothest of Paris gloves, and diminutive feet in the neatest of French boots. As for the morals of the young gentleman, the less that is said about that the better; of course Thackeray would not be Thackeray if he did not spoil the confection, by his usual sprinkle of a grain of salt or rather pepper, by way of reservation. Miss Martineau too fell in love with all Congress assembled, and if she did not indite verses to their eyebrows, wrote whole pages of prose about their eyes. She quite lost herself in the profound depths of the cavernous eyes of Webster, went astray among the wrinkles of Calhoun, and did not get fairly into plain sailing, until she launched out upon the broad forehead of some ordinary Congressman or other.

Mrs. Maury, in her book of travels, displays quite a gallery of miniatures of our

distinguished men. The pictures are all warmed with the intensest of rose-color, and done upon the smoothest of ivory. "Martin Van Buren has beautiful red hair, and bewitchingly frank and easy manners, and a voice that conjures men's hearts out of their bosoms." "The Hon. Mr. Benton has much senatorial dignity, a robust and muscular frame, inclined to corpulency, a massive forehead, and a broader nose, fuller lip and less wide mouth than is usual in the American contour; and with a neck and chest of very large proportions; has a gentle self-possession." "Mr. Winthrop is fair, and his color comes and goes when he is speaking; his bearing is highly aristocratic. I shall never forget," says our lady, "the sweet faces of himself and his family." "Bishop Hughes is a glorious prelate; his violet robes, and his fiery character, his garments of delicate lace, and his manners so gentle, are charming to observe; his mystic signet ring of contrite amethyst, and his dignified address, unusual and peculiar," and Mrs. Maury understands that "the Bishop has a peculiar and inherent love of fine linen, which often distinguishes men of exalted character." "I could occasionally," says the lady, "detect a dash of the soft dialect of his country in his flexible and varied tones." And there are Clay, Webster, and Quincy Adams, and others to complete the gallery with all the beauty of the Greeks, the nobleness of the Romans, the grace of the French, the dignity of the English, and the bright colors of Mrs. Maury.

Whether the stock of English aristocracy is depreciating or not, we cannot tell. We should think, however, that it was. A young friend of ours, Tom Snip, a gentleman by profession, who inherited a handsome fortune from his father, of the late firm of "Snip & Cut," Merchant Tailors, Broadway, has been abroad lately, and having got in payment in full for a handsome loan to a distinguished Senator, a letter of introduction to the American Minister in London, of course shook hands with all the court and the best society. Well, Tom Snip, who was well up, and a believer in Sir Bulwer Lytton and the Hon. Mrs. Gore, had not the least doubt that every English nobleman looked the lord and the Apollo Belvidere at the same time, and every woman of rank looked the noblewoman and the Venus de Medicis besides. That was certainly Snip's deliberate opinion; but Tom has returned home, a wiser man, ever since a hump-

* Montaigne says, "In Peru, the greatest ears are the most beautiful, which they stretch out as far as they can by art. And a man now living, says that he has seen in an eastern nation this care of enlarging them in so great repute, and the ear loaded with so ponderous jewels, that he did with great ease put his arm, sleeve and all, through the hole of an ear."

backed fellow was pointed out to him as a lord of the realm, and a red-haired virago as a peeress in her own right.

However the fact may be, as to the depreciation of the race of English nobles, there is no doubt that the barons of England have carried off some of our beauties, as the Romans did the Sabine women, and probably for the same purpose, though doubtless with less urging. There are the noted Court Beauties; the Duchess of Leeds, and her two sisters, Lady Stafford and the Marchioness of Wellesley, all Baltimore women; and Mrs. Bonaparte too, who, if she had her own right, would reign supreme in the court of her nephew Emperor Louis; and there is the New England girl, Mrs. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister's wife; a galaxy of beautiful women, rare, and highly appreciated abroad; jewels that have been taken from the regalia of the sovereign people; but as bright and plenty of them still adorn our diadem, and though they may be set less richly, shine with no diminished lustre. Whenever we hear of distinguished foreigners being among us, we begin to tremble for our belles, for fear that some marauding English baron may be on the look-out for beauty, or some French count on a foray for booty. The women had better be on their guard, and fortify their citadels with outworks of triple whalebone; intrench themselves within the strong fortifications of home, and take in a stock of the domestic virtues to sustain a siege from the enemy.

Look at our notabilities; are they not good-looking? better looking than most notabilities elsewhere? Take for example our new President Pierce, and compare him with Prince Albert; the former was certainly not chosen for his good looks—the latter was. The artists have done their best for Victoria's consort, and in spite of all their art, their cunning artifices, their flattering touches, their ingenious disposition of light and shade, and their courtly concessions of the true to the ideal, there is not a picture of Prince Albert in which he himself is not essentially the most insignificant object; the feathers and boots, the drapery and the background are infinitely more dignified and impressive; Albert's great pasty rolled out face without a line or an emotion, looks always like a blank spot in the picture. President Pierce, no thanks to art, has a face with a concentrated expression of energy, with lines of thought, and with eyes full of fire. President Fillmore, too, would take the precedence of any crowned head, in the court of beauty. How Napoleon le petit, the Emperor of all the French, dwarfs and shrinks by the side

of him! Mr. Fillmore is tall, portly, and has a frank, expansive face. Louis Napoleon is short, meagre, cold, and reserved; his face hidden for the most part in a thick-set beard, where an expression of lust and violence lies in ambush. Louis, though no beauty himself, has, however, a taste for beauty in others, especially for the golden hair, the dark eyes, the blooming face, and the seductive graces of the Spanish *Señorita* Montijo. Having a *caprice*, as the French say, for la belle Espagnole, and unable to corrupt, he has sworn, with his bloody hand upon his heart, a Napoleon oath, to love and cherish her in the holy bonds of matrimony. Looking at General Scott, with the eye of an artist, where can you find a better model of a military hero? Lofty in stature; lifting his head high above the crowd of ordinary men; well proportioned; with broad shoulders and swelling chest; a firmly placed foot and erect posture; a brow of command; an eye of concentration; and a mouth of firm resolve; he has the look and bearing of a gallant soldier, and no wonder he scattered the Mexicans, and stalked into their capital a conqueror. The shade of Daniel Webster rises high among us in our Senate and tribunals, and in the assemblages of the people; solemn and portentous; with the serious aspect of the anxious patriot; the brow brooding with thought; the eye looking steadily into the darkness of futurity; the lips closing, upon their last words of eloquent utterance, in fixed resolve; a dark cloud gathering upon the manly face and presaging fate; and he passes away in the gloom of death. There never was a more noble-looking man than Daniel Webster, and it has been truly said that in appearance he was the ideal of a great statesman. Our poets and authors, Cooper and Irving and Longfellow, Melville and Lovell, are handsome and superior-looking men. Our artists too, for the most part, can find no better life studies than in their own looking-glasses.

Our crowds and public gatherings, our thronged streets show the best-looking aggregate of humanity, male and female, in the world. Walk up and down Broadway. Are there such becoming crowds on the Parisian Boulevards, or in the London parks? Such streams of life, glowing with beauty and glistening with bright eyes, and flowing on like a glad river sparkling in the sun. Was there ever such a holiday people? They are working men all, it is true, as most Americans are, with their wives and daughters, but there is none of the Pariah look about them, nor are they to be stared out of countenance by the impertinence of the old world's bloated importance. The men

have certainly an unquiet look, but it is the eager intelligence of enterprise, full of hope; not the sodden, worn, careful face born of discontent with the present, and uncertainty about the future.

Did a handsomer set of fellows ever march to the beat of drum, than our holiday soldiers. Though their service—and may they grow veterans in that and no other—be confined to the corporation programme of a Fourth of July glorification, and their longest march be from the Battery to Union Square, we would pit them against any army in the world in an attack upon—a woman's heart.

Our fire-boys and train-bands, recruited in the Bowerly, nursed on the blood of the shambles, fired with the spirit of independent youth and the pot-house, and exercised in the rough-and-tumble of rowdism, could unstrip and show muscle with any Farnese Hercules extant. And has not our country the honor of giving birth to Tom Heyer, the champion of pugilists?

Nature diffuses, art combines; the former has no ready-made Apollos or perfect Venuses on hand; the latter is obliged to get them up to order. The artist, in looking up his material for the manufacture of his ideal, must gouge out an eye here, pull a nose there; pluck a beard in one place, cut off an ear in another; pocket one man's hand, walk off with another man's leg; steal the locks of one pretty girl, embrace the form of another; take his pick out of the beauty of one family, and run away with the female head of another. Well, with all due admiration for beauty, wherever it may be diffused, we believe that the artist would have less of a steeplechase in his hunt after the ideal, in America, than in any other country under the sun. A short walk in Broadway, would supply him with material for a whole Louvre of artistic beauty, for any number of gods, goddesses, and cherubs,—men, women and children. Americans being a race made up of every variety of people, their style is necessarily of the composite order. But whatever their origin, they all have specific American characteristics. The very foreigners are hardly landed, before they are melted up and turned out of the American mould, very passable specimens of Yankees. The fat Englishman is melted down and reduced into working shape; the light Frenchman acquires substance; the heavy German is lightened up; the wild Irishman is made tractable; the slumbering Spaniard opens his eyes and stirs his stumps.

Jonathan may be described as the finished model of the Anglo-Saxon, of which John Bull is the rough-cast. The former is

more cleanly cut; his proportions more regular; his features more sharply chiselled; and his action more free. The latter is altogether too superfluous and clumsy; his proportions want regulating; his belly is too protuberant; his neck too thick; his feet too spreading; his hands too large and podgy; his lips too spongy and everted; his cheeks too pendulous; his nose too lobular, blunt and bottle-like; his expression altogether too beef-eating; in a word, according to our taste, John Bull won't do, and must be done over again; but tastes, of course, differ, and our taste is only an American taste, after all.

The doctors tell us there is less deformity in the United States, than elsewhere. It is easier, say the midwives, to come into this world of America, as it has been easier, before the Ericsson, to go out of it, than in any other world extant. The mothers of America are so rarely deformed, and their "as well as may be expected" means so very well indeed, that the medical ushers of the bed-post, like most other dignitaries on great occasions, have really quite a sinecure of it.

It is true, Tom Thumb is a native, and although we think him no beauty, they evidently thought so abroad; and Victoria kissed and fondled him very much as Gulliver was kissed and fondled by his Brobdingnag nurse, Glumdalclitch. The climate, however, is not favorable to the undergrowth of dwarfs, for we have the word of Barnum's agent for the fact, that he succeeded once in finding an English dwarf, to whom Tom Thumb was a giant, and on bringing him to New-York, he had hardly been here a week, when he grew as tall as a bean-pole; and his early death alone prevented Barnum from exhibiting the former English dwarf, as the great Kentucky giant.

The Americans are undoubtedly a thin people; thin-skinned at any rate, some will exclaim, but that is not the question just now. If quantity is to carry the day, and not quality, Jonathan must yield to the forty stone of John Bull. But there is not one of the philosophers who holds, that beauty is to be measured by the expanded size of the girth, and the enlarged circumference of the belly. Africa alone, of all nations, though Turkey has a leaning that way, sets up fatness as a standard of beauty. Cuffey, it is true, expands female loveliness beyond the limits of the embrace of any ordinary mortal; lards it with layers of fat, like a plump partridge prepared for the spit; and feasts his dainty imagination upon the oleaginous charms of female blubber. But Cuffey is not acknowledged by the rest of the world as the *arbitrer elegantiarum*. Americans are

thin; they have too much to do, and too anxious to do it well, to allow of the necessary repose for the quiet accumulation of fat. But they have muscles, strong and active, that spring to their work, quick messengers of an energetic will. Our women have not the *embonpoint* of the English, but they don't imbibes London stout by the imperial measure, nor retire to their nuptial couches, torpid with strong brewed ale and old Stilton. Fashionable ladies dance themselves down below the average size, dissolve themselves by their dissipation into impalpable shadows, and pass away as ghosts in a decline. We have no excuse for such, but thank heaven, there are American women who are not fashionable ladies. "A true female figure," whispers Leigh Hunt, "is falling, and not too broad in the shoulders; moderate, yet inclining to fulness rather than deficiency, in the bosom; gently tapering, and without violence of any sort, in the waist; naturally curving again in those never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to hips; and finally, her buoyant lightness should be supported upon natural legs, not at all like a man's; and upon feet, which, though little, are able to support all the rest." Was it Mrs. Bull, who stood as a model for that picture? No! she would make a dozen of such; it must have been, with all due reverence for our grandmother, be it said, her lightsome daughter, America.

The average height of our men, is about five feet ten, oftener above than below. The Americans are very evenly measured, and would range without picking or choosing, in a level platoon, that would delight the eye of a military martinet. Kentucky is supposed to supply Barnum with his giants, and the supply seems to keep up wondrously. Among other marvels of that State, where the inhabitants are said to be half-horse, half-alligator, and are capable of going the whole hog, which means, we suppose, taking in a full sized animal in a single swallow, there is no doubt the men are tall, and, as they talk, very large. Frederick of Prussia would not have wanted for recruits for his tall grenadier guards, if he had had the run of the West. Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee, would have supplied him with an army of them. Put Lord John Russell and Daniel Webster, the Duke of Wellington and General Scott, back to back, and mark how the Americans overtop their English relatives.

Let us analyze the American, not as the chemist, who tells us that man is 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water (the American, we are inclined to believe, has considerably less water in his composition),

but as the anatomist, into head and neck, body and extremities.

The American head is generally large, which the phrenologists may attribute as they please, to increased development of brain. There are all varieties of face, though the oval predominates; all kinds of eyes, though the black prevail; noses of every shape and size, Grecian, Roman, and the English turn-up, though the bottle and snub are rare; mouths of many kinds, voluptuous and ascetic, firm and relaxed; and diverse chins, double and single, square and pointed. These features are, however, for the most part, more sharply chiselled with us, than in any other people. Our foreheads are higher and wider and we seem to be proud of them, and not content with the generosity of nature in this respect, try to extort from her more than is our due. A high, expanded, arched forehead, may be excellent in man, as indicative of intellectual force, the power of knowledge; but it is a positive blemish in a female, whose most attractive characteristics are delicacy and tenderness. The ancients admired a low forehead in a woman, and their sculptors, always true to beauty, gave their female statues such. Horace says, *insignem tenui fronte Lycorida*, *Lycoris remarkable for her low forehead*; which he evidently puts down to the credit of her beauty; and Martial speaks admiringly of the *frons brevis*, the *short forehead*. Leigh Hunt says a large, bare forehead, gives a woman a masculine and defiant look. The word *effrontery* comes from it. Now ever since phrenology began to finger our craniums, our vanity has been very busy in smoothing the way for its titillating advances. Men and women, too, have been so much engaged, with the aid of brushes and depilatories, in brushing up and putting in order the outworks, that they have neglected to fortify the citadel within. As an untrod path may lead to a deserted house, a smooth forehead may point to an empty brain. The prevailing practice of combing back the hair of young girls, and keeping it there with a force that draws the blood from its roots, and skins the eyeballs, is the ugliest possible of practices; when these young girls grow up wiser than their mothers, as they surely will, it is hoped they will not have the *effrontery* to scold at their mammas for having spoiled their beauty. A good word has, it is true, been spoken in favor of the large forehead; it has been likened, in its relation to the face, to the broad sky in a landscape, lightening up the whole expanse. The Italian women used to pluck out their hair to increase the height of their fore-

heads; and Montaigne reports that the women are reputed more beautiful, not only in Biscay, but elsewhere, for having their heads shaved. We recommend, however, our beauties to cultivate the low forehead, and advise our mannish women of the Woman's Rights Convention, to transplant the hair from their heads to their chins, and with bold fronts and strong beards, make good their claims to man's privileges and his wardrobe, to his boots and his walks in life.

The prevailing fashion of wearing the hair is not at all to our taste. Our women have naturally a very luxuriant growth, but they do not make good use of it. The hair should be flowing, and not too much restrained. The ladies should eschew the *bandoline* of the hairdresser, and overturn their macassar oil and kalydors into the fire, as the Vicar of Wakefield did his daughters' washes and cosmetics. There is no greater beauty than the natural waving hair, but such is the power of fashion, that we know a pretty girl who spends the better part of the morning in trying to turn nature's curved lines of beauty into the straight ones of art. She plasters and presses, and glues, and posts, like a bill-sticker, her front hair on either side of her forehead, until it looks like two great daubs of black paint, or pieces of black plaster, or blinkers on the eyes of a shying horse, or like any thing that is ugly or unbecoming. Fashion is a cunning, short-tailed fox, and pretty women should beware of its arts. Fashion is a device of ugliness to entrap beauty. Fanny! we beseech you, in spite of that ugly Frenchwoman, Madame La Mode, let your dark waving hair flow on in its natural course of beauty, free and graceful as your own girl's life; let it shade with its tendrils the sunny light of your eyes, and the youthful bloom of your sweet face, and let it fall in clusters and full foliage about that rising but fast ripening into the fulness of womanhood. Our men are magnificent on the score of whiskers. We prefer the American to the English mode of wearing the beard; the former, in its free growth, gives length to the face, in character with its natural oval form; the latter, which has been styled the *cotellette de mouton* style of whisker, which shows the chin and lower lip, and leaves the hair upon the cheek to grow in a triangular form, gives an unnatural breadth to the countenance, and a blank, spread-out look.

In spite of the supposed largeness of grasp, and the length of stride of the Americans, they have extremely small hands and feet. Glove-sellers and shoemakers who have come hither from the

Rue de la Paix or Bond-street, will tell you that the size and fit of Young America are a smaller pair of kids, and a shorter pair of varnished leathers or satia slippers, than those of either Young France or England.

Our walk and attitudes are not by any means the most graceful and becoming in the world. An American has ease enough certainly, a little too much, we think; it is the ease which makes him lie down when he should stand up; it is the ease which elevates his heels in the air when he should plant his feet upon the ground; it is the ease which sprawls on four chairs when it should sit upon one; it is the ease which rests its elbow upon a neighbor's knees, instead of its own; in fine, it is the ease of republican gregariousness, which would merge the reserve of the individual into the free and easy whole. Our men would be better looking; they would not stoop in the shoulders, as many do, or bend in the legs; and they would be infinitely more agreeable, if they would improve their ways and manners in this respect.

Our women are too stiff in their walk and attitude. In walking, an American woman only bends her knees, and hardly that; she should yield a little in the upper joints. Her gait gives a movement to her body, like the squirming motion of a wounded insect, with a naturalist's pin through its midriff. American women hold their arms badly in walking; they almost universally bring them forward, crossing their hands in front; they have, in consequence, the look of a trussed fowl, and have about as much freedom of motion. If the arms were allowed to fall freely by the side, our women would move more gracefully, walk better, and look better. The prevailing mode of carrying the arms hoops the shoulders, contracts the breast, prevents all proper development of the bust, ruins health, and what our ladies will be more likely to attend to, destroys beauty of form and all grace of movement. In complexion we must yield to the English; their moist climate is favorable to the fresh, clear, wholesome and pellucid rose tint, that distinguishes the faces of the young and beautiful in England. An English beauty has, however, to watch her complexion closely; an additional degree to the thermometer, a glass of beer more than the daily allowance, or an unusual emotion, is apt to spoil all, and flush, in a moment, the delicately shaded rose tint, into the full-blown peony. There is, however, a style of complexion in America which is never seen in England, and which we admire highly; it is a mixture of the *brune* and *blonde*, a compro-

mise between the oriental olive and the English red; it may be compared to a rose blooming through the misty vapor of early morn; it is like a ripe peach, with its golden tint spread over the roseate hue beneath; it is the dark Spanish beauty, brightened up by the wholesome blood of England. The pale, olive complexion of America is supposed by the English to be evidence of ill health. English travellers used to affect to believe, that every second American was a dyspeptic, and the rest far gone into a decline. But this peculiarly American complexion not seldom lasts from childhood to threescore and ten, and shows itself everywhere where enterprise and labor are busy in doing their manifold part.

There is a want of *abandon*, of course we are speaking of manners, not of morals, about the American women; they are too formal and statuesque; they carry themselves with a hauteur, as if they were entitled to homage without owing anything in exchange. They will turn out a full omnibus of men, or a score of male worshippers from their church seats without designing to give in return the cheap courtesy of a smile or a bow, or the small change of a "thank you." Like the images and painted saints in a church, they receive the worship of their adorers without even the consciousness of a wink, as if they were quite insensible to the piety of the faithful. Our fashionable women are said to be good dancers; if so, their skill is confined to the turning of a pretty ankle or the tripping of a fantastic toe.

Our voice is not so soft as that of the English, for example, although there is a difference in favor of the Southern women; but our deficiency in this respect may be attributed, like our pale complexions, to the effects of the atmosphere. Voice depends upon hearing, and as sound is distinct and shrill in our clear air, so the voice naturally assumes a high, sharp key.

In expression, that illuminated book of the soul and the intellect, where every thought and emotion may be read by him who runs, the Americans surpass every other people. In most countries, you may observe the doltishness of insensibility, the stupidity of ignorance, the obsequiousness of servility, or the superciliousness of command. In America, you find expanded over the whole face of the people, an expression of lively intelligence and common respect. This is the natural result of equality before the law. It is true we are an anxious people, too anxious. It would appear at times as if our destiny was not to enjoy life, but to prepare it for the enjoyment of those who

are to come after us. We are always pioneers, not only in new lands, but in fresh fields of new enterprise; we are ever pushing on to the unknown regions of undiscovered thought. We work on ceaselessly, stirred by the spirit that is within us of our own intelligence and energy, and not because forced to fly from the sling and arrows of outrageous fortune. The Americans may possibly have a worn look, and may not laugh as heartily as they might, and as they are fully entitled to, according to the proverb, "let him laugh who wins." However this may be; as far as the question of beauty is concerned, the expression of the common face of America, is, without doubt, the finest in the world.

We have been talking of beauty for the most part; but we would not despise homeliness. Ugliness has a claim to our sympathy. Lord Bacon says, "virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set;" and moreover, that "beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last." Madam de Pompadour, it is true, used to say that a handsome woman was the noblest work of God; but she was an interested party. Mere regularity of feature, and what is termed good looks, are often deceptive. Coleridge tells us of the impression, full of respect and admiration, a calm, grave, silent, intellectual, and handsome-looking man once made upon him at a dinner-table, and how he watched his lips till they might open to a sentiment or thought worthy of Bacon, until some apple-dumplings came in, when the Magnus Apollo exclaimed, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

Coleridge also reports that once upon a time a lady was descanting admirably upon the personal charms of John Wilkes, when he put in, "but he squints, madam." "Squints? sir," replied the lady, "he only squints as such a man should squint." Mirabeau was by no means handsome; Wilkes was positively ugly; and Burr no Apollo; and yet these three men were all famous for their gallantries, and must necessarily have been greatly admired by the gentle sex. Wilkes used to say he only wanted a half hour's talk with a woman to get the better of the handsomest man in the company. And Burr confessed that touch was the secret of his success; and asserted that he never failed by that simple means to feel his way into the good graces of the handsomest woman living. These acts we commend to the consideration of the ugly men, and if they are not satisfied let them join the ugly club in the Spectator.

As for women that are not beautiful, and none need be positively ugly, let them

console themselves with the fact that the fascination of a woman does not depend upon the color of her eyes, or the shape of her nose, or upon her mere personal form at all. Merely beautiful women are apt to put up their charms at too high a price, and consequently find no bidders.

A natural desire and power of pleasing, that come from good nature, are more fascinating and more lasting than all surface charms. With such attractions, a woman may reasonably hope, like Ninon De L'Enclos, to inspire an affection at fourscore.

MY FIRST FRENCH TEACHER.

Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère. BEAUMAIS.

"AND a teacher, madame," said I, to the English-speaking Frenchwoman with whom I had just concluded an arrangement for a room and breakfast.

"I will speak to an old friend on the subject, can I be of further service?"

"Many thanks, no."

I sent for my baggage from the *Hotel des Etrangers*, and wandered about Paris, extremely amused and charmed with novelty, but bitterly and continually conscious of the inferiority of ignorance. On that day, for the only time in my life, I envied, not magnificence, nor genius, but the volubility of two ragged urchins.

At nine, next morning, I heard a tap at the door, and upon my "Come in," followed a man of seventy.

"Madame G. informs me that you need lessons in my language. I can devote to you two hours in the morning. Do you think three francs too much?"

"By no means; shall we begin?"

We did, and in the eagerness of acquisition, at first, I scarcely looked at my teacher; but it is impossible to consort long with a fellow-being, without some curiosity; and I soon remarked his thin long white hair, his threadbare dress of faded brown, and his expression, not of satiety, disappointment, or bitterness, but of utter weariness; that of a slave staggering under a burden of which he dare not complain. I frequently pressed to finish my task, in order to converse with him; but, though he always answered intelligently, he never passed the limits of a mere answer. Several times I was late at our appointment, but even to my excuses he merely bowed. A month had thus passed. One morning he did not come, nor the second; on the third he entered. His usual look of fatigue was deepened into that of utter exhaustion. I noticed that a black cravat had taken the place of the usual check.

Contrary to his habit, he spoke in French, and rapidly, regretting his unavoidable absence.

"Let us make up for lost time," said I, gayly. He was sorry he could no longer be of service to me. This was strange; but his age and poverty forbade me to ask a reason, and I repaired to my landlady for the explanation.

He had been a professor in a college, easy in his circumstances, and happy in a family; had been deprived of his place, had lost his fortune, and had seen his family drop one by one, dwindled to a single grandson. That boy he educated and supported by the precarious chance of English lessons, and two days ago, his grandson died.

"Did you observe a black cravat? *C'était son mieux*: he probably has only the sum you paid him to bury his boy."

A thousand times since I have reproached myself for not relieving, by some little ingenuity, that worst of human woes, the destitution of pride; but, in the thoughtlessness of youth, the story of the poor gentleman was soon stamped out of my mind by some other impression. Two weeks after I was strolling in the Tuileries on a sunny noon. The gardens at that hour are merely tenanted by nurses, children, and stragglers. Upon one of the benches (chairs are a *sou*) I saw an old man with an open book. He had not turned a leaf for five minutes. I drew near from some feeling of curiosity, and recognized my teacher. I addressed him in English; he neither replied nor looked up; his mind was too far away to be recalled by a sound unconnected with his recollections. I then ventured upon a "Bonjour, monsieur;" he rose, bowed, and sank again into his seat. I wanted to speak but could not; my heart sickened and my throat swelled at the sight of grief, impatient of sympathy, and, like Rachel, refusing to be comforted. The hopes of existence were not merely dead in the old man, but buried, and a stone rolled over the mouth of the sepulchre. In presence of such a grief who could babble condolence? Not I.

Day after day, during a week, I returned at the same hour to the Tuileries, with the vague hope of doing something—I knew not what—for the old man; but I never saw him again.

I mentioned the subject to my hostess. "Fortune has at last been kind," said she.

"How?" said I eagerly.

"He died three days ago."

GREENOUGH, THE SCULPTOR.

HORATIO GREENOUGH was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 6th September, 1805. He was put early to the best schools that were to be found in or around Boston. A strong, healthy, active boy, he excelled in athletic games, in running, jumping, swimming. He was also distinguished by fondness for literature, and a facility in committing English poetry to memory. Already in boyhood came out in marked prominence the ruling talent of his richly endowed nature. With such skill, and such taste in form and ornament, did he carve toys, cimeters, pistols of wood, that when detected at this employment in school hours, the ingenuity and beauty of his work so surprised his teachers, as to draw from them praise instead of the accustomed reprimand.

In his father's garden stood a marble statue of Phocion, a copy from the antique. This being constantly before his eyes, first bred in him a desire to attempt something in sculpture. His first efforts were in chalk. When he was yet only twelve years of age, a gentleman of Boston discerned so much merit in a copy he was making in chalk of a bust of John Adams, by Binon, that he took him to the Athenæum, and obtained for him, from Mr. Shaw, the director, free access to its valuable collection of engravings.

He was fortunate, as beginners seldom are, in the connections and influences of his boyhood and youth. His nascent genius for art was not thwarted, it was fostered. One gentleman, Mr. Solomon Willard, taught him to model in clay; another, Mr. Alpheus Cary, to cut marble. And best of all, his father, perceiving how strong was his bent, consented that he should make art and sculpture his chief study; only stipulating, with an enlightened judgment, that he should at the same time receive the best general instruction that could be obtained, and that therefore he should graduate at Cambridge. Accordingly he entered Harvard University in 1821, at the age of sixteen.

Drawing, modelling, anatomy, books on art, these now absorbed most of his time. But what was of greatest value to him while at Cambridge, was the friendship of Allston. In a letter to Mr. Dunlap, inserted in the "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," and dated Florence, December 1st, 1833, Mr. Greenough speaks as follows of Mr. Allston, and another friend whom he made during his college course:—"Mr. Cogswell," who was at

that time librarian of Harvard, and is now librarian of the Astor Library, "contributed perhaps more than any one to fix my purpose, and supplied me with casts, &c., to nurse my fondness for statuary. Allston, in the sequel, was to me a father, in what concerned my progress of every kind."

Towards the close of his senior year, he was permitted by the government of Harvard to leave college before the conclusion of the last term, without forfeiting his diploma, that he might avail himself of the opportunity of a vessel about to sail to Marseilles, to proceed to Italy. He reached Rome in the autumn of 1825. Surrounded by the unique incitements and facilities of that vast treasure-house of Art, he entered zealously on the course of study and labor that he had planned under the advice of Allston. But he had scarcely been in Rome a year, when his studies were suspended by a severe attack of illness, caused by the *malaria*. This obliged him to return home, and he arrived in Boston restored to health by the sea voyage.

After remaining a year in America, during which time he made busts of several distinguished public men in Washington, he returned to Italy, and took up his abode in Florence.

Now began the tug of life. He was ready and eager for work, but no work came. Taste for art had hardly yet begun to be diffused in the United States. The names of a few native painters were occasionally heard, Allston at the head of them; but even he was not yet appreciated. Sculptors there were none. Greenough first broke ground in this rich field. He had to brave the perils of a discoverer, to bear the hardships of a pioneer. All the hardships that beset the artist may be included in one—the hardship of not getting work. Boccaccio says: "Fortune has a hundred eyes; only fools call her blind." As she had done in his boyhood, she fixed her eyes again on Greenough. Another friend was about to rise up at the moment of greatest need. James Fenimore Cooper arrived in Florence. He became acquainted with, and interested in the young American sculptor. Cooper had a large American heart. Perceiving the merit of Greenough, he held out to him a helping hand in the most helpful way. He ordered a group of him *the Chanting Cherubs*. When finished, he sent it to America to be exhibited. The effect he designed and expected was produced. The name of Horatio Green-

ough became widely and honorably known in America. Mr. Cooper, following up his first noble discriminating act with a second, quickly took advantage of the fame gathered for his young friend by the *Chanting Cherubs*, to influence the Federal Government to order a statue of Washington. In the letter above quoted, Mr. Greenough thus speaks of Mr. Cooper:—"Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair after my return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed; and up to this moment has been a father to me in kindness."

Greenough now threw his whole thought and soul into the *Washington*. With studious deliberation he matured the conception and composition. It was a bold originality in the young sculptor to present Washington naked to the American people. In doing so, he surrendered himself to his genial emotions and artistic convictions, which lifted him above prosaic demands. A high function of art is, to elevate without falsifying, to idealize without denaturalizing. This Greenough has done in his *Washington* of the Capitol. This noble colossal statue will grow on public esteem as time removes the original further from association with single events, and men shall more and more contemplate Washington in the majesty of his moral greatness; the which, while it was the source of his civil wisdom and supremacy, gave effect, too, to his military genius and leadership. The real Washington will then appear to be what he in truth is, identical with the grand ideal of Greenough. And when, a century hence, our cities and public edifices shall be beautified by hundreds of sculptured masterpieces, and the general taste shall have been cultivated by multiplication of the works of affluent native genius, the gaze of the mighty populous Republic will still be turned with admiration towards this simple, majestic figure; and the crowned masters of sculpture will look back with gratitude to him who had the genius and power to inaugurate their great art in America, by embodying in adequate grandeur the sublime Washington.

Greenough was now prosperously and securely launched in his career. He, yet a young man, had high responsible work. An artist can ask no more. Hope took the place of despondency, an elevating self-confidence of depressing misgivings. The artist had cause to be thankful. In 1837 occurred an event, which gave the man, too cause to be thankful, and for all the rest of his life. He was married in Florence, to Miss Louisa Gere, of Boston. Life was now to him full of joy. He was recog-

nized at home and in Italy, as a sculptor of high and rising merit; blest as few are in his married life; relaxing days of congenial labor with evenings among selected companions, or cultivated and distinguished visitors to the Tuscan Capital; sought by his countrymen, many of whom have a cherished recollection of the easy, elegant hospitality of the *Palazzo Baciocchi*. A gentleman who, with his family, at a time of deep affliction, was indebted in Florence to Mr. and Mrs. Greenough for tender fraternal kindness, in a recent letter to the writer of this, alludes to Mr. Greenough's decease in these expressive and touching words:—"He was a true, high-spirited and independent man, and I feel in losing him, that something is permanently deducted from my life."

Mr. Greenough was simple in his wants, temperate in his indulgences. With a full appreciation of all healthful things, he would at any time have cheerfully given up a good dinner for a "good talk." And in a good talk he was sure to play one of the best parts. His conversation was brilliant. He had been a searching observer in several lands; had consorted with differing classes; had personally known many of the eminent men of Europe and America; and, with these advantages, he was bold in thought, and always aimed at the centre of men and things. He was an artist in the telling of a story. He was hospitable and sociable, and made and kept many friends. He was generous, and delicate in his generosity.

His intellectual capacity was large and various; his temperament nervous and excitable. Hence, he could not be content with one field. The genuine artist, being rich in sympathies, easily draws into himself the electric currents that are forever playing around him. The varied aptitudes, bodily and mental, that manifested themselves so decisively in youth, had all ripened together in manhood. The poetic organization does not let natural gifts rust from disuse. Self-culture is one of its needs. It delights in a multiplex activity. The strong, lively boy grew into the robust, energetic man, whose noble height was graced by the sinews and muscles of an athlete; whose lungs and heart swelled a chest ample enough for a Hercules; and who delighted to buffet the waves on a rough beach, and to busy the arm that modelled a Venus, in an eager game at quoits. The boy's fondness for reading unfolded itself into the judgment of the critic, and the productiveness of the spirited original writer. The hand that sculptured grand and beautiful forms, could lay aside the chisel to take up the pen, and,

concentrating the genial conclusions of a thoughtful life, write therewith in a few hours a triumphant refutation of Burke's Theory of the Sublime and Beautiful.

That Mr. Greenough should give his mind to painting and architecture, and the fundamental principles of all Art, was, with his eager nature, a necessity. But he also found time for literary study. He was not only a thorough master of Italian, which he spoke like a native, but of French, which he likewise spoke correctly and fluently; and latterly, during a residence at Gräfenberg, he taught himself German. Moreover, he took a deep interest in politics, and sympathized strongly with the recent great popular movement in Europe. He was a cordial Democrat. His sojourn abroad, during his whole manhood, strengthened him in republicanism, converting youthful inherited impressions into virile convictions. After living so long in Italy, under the yoked tyrannies of Prince and Priest, he seemed here on American soil to revel in liberty. To his friends it was an enjoyment and also a profit, to see him, on his return home eighteen months since, throw himself with such ardor into the great questions and interests of the day. He discussed them with the vivacity and directness of one whose appetite had been sharpened by long abstinence.

It was however to topics and things whereon the light of Art shines or ought to shine, that he most often recurred. A walk with him in Broadway or the Fifth Avenue, was a lively dissertation on architecture. He sought to have every where the beauty of fitness. He wished all products of man, like those of Nature, to be children of the marriage between Beauty and Utility. He liked to go into foundries; and then on coming out he would make drawings of iron fences, or bedsteads, or stoves. He had an earnest purpose to spread throughout the land a knowledge of how practical beauty is. He wished to give his country the benefit of his poetic perception, and of his life of study on the general applicability of principles of beauty.

But these his lofty aims were not to be fulfilled. He was only permitted to point public attention to this high matter. He had just made a brilliant beginning by two lectures in Boston, when he was suddenly cut off. The nervous fibre of genius often snaps from the very fineness of its texture and its hypervitality. So it was with Horatio Greenough. By his death, his country has lost one of her most gifted sons. An accomplished, aspiring, noble-minded man has passed from our midst. The gap he has left will be

slow to close. They who had the privilege of his friendship, have, in their memory of him, a dear image that will live with them undimmed through their remaining years; and long after all the friends who will carry his memory to their graves, shall have joined him in that spirit land where there are no struggles and no tears, will be visible the impress his genius has made upon his country.

As the appropriate conclusion to this insufficient record of his life and character, we append a catalogue of his works.

CATALOGUE OF HORATIO GREENOUGH'S WORKS.

1. Mr. Greenough's first ideal work was a statue of Abel, modelled in Rome, in 1826, but never executed in marble.
2. Statue of Byron's Medora. For R. Gilmor, of Baltimore.
3. Group. The Chanting Cherubs. For J. Fenimore Cooper.
4. The Ascension of the Infant Spirit. A group of an Infant and Cherub.
5. Group. Portraits of two Children of David Sears, playing with a squirrel.
6. Statuette. The Genius of America. For J. Hoyt, of New-York.
7. Portrait Statue of Miss Grinnell, of New Bedford, (now Mrs. N. P. Willis.)
8. Portrait Statues of two Youths, sons of J. Thompson, of New-York.
9. Monument to Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs. For Miss Gibbs of Newport.
10. Statue of Washington, by order of Congress, for the Capitol.

The sum, twenty thousand dollars, voted by Congress, was intended to be an honest compensation for this work. The amount was the same as that paid by Massachusetts to Chantry for his statue of Washington, the size of life. Greenough, determined to spare neither time nor expense to make his work worthy of the country and himself, made it colossal (twice the size of life), involving an expense threefold beyond what it would have cost of the natural size.

The embellishments of the chair have a significance which often escape observation. The statuettes of Columbus, and an Indian Chief, supporting the arms of the chair, and the trident, have found favor as being so obviously illustrative of our country's history. But the bas-reliefs of the Rising Sun on Apollo's chariot on the one side, and the infant Hercules strangling the serpent on the other, are, by many, looked upon as mere "classical" embellishments, independent of the subject. Were they no more than this, they would be disfigurements instead of adornments. The artist originally designed to have inscribed two lines from an ode of

Virgil;—under the Apollo, *Nunc nascitur lucidus ordo*; and under the Hercules, *Incipe, parve puer, cui non risere parentes*. These verses would have interpreted the bas-reliefs. Greenough finally omitted them, because sculpture should speak its own language so distinctly as to need no aid from letters.

11. Child seated on a bank, intently gazing at a butterfly that has just lighted on the back of its hand. For a Hungarian nobleman.

12. Statuette of Venus Victrix. For John Lowell, and presented by him to the Boston Athenæum.

13. Colossal Group, for the Capitol, by order of Congress.

This work, which was finished in July, 1851, occupied the artist eight years, besides a delay of four years occasioned by his not being able in all that time to obtain a block of Serravezza marble suitable to his purpose. It consists of four figures, a mother and child, an American Indian and the father. This group illustrates a phasis in the progress of American civilization, viz., the unavoidable conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and aboriginal savage races. The composition may be thus briefly described:—The mother has sunk in terror to the ground, clasping to her bosom the infant. Over her stands the savage, his tomahawk uplifted. Behind, the father, a stalwart pioneer, has just seized the Indian by both arms, with one knee planted on the hollow of his back. The firm grasp of the father satisfies the beholder that the savage is now powerless for harm. But words cannot adequately translate a sculptured composition. The huge mass of marble seems to writhe, awakening in the beholder conflicting emotions.

The figures of the mother and child were entirely remodelled in the years 1846 and '47.

14. Statue of the Angel Abdiel retiring from the assemblage of rebellious Angels; from Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

15. Monument to his friend Giusti, the Italian poet; erected at Pescia, Tuscany.

16. Bas-relief, representing an artist whose labors are suspended by the failure of the light by which he is working. He is seated in an attitude of pensive dejection, while a hand from a cloud supplies oil to the lamp.

This work, Mr. Greenough has been heard to say, was intended to record a fact in his personal history. At a time when he almost despaired of being able to pursue his studies in Italy, for want of funds, he received the loan of a large sum, without knowing whence it came. This bas-relief is a monument, as noble as it

is beautiful, at once to the generosity of his friends and to his own manly gratitude. It is now in the possession of George Ticknor, of Boston, to whom it was presented by Greenough, in recognition of the part which that gentleman had taken in the transaction.

17. Bas-relief of Castor and Pollux.

18. Greenough's last ideal work was a Venus, contending for the golden apple. It is of heroic size, that of the Venus of Milo. This statue was much admired in Florence, and Browning, the English poet, urged Mr. Greenough to send it to the World's Fair, in London.

It was modelled entirely in plaster of Paris (as was also the second group of the mother and child) by a new process. "The merit of this invention seems to be shared between Greenough and Powers. They commenced about the same time to make trials in this material, and by interchange of experiences and views the method was perfected. The gain to artists by this invention is two-fold; plaster of Paris does not expand like clay, and there is no need of the precarious and expensive process of casting."

Besides the above enumerated statues and bas-relief, he executed a large number of busts; among these were portraits of John Adams and of John Q. Adams, Henry Clay, Mrs. R. Gilmore, Josiah Quincy, Sen., S. Appleton, Jonathan Mason, Thos. Cole, the late celebrated landscape-painter, N. P. Willis, the Marquess Gino Capponi, for many years a personal friend of Greenough, and latterly Prime Minister of Tuscany. His last bust was one of his friend, J. Fenimore Cooper. This he executed last summer in Brooklyn.

In giving a list of Greenough's works, it should be recorded here, that he is virtually the architect of the Bunker Hill Monument. While he was a student in Cambridge, a prize was offered by the Bunker Hill Association for the best design of a monument. The judges were Washington Allston, Gilbert Stewart, and Warren Dutton. There were many competitors, and they awarded the prize to Horatio Greenough. The project of erecting a monument was not carried into effect at that time; but when some years later it was resumed, his plan was in the essentials adopted.

Mr. Greenough was wont to speak of himself as a sculptor of few works; but the above list proves with what zeal and industry he devoted himself to his Art, that he could effect so much in the term of twenty-seven years.

Most of his works were executed at extremely low prices. For many years

his charge for busts was only from one to two hundred dollars, which is about half of what is charged by Sculptors of the present day, and of what he himself received for his late busts.

The two large works for the Capitol at Washington, cost the Government, the one \$20,000, the other \$21,000. On

these, to which he gave his best energies during many years, he expended more money than he received. When his friends complained of this, he would say, that a money-making artist could never be a great one; and that having been honored by his countrymen with national works, he would do his best for them.

AN EXCURSION TO CANADA.

Continued from page 184.

SO we were compelled to inquire: *Y'a-t-il une maison publique ici? (auberge* we should have said perhaps, for they seemed never to have heard of the other,) and they answered at length that there was no tavern, unless we could get lodgings at the mill, *le moulin*, which we had passed; or they would direct us to a grocery, and almost every house had a small grocery at one end of it. We called on the public notary or village lawyer, but he had no more beds nor English than the rest. At one house, there was so good a misunderstanding at once established through the politeness of all parties, that we were encouraged to walk in and sit down, and ask for a glass of water; and having drank their water, we thought it was as good as to have tasted their salt. When our host and his wife spoke of their poor accommodations, meaning for themselves, we assured them that they were good enough, for we thought that they were only apologizing for the poorness of the accommodations they were about to offer us, and we did not discover our mistake till they took us up a ladder into a loft, and showed to our eyes what they had been laboring in vain to communicate to our brains through our ears, that they had but that one apartment with its few beds for the whole family. We made our *adieux* forthwith, and with gravity, perceiving the literal signification of that word. We were finally taken in at a sort of public-house, whose master worked for Patterson, the proprietor of the extensive saw-mills driven by a portion of the Montmorenci stolen from the fall, whose roar we now heard. We here talked, or murdered French all the evening, with the master of the house and his family, and probably had a more amusing time than if we had completely understood one another. At length they showed us to a bed in their best chamber, very high to get into, with a low wooden rail to it. It had no cotton sheets, but coarse home-

made, dark colored linen ones. Afterward, we had to do with sheets still coarser than these, and nearly the color of our blankets. There was a large open buffet loaded with crockery, in one corner of the room, as if to display their wealth to travellers, and pictures of scripture scenes, French, Italian, and Spanish, hung around. Our hostess came back directly to inquire if we would have brandy for breakfast. The next morning, when I asked their names, she took down the temperance pledges of herself and husband, and children, which were hanging against the wall. They were Jean Baptiste Binet, and his wife, Geneviève Binet. Jean Baptiste is the sobriquet of the French Canadians.

After breakfast we proceeded to the fall, which was within half a mile, and at this distance its rustling sound, like the wind among the leaves, filled all the air. We were disappointed to find that we were in some measure shut out from the west side of the fall by the private grounds and fences of Patterson, who appropriates not only a part of the water for his mill, but a still larger part of the prospect, so that we were obliged to trespass. This gentleman's mansion-house and grounds were formerly occupied by the Duke of Kent, father to Queen Victoria. It appeared to me in bad taste for an individual, though he were the father of Queen Victoria, to obtrude himself with his land titles, or at least his fences, on so remarkable a natural phenomenon, which should, in every sense, belong to mankind. Some falls should even be kept sacred from the intrusion of mills and factories, as water-privileges in another than the millwright's sense. This small river falls perpendicularly nearly two hundred and fifty feet at one pitch. The St. Lawrence falls only 164 feet at Niagara. It is a very simple and noble fall, and leaves nothing to be desired; but the most that I could say of it would only have the force of one other

testimony to assure the reader that it is there. We looked directly down on it from the point of a projecting rock, and saw far below us, on a low promontory, the grass kept fresh and green by the perpetual drizzle, looking like moss. The rock is a kind of slate, in the crevices of which grew ferns and golden-rods. The prevailing trees on the shores were spruce and arbor-vitæ, the latter very large and now full of fruit, also aspens, alders, and the mountain ash with its berries. Every emigrant who arrives in this country by way of the St. Lawrence, as he opens a point of the Isle of Orleans, sees the Montmorenci tumbling into the Great River thus magnificently in a vast white sheet, making its contribution with emphasis. Roberval's pilot, Jean Alphonse, saw this fall thus, and described it in 1542. It is a splendid introduction to the scenery of Quebec. Instead of an artificial fountain in its square, Quebec has this magnificent natural waterfall to adorn one side of its harbor. Within the mouth of the chasm below, which can be entered only at ebb tide, we had a grand view at once of Quebec and of the fall. Kalm says that the noise of the fall is sometimes heard at Quebec, about eight miles distant, and is a sign of a north-east wind. The side of this chasm of soft and crumbling slate too steep to climb, was among the memorable features of the scene. In the winter of 1829 the frozen spray of the fall descending on the ice of the St. Lawrence, made a hill one hundred and twenty-six feet high. It is an annual phenomenon which some think may help explain the formation of glaciers.

In the vicinity of the fall we began to notice what looked like our red-fruited thorn bushes, grown to the size of ordinary apple-trees, very common, and full of large red or yellow fruit, which the inhabitants called *pommettes*, but I did not learn that they were put to any use.

III.

ST. ANNE.

By the middle of the forenoon, though it was a rainy day, we were once more on our way down the north bank of the St. Lawrence, in a north-easterly direction, toward the Falls of St. Anne, which are about thirty miles from Quebec. The settled, more level, and fertile portion of Canada East, may be described rudely as a triangle, with its apex slanting toward the north-east, about one hundred miles wide at its base, and from two to three, or even four hundred miles long, if you reckon its narrow north-eastern extremity; it

being the immediate valley of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, rising by a single or by successive terraces toward the mountains on either hand. Though the words Canada East on the map, stretch over many rivers and lakes and unexplored wildernesses, the actual Canada, which might be the colored portion of the map, is but a little clearing on the banks of the river, which one of those syllables would more than cover. The banks of the St. Lawrence are rather low from Montreal to the Richelieu Rapids, about forty miles above Quebec. Thence they rise gradually to Cape Diamond, or Quebec. Where we now were, eight miles north-east of Quebec, the mountains which form the northern side of this triangle were only five or six miles distant from the river, gradually departing further and further from it, on the west, till they reach the Ottawa, and making haste to meet it on the east, at Cape Tourmente, now in plain sight about twenty miles distant. So that we were travelling in a very narrow and sharp triangle between the mountains and the river, tilted up toward the mountains on the north, never losing sight of our great fellow-traveller on our right. According to Bouchette's Topographical Description of the Canadas, we were in the Seigniory of the Côte de Beaupre, in the County of Montmorenci, and the District of Quebec; in that part of Canada which was the first to be settled, and where the face of the country and the population have undergone the least change from the beginning, where the influence of the States and of Europe is least felt, and the inhabitants see little or nothing of the world over the walls of Quebec. This Seigniory was granted in 1636, and is now the property of the Seminary of Quebec. It is the most mountainous one in the province. There are some half-a-dozen parishes in it, each containing a church, parsonage-house, grist-mill, and several saw-mills. We were now in the most westerly parish called Ange Gardien, or the Guardian Angel, which is bounded on the west by the Montmorenci. The north bank of the St. Lawrence here is formed on a grand scale. It slopes gently, either directly from the shore, or from the edge of an interval, till at the distance of about a mile, it attains the height of four or five hundred feet. The single road runs along the side of the slope two or three hundred feet above the river at first, and from a quarter of a mile to a mile distant from it, and affords fine views of the north channel, which is about a mile wide, and of the beautiful Isle of Orleans, about twenty miles long by five wide, where

grow the best apples and plums in the Quebec District.

Though there was but this single road, it was a continuous village for as far as we walked this day and the next, or about thirty miles down the river, the houses being as near together all the way as in the middle of one of our smallest straggling country villages, and we could never tell by their number when we were on the skirts of a parish, for the road never ran through the fields or woods. We were told that it was just six miles from one parish church to another. I thought that we saw every house in Ange Gardien. Therefore, as it was a muddy day, we never got out of the mud, nor out of the village, unless we got over the fence; then indeed, if it was on the north side, we were out of the civilized world. There were sometimes a few more houses near the church, it is true, but we had only to go a quarter of a mile from the road to the top of the bank to find ourselves on the verge of the uninhabited, and, for the most part, unexplored wilderness stretching toward Hudson's Bay. The farms accordingly were extremely long and narrow, each having a frontage on the river. Bouchette accounts for this peculiar manner of laying out a village by referring to "the social character of the Canadian peasant, who is singularly fond of neighborhood," also to the advantage arising from a concentration of strength in Indian times. Each farm, called *terre*, he says, is, in nine cases out of ten, three arpents wide by thirty deep, that is, very nearly thirty-five by three hundred and forty-nine of our rods; sometimes one-half arpent by thirty, or one to sixty; sometimes in fact a few yards by half a mile. Of course it costs more for fences. A remarkable difference between the Canadian and the New England character appears from the fact that in 1745, the French government were obliged to pass a law forbidding the farmers or *censitaires* building on land less than one and a half arpents front by thirty or forty deep, under a certain penalty, in order to compel emigration, and bring the seigneurs' estates all under cultivation; and it is thought that they have now less reluctance to leave the paternal roof than formerly, "removing beyond the sight of the parish spire, or the sound of the parish bell." But I find that in the previous or 17th century, the complaint, often renewed, was of a totally opposite character, namely, that the inhabitants dispersed and exposed themselves to the Iroquois. Accordingly, about 1664, the king was obliged to order that "they should make no more clearings except one next to

another, and that they should reduce their parishes to the form of the parishes in France as much as possible. The Canadians of those days at least, possessed a roving spirit of adventure which carried them further, in exposure to hardship and danger, than ever the New England colonist went, and led them, though not to clear and colonize the wilderness, yet to range over it as *coureurs de bois*, or runners of the woods, or as Houtan prefers to call them, *coureurs de risques*, runners of risks; to say nothing of their enterprising priesthood; and Charlevoix thinks that if the authorities had taken the right steps to prevent the youth from ranging the woods (*de courir les bois*) they would have had an excellent militia to fight the Indians and English.

The road, in this clayey looking soil, was exceedingly muddy in consequence of the night's rain. We met an old woman directing her dog, which was harnessed to a little cart, to the least muddy part of the road. It was a beggarly sight. But harnessed to the cart as he was, we heard him barking after we had passed, though we looked any where but to the cart to see where the dog was that barked. The houses commonly fronted the south, whatever angle they might make with the road; and frequently they had no door nor cheerful window on the roadside. Half the time, they stood fifteen to forty rods from the road, and there was no very obvious passage to them, so that you would suppose that there must be another road running by them; they were of stone, rather coarsely mortared, but neatly white-washed, almost invariably one story high, and long in proportion to their height, with a shingled roof, the shingles being pointed, for ornament, at the eaves, like the pickets of a fence, and also, one row half way up the roof. The gables sometimes projected a foot or two at the ridge-pole only. Yet they were very humble and unpretending dwellings. They commonly had the date of their erection on them. The windows opened in the middle, like blinds, and were frequently provided with solid shutters. Sometimes, when we walked along the back side of a house, which stood near the road, we observed stout stakes leaning against it, by which the shutters, now pushed half open, were fastened at night; within, the houses were neatly ceiled with wood not painted. The oven was commonly out of doors, built of stone and mortar, frequently on a raised platform of planks. The cellar was often on the opposite side of the road, in front of or behind the houses, looking like an ice-house with us, with a lattice door for summer. The very few mechanics whom we

met had an old-Bettyish look, in their aprons and *bonnets rouges*, like fools' caps. The men wore commonly the same *bonnet rouge*, or red woollen, or worsted cap, or sometimes blue or gray, looking to us as if they had got up with their night-caps on, and in fact, I afterwards found that they had. Their clothes were of the cloth of the country, *étouffe du pays*, gray or some other plain color. The women looked stout, with gowns that stood out stiffly, also, for the most part, apparently of some home-made stuff. We also saw some specimens of the more characteristic winter dress of the Canadian, and I have since frequently detected him in New England by his coarse gray home-spun capote and picturesque red sash, and his well furred cap, made to protect his ears against the severity of his climate.

It drizzled all day, so that the roads did not improve. We began now to meet with wooden crosses frequently, by the road-side, about a dozen feet high, often old and toppling down, sometimes standing in a square wooden platform, sometimes in a pile of stones, with a little niche containing a picture of the virgin and child, or of Christ alone, sometimes with a string of beads, and covered with a piece of glass to keep out the rain, with the words, *pour la vierge*, or *Inri*, on them. Frequently, on the cross-bar, there would be quite a collection of knick-knacks, looking like an Italian's board; the representation in wood of a hand, a hammer, spikes, pincers, a flask of vinegar, a ladder, &c., the whole perchance surmounted by a weathercock; but I could not look at an honest weathercock in this walk, without mistrusting that there was some covert reference in it to St. Peter. From time to time we passed a little one story chapel-like building, with a tin-roofed spire, a shrine, perhaps it would be called, close to the path-side, with a lattice door, through which we could see an altar, and pictures about the walls; equally open, through rain and shine, though there was no getting into it. At these places the inhabitants knelt and perhaps breathed a short prayer. We saw one school-house in our walk, and listened to the sounds which issued from it; but it appeared like a place where the process, not of enlightening, but of obfuscating the mind was going on, and the pupils received only so much light as could penetrate the shadow of the Catholic church. The churches were very picturesque, and their interior much more showy than the dwelling houses promised. They were of stone, for it was ordered in 1699, that that should be their material. They had tinned spires, and quaint ornaments. That of l'Ange Gardien had a dial on it, with the

middle age Roman numerals on its face, and some images in niches on the outside. Probably its counterpart has existed in Normandy for a thousand years. At the church of Chateau Richer, which is the next parish to l'Ange Gardien, we read, looking over the wall, the inscriptions in the adjacent church-yard, which began with, " *Ici git* " or " *repose,* " and one over a boy contained, " *Priez pour lui.* " This answered as well as Père la Chaise. We knocked at the door of the curé's house here, when a sleek friar-like personage, in his sacerdotal robe appeared to our *Parlez-vous Anglais?* Even he answered, " *Non, Monsieur;* " but at last we made him understand what we wanted. It was to find the ruins of the old chateau. " *Ah! oui! oui!* " he exclaimed, and donning his coat, hastened forth, and conducted us to a small heap of rubbish which we had already examined. He said that fifteen years before, it was *plus considérable*. Seeing at that moment three little red birds fly out of a crevice in the ruins, up into an arbor-vitæ tree, which grew out of them, I asked him their names, in such French as I could muster, but he neither understood me, nor ornithology; he only inquired where we had *appris à parler Français*; we told him, *dans les Etats-Unis*; and so we bowed him into his house again. I was surprised to find a man wearing a black coat, and with apparently no work to do, even in that part of the world.

The universal salutation from the inhabitants whom we met was *bon jour*, at the same time touching the hat; with *bon jour*, and touching your hat, you may go smoothly through all Canada East. A little boy, meeting us would remark, " *Bon jour, Monsieur; le chemin est mauvais:* " Good morning, sir; it is bad walking. Sir Francis Head says that the immigrant is forward to "appreciate the happiness of living in a land in which the old country's servile custom of touching the hat does not exist," but he was thinking of Canada West, of course. It would, indeed, be a serious bore to be obliged to touch your hat several times a day. A Yankee has not leisure for it.

We saw peas, and even beans, collected into heaps in the fields. The former are an important crop here, and, I suppose, are not so much infested by the weevil as with us. There were plenty of apples, very fair and sound, by the road-side, but they were so small as to suggest the origin of the apple in the crab. There was also a small red fruit which they called *smella*, and another, also red and very acid, whose name a little boy wrote for me "*pinbena*." It is probably the same with, or similar

to the *pembina* of the voyageurs, a species of viburnum, which, according to Richardson, has given its name to many of the rivers of Rupert's Land. The forest trees were spruce, arbor-vitæ, firs, birches, beeches, two or three kinds of maple, bass-wood, wild-cherry, aspens, &c., but no pitch pines (*pinus rigida*). I saw very few, if any, trees which had been set out for shade or ornament. The water was commonly running streams or springs in the bank by the road-side, and was excellent. The parishes are commonly separated by a stream, and frequently the farms. I noticed that the fields were furrowed or thrown into beds seven or eight feet wide to dry the soil.

At the *Rivière du Sault a la Puce*, which, I suppose, means the River of the Fall of the Flea, was advertised in English, as the sportsmen are English, "the best snipe-shooting grounds," over the door of a small public-house. These words being English affected me as if I had been absent now ten years from my country, and for so long had not heard the sound of my native language, and every one of them was as interesting to me as if I had been a snipe-shooter, and they had been snipes. The *prunella* or self-heal, in the grass here, was an old acquaintance. We frequently saw the inhabitants washing, or cooking for their pigs, and in one place hackling flax by the road-side. It was pleasant to see these usually domestic operations carried on out of doors, even in that cold country.

At twilight we reached a bridge over a little river, the boundary between Chateau Richer and St. Anne, *le premier pont de St. Anne*, and at dark the church of *La Bonne St. Anne*. Formerly vessels from France, when they came in sight of this church, gave "a general discharge of their artillery," as a sign of joy that they had escaped all the dangers of the river. Though all the while we had grand views of the adjacent country far up and down the river, and, for the most part, when we turned about, of Quebec in the horizon behind us, and we never beheld it without new surprise and admiration; yet, throughout our walk, the Great River of Canada on our right hand was the main feature in the landscape, and this expands so rapidly below the Isle of Orleans, and creates such a breadth of level horizon above its waters in that direction, that, looking down the river as we approached the extremity of that island, the St. Lawrence seemed to be opening into the ocean, though we were still about three hundred and twenty-five miles from what can be called its mouth.

When we inquired here for a *maison*

publique we were directed apparently to that private house where we were most likely to find entertainment. There were no guide-boards where we walked, because there was but one road; there were no shops nor signs, because there were no artisans to speak of, and the people raised their own provisions; and there were no taverns because there were no travellers. We here bespoke lodging and breakfast. They had, as usual, a large old-fashioned, two-storied box stove in the middle of the room, out of which, in due time, there was sure to be forthcoming a supper, breakfast, or dinner. The lower half held the fire, the upper the hot air, and as it was a cool Canadian evening, this was a comforting sight to us. Being four or five feet high it warmed the whole person as you stood by it. The stove was plainly a very important article of furniture in Canada, and was not set aside during the summer. Its size, and the respect which was paid to it, told of the severe winters which it had seen and prevailed over. The master of the house, in his long-pointed, red woollen cap, had a thoroughly antique physiognomy of the old Norman stamp. He might have come over with Jacques Cartier. His was the hardest French to understand of any we had heard yet, for there was a great difference between one speaker and another, and this man talked with a pipe in his mouth beside, a kind of tobacco French. I asked him what he called his dog. He said *Brock*! At Binet's they called the cat *min-min*! *min! min!* I inquired if we could cross the river here to the Isle of Orleans, thinking to return that way when we had been to the Falls. He answered, "*S'il ne fait pas un trop grand vent.*" If there is not too much wind, they use small boats or pirogues, and the waves are often too high for them. He wore, as usual, something between a moccasin and a boot, which he called *bottes Indiennes*, Indian boots, and had made himself. The tops were of calf or sheep-skin, and the soles of cow-hide turned up like a moccasin. They were yellow or reddish, the leather never having been tanned nor colored. The women wore the same. He told us that he had travelled ten leagues due north into the bush. He had been to the Falls of St. Anne, and said that they were more beautiful, but not greater, than Montmorenci, *plus bel mais non plus grand que Montmorenci*. As soon as we had retired the family commenced their devotions. A little boy officiated, and for a long time we heard him muttering over his prayers.

In the morning, after a breakfast of tea,

maple sugar, bread and butter, and what I suppose is called a *potage* (potatoes and meat boiled with flour), the universal dish as we found, perhaps the national one, I ran over to the Church of La Bonne St. Anne, whose matin bell we had heard, it being Sunday morning. Our books said that this church had "long been an object of interest, from the miraculous cures said to have been wrought on visitors to the shrine." There was a profusion of gilding, and I counted more than twenty-five crutches suspended on the walls, some for grown persons, some for children, which it was to be inferred so many sick had been able to dispense with; but they looked as if they had been made to order by the carpenter who made the church. There were one or two villagers at their devotions at that early hour, who did not look up, but when they had sat a long time with their little book before the picture of one saint, went to another. Our whole walk was through a thoroughly Catholic country, and there was no trace of any other religion. I doubt if there are any more simple and unsophisticated Catholics any where. Emery de Caen, Champlain's contemporary, told the Huguenot sailors that "Monseigneur, the Duke de Ventadour (Viceroy), did not wish that they should sing psalms in the Great River."

On our way to the falls, we met the habitants coming to the Church of La Bonne St. Anne, walking or riding in charettes by families. I remarked that they were universally of small stature. The toll-man at the bridge, over the St. Anne, was the first man we had chanced to meet since we left Quebec, who could speak a word of English. How good French the inhabitants of this part of Canada speak, I am not competent to say; I only know that it is not made impure by being mixed with English. I do not know why it should not be as good as is spoken in Normandy. Charlevoix, who was here a hundred years ago, observes, "the French language is nowhere spoken with greater purity, there being no accent perceptible;" and Pothier said "they had no dialect, which, indeed, is generally lost in a colony."

The falls, which we were in search of, are three miles up the St. Anne. We followed for a short distance a foot-path up the east bank of this river, through handsome sugar-maple and arbor-vitæ groves. Having lost the path which led to a house where we were to get further directions, we dashed at once into the woods, steering by guess and by compass, climbing directly through woods, a steep hill, or mountain, five or six hundred feet high,

which was, in fact, only the bank of the St. Lawrence. Beyond this we by good luck fell into another path, and following this or a branch of it, at our discretion, through a forest consisting of large white pines,—the first we had seen in our walk,—we at length heard the roar of falling water, and came out at the head of the Falls of St. Anne. We had descended into a ravine or cleft in the mountain, whose walls rose still a hundred feet above us, though we were near its top, and we now stood on a very rocky shore, where the water had lately flowed a dozen feet higher, as appeared by the stones and drift-wood, and large birches twisted and splintered as a farmer twists a withe. Here the river, one or two hundred feet wide, came flowing rapidly over a rocky bed out of that interesting wilderness which stretches toward Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits. Ha-ha Bay, on the Saguenay, was about one hundred miles north of where we stood. Looking on the map, I find that the first country on the north which bears a name, is that part of Rupert's Land called East Main. This river, called after the holy Anne, flowing from such a direction, here tumbled over a precipice, at present by three channels, how far down I do not know, but far enough for all our purposes, and to as good a distance as if twice as far. It matters little whether you call it one, or two, or three hundred feet; at any rate, it was a sufficient water-privilege for us. I crossed the principal channel directly over the verge of the fall, where it was contracted to about fifteen feet in width, by a dead tree which had been dropped across and secured in a cleft of the opposite rock, and a smaller one a few feet higher, which served for a hand-rail. This bridge was rotten as well as small and slippery, being stripped of bark, and I was obliged to seize a moment to pass when the falling water did not surge over it, and mid-way, though at the expense of wet feet, I looked down probably more than a hundred feet into the mist and foam below. This gave me the freedom of an island of precipitous rock, by which I descended as by giant steps, the rock being composed of large cubical masses, clothed with delicate, close-hugging lichens of various colors, kept fresh and bright by the moisture, till I viewed the first fall from the front, and looked down still deeper to where the second and third channels fell into a remarkably large circular basin worn in the stone. The falling water seemed to jar the very rocks, and the noise to be ever increasing. The vista down stream was through a narrow and deep cleft in the mountain, all white suds at the bottom;

but a sudden angle in this gorge prevented my seeing through to the bottom of the fall. Returning to the shore, I made my way down stream through the forest to see how far the fall extended, and how the river came out of that adventure. It was to clamber along the side of a precipitous mountain of loose mossy rocks, covered with a damp primitive forest, and terminating at the bottom in an abrupt precipice over the stream. This was the east side of the fall. At length, after a quarter of a mile, I got down to still water, and on looking up through the winding gorge, I could just see to the foot of the fall which I had before examined; while from the opposite side of the stream, here much contracted, rose a perpendicular wall, I will not venture to say how many hundred feet, but only that it was the highest perpendicular wall of bare rock that I ever saw. In front of me tumbles in from the summit of the cliff a tributary stream, making a beautiful cascade, which was a remarkable fall in itself, and there was a cleft in this precipice, apparently four or five feet wide, perfectly straight up and down from top to bottom, which from its cavernous depth and darkness, appeared merely as a *black streak*. This precipice is not sloped, nor is the material soft and crumbling slate as at Montmorenci, but it rises perfectly perpendicular, like the side of a mountain fortress, and is cracked into vast cubical masses of gray and black rock shining with moisture, as if it were the ruin of an ancient wall built by Titans. Birches, spruces, mountain-ashes with their bright red berries, arbor-vites, white pines, alders, &c., overhung this chasm on the very verge of the cliff and in the crevices, and here and there were buttresses of rock supporting trees part way down, yet so as to enhance, not injure, the effect of the bare rock. Take it altogether, it was a most wild and rugged and stupendous chasm, so deep and narrow where a river had worn itself a passage through a mountain of rock, and all around was the comparatively untrodden wilderness.

This was the limit of our walk down the St. Lawrence. Early in the afternoon we began to retrace our steps, not being able to cross the north channel and return by the Isle of Orleans, on account of the *trop grand vent*, or too great wind. Though the waves did run pretty high, it was evident that the inhabitants of Montmorenci County were no sailors, and made but little use of the river. When we reached the bridge, between St. Anne and Chateau Richer, I ran back a little way to ask a man in the field the name

of the river which we were crossing, but for a long time I could not make out what he said, for he was one of the more unintelligible Jacques Cartier men. At last it flashed upon me that it was *La Rivière au Chien*, or the Dog River, which my eyes beheld, which brought to my mind the life of the Canadian *voyageur* and *coursur de bois*, a more western and wilder Arcadia, methinks, than the world has ever seen; for the Greeks, with all their wood and river gods, were not so qualified to name the natural features of a country, as the ancestors of these French Canadians; and if any people had a right to substitute their own for the Indian names, it was they. They have preceded the pioneer on our own frontiers, and named the prairie for us. *La Rivière au Chien* cannot, by any license of language, be translated into Dog River, for that is not such a giving it to the dogs, and recognizing their place in creation as the French implies. One of the tributaries of the St. Anne is named, *La Rivière de la Rose*; and further east are, *La Rivière de la Blondelle*, and *La Rivière de la Friponne*. Their very *rivière* meanders more than our river.

Yet the impression which this country made on me, was commonly different from this. To a traveller from the Old World, Canada East may appear like a new country, and its inhabitants like colonists, but to me, coming from New England, and being a very green traveller withal—notwithstanding what I have said about Hudson's Bay,—it appeared as old as Normandy itself, and realized much that I had heard of Europe and the Middle Ages. Even the names of humble Canadian villages, affected me as if they had been those of the renowned cities of antiquity. To be told by a habitant, when I asked the name of a village in sight, that it is *St. Fercole* or *St. Anne*, the *Guardian Angel* or the *Holy Joseph's*, or of a mountain, that it was *Bélangé*, or *St. Hyacinthe*! As soon as you leave the States, these saintly names begin. *St. John* is the first town you stop at (fortunately we did not see it), and thenceforward, the names of the mountains and streams, and villages, reel, if I may so speak, with the intoxication of poetry;—*Chambly*, *Longueuil*, *Pointe aux Trembles*, *Bartholomy*, &c., &c.; as if it needed only a little foreign accent, a few more liquids and vowels perchance in the language, to make us locate our ideals at once. I began to dream of Provence and the Troubadours, and of places and things which have no existence on the earth. They veiled the Indian and the primitive forest, and the woods toward Hudson's

Bay, were only as the forests of France and Germany. I could not at once bring myself to believe that the inhabitants who pronounced daily those beautiful, and to me, significant names, lead as prosaic lives as we of New England. In short, the Canada which I saw, was not merely a place for railroads to terminate in, and for criminals to run to.

When I asked the man to whom I have referred, if there were any falls on the *Rivière au Chien*, for I saw that it came over the same high bank with the *Montmorenci* and *St. Anne*; he answered that there were. How far? I inquired; *Trois quattres lieue*. How high? *Je pense, quatre-vingt-dix pieds*; that is, ninety feet. We turned aside to look at the falls of the *Rivière du Sault à la Puce*, half a mile from the road, which before we had passed in our haste and ignorance, and we pronounced them as beautiful as any that we saw; yet they seemed to make no account of them there, and when first we inquired the way to the Falls, directed us to *Montmorenci*, seven miles distant. It was evident that this was the country for waterfalls; that every stream that empties into the *St. Lawrence*, for some hundreds of miles, must have a great fall or cascade on it, and in its passage through the mountains, was, for a short distance, a small *Saguenay*, with its upright walls. This fall of *La Puce*, the least remarkable of the four which we visited in this vicinity, we had never heard of till we came to Canada, and yet, so far as I know, there is nothing of the kind in New England to be compared with it.

At a house near the western boundary of *Chateau Richer*, whose master was said to speak a very little English, having recently lived at *Quebec*, we got lodging for the night. As usual, we had to go down a lane to get round to the south side of the house where the door was, away from the road. For these Canadian houses have no front door, properly speaking. Every part is for the use of the occupant exclusively, and no part has reference to the traveller or to travel. Every New England house, on the contrary, has a front and principal door opening to the great world, though it may be on the cold side, for it stands on the highway of nations, and the road which runs by it, comes from the Old World and goes to the Far West; but the Canadian's door opens into his back yard and farm alone, and the road which runs behind his house leads only from the church of one saint to that of another. We found a large family, hired men, wife, and children, just eating their supper. They prepared some for us afterwards. The hired men were

a merry crew of short black-eyed fellows, and the wife a thin-faced, sharp-featured French Canadian woman. Our host's English staggered us rather more than any French we had heard yet; indeed, we found that even we spoke better French than he did English, and we concluded that a less crime would be committed on the whole, if we spoke French with him, and in no respect aided or abetted his attempts to speak English. We had a long and merry chat with the family this Sunday evening in their spacious kitchen. While my companion smoked a pipe and *parlez-vous'd* with one party, I *parleyed* and gesticulated to another. The whole family was enlisted, and I kept a little girl writing what was otherwise unintelligible. The geography getting obscure, we called for chalk, and the greasy oiled table-cloth having been wiped,—for it needed no French, but only a sentence from the universal language of looks on my part, to indicate that it needed it,—we drew the *St. Lawrence* with its parishes thereon, and thenceforward went on swimmingly, by turns handling the chalk and committing to the table-cloth what would otherwise have been left in a limbo of unintelligibility. This was greatly to the entertainment of all parties. I was amused to hear how much use they made of the word *oui* in conversation with one another. After repeated single insertions of it one would suddenly throw back his head at the same time with his chair, and exclaim rapidly, *oui! oui! oui! oui!* like a Yankee driving pigs. Our host told us that the farms thereabouts were generally two acres, or three hundred and sixty French feet wide, by one and a half leagues (?) or a little more than four and a half of our miles deep. This use of the word acre as long measure, arises from the fact that the French acre or *arpent*, the *arpent* of Paris, makes a square of ten perches of eighteen feet each on a side, a Paris foot being equal to 1.06575 English feet. He said that the wood was cut off about one mile from the river. The rest was "bush," and beyond that the "Queen's bush." Old as the country is, each landholder bounds on the primitive forest, and fuel bears no price. As I had forgotten the French for sickle, they went out in the evening to the barn and got one, and so clenched the certainty of our understanding one another. Then, wishing to learn if they used the cradle, and not knowing any French word for this instrument, I set up the knives and forks on the blade of the sickle to represent one; at which they all exclaimed that they knew and had used it. When *snells* were mentioned they went out in the dark and

plucked some. They were pretty good. They said that they had three kinds of plums growing wild, blue, white, and red, the two former much alike, and the best. Also they asked me if I would have *des pommes*, some apples, and got me some. They were exceedingly fair and glossy, and it was evident that there was no worm in them, but they were as hard almost as a stone, as if the season was too short to mellow them. We had seen no soft and yellow apples by the road-side. I declined eating one, much as I admired it, observing that it would be good *dans le printemps*, in the spring. In the morn-

ing when the mistress had set the eggs a frying, she nodded to a thick-set jolly-looking fellow, who rolled up his sleeves, seized the long-handled griddle, and commenced a series of revolutions and evolutions with it, ever and anon tossing its contents into the air, where they turned completely topsy-turvey and came down t'other side up; and this he repeated till they were done. That appeared to be his duty when eggs were concerned. I did not chance to witness this performance, but my companion did, and he pronounced it a master-piece in its way.

FAMILY PORTRAITS

WHOEVER has been in Genoa will remember the *Strada nuova*, the street of palaces. It is one of the narrow, high Italian streets in which the sunshine seems to lie more softly, as if grateful for the picturesque and imposing buildings that men have reared for it to adorn. And perhaps in no street of any city in the world are the buildings more beautiful and striking. They are all palaces. Each of a different character of massiveness from the others, they yet, together, line the way with so regal a grandeur, that the eye of the stranger, when first it penetrates the vista, looks to see nothing less than a crowned emperor advancing. He believes it to be a city of kings. He expects to see queens standing stately between the huge, yellow urns overflowing with aloe that adorn the balconies, and some "long-haired page in crimson clad" leaning from the lofty windows. The impression of this street is among the marked memories of travel. If one comes to it, fresh from the sea, as I did, with nothing but a brief glimpse of Marseilles between that range of palaces and Broadway, it is like the sudden rising of the curtain upon the great spectacle of Europe, of which at home he has so long and longingly dreamed. And if, pausing and entering at one of the magnificent portals he ascends the spacious staircase, circling a court paved with marble, and passes on through an endless suite of apartments named from the seasons and the virtues, and tapestried with the fluted silk of Genoa, he comes at length to a corner room, upon whose walls hang two masterpieces of Vandyck, full-length portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness Brignole; then he blends with the memories

of that marvellous day, his first sight of really fine and famous pictures.

If he were himself a son of the house, and in that Marquis proudly sitting upon his horse recognized an ancestor, how would his emotion differ from that of the admiring stranger? Would he feel only a vague pride, and resolve never to bestride a less aristocratic horse? Would he regard the nobility of mien represented as an incentive to nobility of action peculiarly incumbent upon himself? Would he own a secret spring and start in his blood as it sprang to his cheek in filial recognition? Or would he only stare and wonder, and, in the degree of his perception and sensibility, enjoy the great work of the master?

If a man says in any society, "my ancestor fell at Cressy," he is instantly invested with a certain consideration. Yet he may be, individually, a very worthless fellow; and, undeniably, if Eden was the beginning of sublunary things, Adam, the arch-grandfather of the race, takes ancestral precedence of all mediæval warriors; in which case Jones, the cobbler at the corner, has as proud a pedigree as all the Howards. That is, after all, the *reductio ad absurdum*. It is legitimate and fair. When our friend Jehosaphat asks us to step round and see the family portraits, we always fortify ourselves before going, with a glance at the Family Bible, in which Adam, Eve, and the patriarchs, are—indifferently well—represented.

"This," he says with unction, "is Sir Solomon Sculpin, the founder of the family."

"Famous for what?" we ask respectfully.

"For founding the family."

"This," he says, pointing to a dame in hoops and diamond stomacher, "this is Lady Sheba Sculpin."

"Ah! yes. Famous for what?" we inquire.

"For being the wife of Sir Solomon."

Then, in order, comes a gentleman in a huge, curling wig, looking indifferently like James the Second or Louis the Fourteenth, and holding a scroll in his hand.

"The Right Honorable Haddock Sculpin, Lord Privy Seal, &c., &c."

A delicate beauty hangs between, a face fair, and loved, and lost, centuries ago—a song to the eye—a poem to the heart, as youth and innocence and beauty always are.

"Lady Dorothea Sculpin, who married young Lord Pop and Cock, and died prematurely in Italy."

Poor Lady Dorothea! whose great grandchild in the tenth remove died last week, an old man of eighty!

Next the gentle lady hangs a fierce figure flourishing a sword, with an anchor embroidered on his coat-collar, and thunder and lightning, sinking ships, flames and tornadoes, in the background.

"Rear Admiral Sir Shark Sculpin, who fell in the great action off Madagascar."

So Jehosaphat goes on through the series, brandishing his ancestors about your head and incontinently knocking you into admiration. And when we reach the last portrait and our own times, what is the natural emotion? Is it not to put Jehosaphat against the wall, draw off at him with your eyes and mind, scan him and consider his life; and determine how much of the Right Honorable Haddock's integrity, and the Lady Dorothy's loveliness, and the Admiral Shark's valor, reappears in the modern man? After all this proving and refining, ought not the last child of a famous race to be its flower and epitome? Or, in the case that he does not chance to be so, is silence discreet, or is it not?

The question of the claims of ancestry is interesting to us Americans only as a speculation. In a society which recognizes family rank, and assigns to certain of its members legislative and diplomatic functions because they are born Smith and not Jones, it is the natural desire of every man enlightened as to the easy advancement of his interest, to proceed from the Smith and not from the Jones stock. But in societies where a man's position is not hereditary, but self-derived, and who is honored because he fights his own and his country's battles at home, in the Senate, at the bar, in the war-room, in the shop, or in any other place to which men are called to work,—and not because his

ancestor Sir Shark fell in the great action off Madagascar,—in those societies it matters little whether he is born Smith or Jones—provided he be born white. He makes his own mark. He wears his own crown. If his hands are not nandsome, they are strong. If his house is gaudy and his manner coarse, it is because in curing the meat, he has had no time to look after the spices; and the curious eye discovers that it was always the meat-curing genius that founded the family, while the family itself, taking the meat for granted, has quite uniformly devoted itself to the elaboration of sauce.

The last century has shown us upon a colossal scale, this spectacle of family—its foundation and fortunes—in the career of the Bonapartes. Napoleon was a man of consummate genius and decidedly no saint, who rose to the highest social position, crowned himself upon one of the oldest and most aristocratic thrones of Europe; married a daughter of one of the famous families of the earth—which was founded by a rough medieval Baron—reigned the only genuine king of modern history, and died dethroned and exiled. He was no gentleman, say the philosophers and critics, he listened at key-holes—he treacherously murdered the Duc d'Enghien—the old nobles scorned him, and when he wanted to learn the secrets of foreign courts, he was compelled to send a scion of the old régime to do the business. But the family whose secrets he wished to learn, and to learn which he was obliged to have recourse to a man of pedigree, who was a free-mason of nobility in full standing, was descended from precisely the same kind of man as Napoleon himself—a man of stern, uncompromising will, who was of the wild-boar class of gentlemen, and would have listened under the bed, as well as at the key-hole, to advance his ambitious aims. People wax romantic over William the Conqueror—who was a Norman robber—and think the curfew very poetic, which was a supreme act of tyranny—and loudly condemn Napoleon as an upstart and a traitor, and revile him for the murder of the young Duke, which we certainly do not defend, but which belonged to a class of actions to which every despot has more or less resorted. Most great men are upstarts; and Washington was a traitor. Whenever a government becomes imbecile, it is then most foolishly tenacious, and whoever steps forward, in the interests of society and the race, to overthrow it, is, by virtue of his rebellion against the established powers, a criminal and traitor. History shows that genius, in every department, proceeds more from the poor

man's house than the noble's palace. If genius were hereditary, the divine right would be no fiction. In the present arrangement of society, and according to human nature, the divine right is merely a police regulation to secure order, it being held in other countries than America, that the welfare of the state is better secured by lodging the executive power in a single person, and holding it hereditary in his family. "Your Majesty is but a ceremony."

The slightest departure from this fiction is fatal. Therefore, the common sense of England retains the appearance, although it annihilates the fact. Victoria is Queen, wears a crown, and holds a sceptre; appoints and dismisses, is lodged in a palace and sumptuously supported,—as was Elizabeth. But the fact of actual power in the two Queens, while the appearance is the same, is as different as their genius. The popular feeling governs England, but the Prince of Wales will be king, though he were twenty times a Nero. The popular feeling has taken care to draw his teeth, before he is permitted to open his mouth. It is from his sharp perception of this fact of the necessity of the fiction of divine right in a Monarch, that Nicholas declines to call Louis Napoleon, *mon frère*. How can he do it? A citizen-king, as Louis Philippe was called, is an absurdity. What the citizens make by their votes, their votes can unmake. Royalty rests upon loyalty, and loyalty is given to nothing but original power, or to the hereditary and absolute—not conditional—descent of original power. A nation loves a son for his father's sake; his son, in turn, from the same gracious and tender consideration, until the individual is lost, and the sense of immediate independence upon the great man is refined into the sentiment of loyalty for his family. In that loyalty, which, like all love, is unreasoning, lies the strength of royalty. And it endures until it is outraged beyond hope, and the state falls into a ruin whence a new man, and a fresh power, rescues it. The true loyalty of France, since the commencement of the century, has been, and is at this moment, for Napoleon. No man who has known Paris for the last six years, but understands Louis Bonaparte's success. The old régime is a theory in France, not a fact. The one thought that strikes the universal French heart into enthusiasm, is the glory of Napoleon and his empire.

Here we have touched the mystery of the charm that consecrates the family portraits. Sir Solomon was a respectable man, and Sir Shark a brave one, and the Right Honorable Haddock, a learned one; the Lady Sheba was grave and gracious

in her day, and the fair Dorothea lights for us, with pensive sunlight, those long-vanished summers. The filial blood gushes more gladly from our hearts as we gaze, and admiration for the virtues of our kindred sweetly mingles with resolutions of our own. Time has its share, too, in the ministry and the influence. The hills beyond the river, lay yesterday, at sunset, lost in purple gloom; they receded into airy distances of dreams and *faëry*; they sank softly into night, the peaks of the delectable mountains. But I knew, as I gazed enchanted, that the hills so purple-soft of seeming, were hard, and gray, and barren in the wintry twilight, and that in the distance was the magic that made them fair. So, beyond the river of time, that flows between, walk the brave men and the beautiful women of our ancestry, grouped in twilight upon the shore. Distance smooths defects, and, in gentle darkness, rounds every form into grace. It steals the harshness from their speech, and every word becomes a song. Far across the gulf that ever widens, they look upon us with eyes whose glance is tender, and which light us to success. We acknowledge our inheritance; we accept our birthright: we own that their careers have pledged us to action. Every old Knight, before receiving his sword, passed a night of vigil, in a chapel. There he renounced and resolved; there he dethroned pleasure and crowned duty, and came out with the morning to receive the weapon and the symbol of his endless struggle. So paces the heir of old renowns, the child of famous ancestors, along the gallery of portraits. They have an intimate and peculiar interest for him. Every great life is an incentive to all other lives, but when the brave heart that beats for the world, overflows in private tenderness for us, the example of heroism is more commanding because more personal.

This is the true pride of ancestry. It is sometimes crushing; it is often abused—yet, by a singular providence, few very great men have left direct heirs. The recent death of Ada Byron, Lady Lovelace, called forth a catalogue of eminent names, now, in the direct branch, extinct. It is a sort of rough tenderness of Nature that has thwarted Sir Walter Scott's darling dream, that has, even now, ended his family, and leaves him the sole fame of his house. It was sweeter to him to think that, centuries hence, some Lord of Abbotsford would gaze wistfully upon his portrait, as the founder of the house, than that the world would cherish his name as a general benefactor. It is in the tenderness with which the child regards the father, and in the romance that Time

sheds upon history, that the pride of ancestry is founded. "Where be all the bad people buried?" asks every man, with Charles Lamb, as he strolls among the rank graveyard grass, and brushes it aside to read of the faithful husband, and the loving wife, and the dutiful child. It is because the human heart is kind: because it yearns with wistful tenderness after all its brethren who have passed into the cloud, and will only speak well of the departed. No offence is longer an offence when the grass is green over the offender. Even faults then seem characteristic and individual. Even Justice is appeased when the drop falls. How the old stories and plays team with the incident of the duel in which one gentleman falls, and, in dying, forgives and is forgiven. We turn the page with a tear. How much better had there been no offence, but how well that Death wipes it out.

Republican rage against this feeling of ancestry is natural; because, while we have been considering what the secret of this fact really is that constantly appears in history—where it is enough to admit Sir Bludgeon to honorable notice in every circle, that he is son of Sir Gudgeon—it is the abuse of the feeling that is most generally presented to observation. No derived or implied excellence can stand for a moment against original power. If Sole the cobbler meets young Gudgeon Bludgeon, and discovers that the youth is inferior to him in size, strength, sense, and ability to grapple with the sharp points of life; that he is in fact only a well-dressed, small-footed, delicate-featured man, somewhat cultivated, and with the refined air of elegant social habits, Sole is to Gudgeon Bludgeon as a lion to a roe. Now if the young man, with all his fineness, evinces force of any kind; if he can give Sole genuine information, or assist him in any way, then Sole respects the man, and likes him the more for his elegance, which seems to him a mysterious grace, charming from its mystery. But if Gudgeon Bludgeon is only a better-dressed and softer-mannered man than the cobbler, then Sole despises him the more for his elegance, which seems puerile weakness. Of course in countries where society is organized upon a recognition of rank, and high descent is a positive social advantage, there is a subservience to mere position, and a profound study of "The Peerage," which is repulsive and disgusting. A Howard or a Russell is honored, not on account of his ancestor's virtues, but for his own patronage. What do Check and Corduroy, the eminent tailors, know of the real characters of the Duke of Dice, or the Very Reverend the Ace

of Trumps, for whom they make knee-breeches and body-coats,—or of their ancestors? They know simply that the families of those gentlemen have been, and are, great and influential in the state. The homage of the tailors is not an acknowledgment of any thing but position. It is place they delight to honor, and not persons. But the place must possess or imply power. And as the mass of men are not very thoughtful, it is natural that the good Corduroy and his partner should transfer to each individual of a class, that which is true of the class in general. Sir Bludgeon is a Field Marshal, and has whole Californias at command. Sir Gudgeon is a swell and has not a penny. But they are both Sirs, and how is Check, busily cutting out trowsers, to reason further?

In America an illustrious ancestry secures no privilege from the state, but, except that, and really, it is worth to the individual all that it is in England. The Atlantic and the Revolution do not alienate blood. The son of Algernon Sidney, in the last American remove, is heir to the honors of his ancestry. The *sentiment* of ancestral pride is an integral part of human nature. Its *organization* in institutions is the real object of enmity to all sensible men, because it is a direct preference of derived to original power, implying a doubt that the world at every period is able to take care of itself. Oliver Cromwell is a good governor; but rather than submit to Richard Cromwell, who is a bad one, it is much better to find Oliver again, by appealing to the average sense of the world. Because, it is clear that if Richard falls so far short of Oliver, his son may fall quite below endurance; and then, when affairs were much more complicated, we should be compelled, at great disadvantage, to try to find Oliver once more, or a talent which would fill his place.

It is not observed in history that families improve with time. It is rather discovered that the whole matter is like a comet, of which the brightest part is the head, and the tail, although long and luminous, is gradually shaded into obscurity. Yet, by a singular compensation, the pride of ancestry increases in the ratio of distance. Adam was valiant, and did so well at Poitiers that he was knighted,—a hearty, homely country gentleman, who lived humbly to the end. But young Lord Lucifer, his representative in the twentieth remove, has a tinder-like conceit because old Sir Adam was so brave and humble. Sir Adam's sword is hung up at home, and Lord Lucifer has a box at the opera, in which he receives no one whose ancestor

is not known to have flourished with Sir Adam. On a thin finger he has a ring, cut with a match fizzling, the crest of the Lucifers, and he is an amiable, gentlemanly, superficial youth, well known and welcomed in our best society. Lucifer abuses the pride of ancestry.

With us, happily, there is no organization of this natural pride. Those among us who bear illustrious names, do not sit any more softly for that fact. They must descend into the street, and jostle and push with the rest of us. If they stand apart, and announce that they are sons of thunder, they are hustled until they prove it. If they take airs in the omnibus, and will not allow the driver to go on, pleading that their ancestor fell at Yorktown, the terrible nineteenth century roars to them through the roof from the mouth of the driver, that if their ancestor fell in Eden, he would not stop. It is only under certain artificial conditions of society that "family" has any weight with us Americans. Fortunately we cannot emancipate ourselves from the sweet pride, and we love our honorable ancestors, as parents the children that do them honor. But it is equally fortunate that it is confined to sentiment, and that in a country whose existence, as well as welfare, constantly depends upon the action of the best genius, no precedence is allowed to any thing but power. The most striking modern homage to the democratic theory is to be found, after our success, in the permanence of the British aristocracy. In no other country does the nobility maintain its place by real worth and capacity. And why is it so in England, but because the traditions of nobility are deserted, and the higher class is constantly recruited in vigor and genius by intermarriage with the middle class? The grandsons of commoners sit in the peers. It is the part of wisdom, for history shows that exclusive aristocracies fall at last from internal decay. Napoleon laid his firm finger upon the effete aristocracy of Venice, and it crumbled like a mummy in a modern hand. With us, the grandson of a President has no finer start in life, from that fact, than the grandson of the President's baker. A man will not sooner succeed to the collectorship of a large port because his great uncle was Governor, than because his uncle was never heard of.

There is, as we have said, a certain purely social consideration with us based upon family. It is easy to trace its reason. It is because the great name has been a stimulus leading to good results in the descendants, for which men are always honored; or because of the instinct which seeks to honor a father by honoring

the son; or because of the ease and elegance and general social amenity produced by the training which hereditary wealth secures. For, it is to be noticed, that our social respect for family depends much upon this fact, that wealth has enabled it to maintain a certain education and process of refinement. The theory of good descent is fine blood. It is true of other animals, why not of man? The condition of fine blood is, however, the possession of every means of refinement. If they fail and there is no original power in the individual, he ceases to be honored for the social grace and cultivation which he has achieved, but simply for the genius of the founder of the family. Minim Sculpin belongs to "a good old family." But if Minim is a bad young man, he not only shames himself, but that illustrious line of ancestors whose names are known. Jones has no pedigree, and therefore stands and falls to himself. When he reels from the ball-room to the gambling-house, we do not suffer the sorrow of any fair Lady Dorothy in such a descendant, but we pity him for himself alone. But genius and power are so imperial and universal that when Minim Sculpin falls, we are grieved, not only for him, but for that eternal truth and beauty which appeared in the valor of Sir Sharp and the loveliness of Lady Dorothy. Now Jones's grandfathers in every remove may have been quite as valorous and virtuous as Sculpin's, but we know of the one, and we do not know of the other. So with the furious democrat, who asserts that the race of Smiths has been quite as good as that of the Percys, we have no quarrel. Certainly it may be so. Certainly, the Laureate of Timbuctoo may surpass him of England, but, except by that poetic fervor which asserts that melodies unheard are sweeter, we should say of Tennyson, that he is a noble poet, and be unable, from sheer ignorance, to say a word of the bard of Timbuctoo. Let no Smith, therefore, feel injured because we gaze so long and earnestly upon the fair Lady Sculpin, and, lost in dreams, mingle in a society, which distance and poetry immortalize. Nor should he flout us because we are conscious that, could we feel our kindred to that lady, our lives would gain by it, through the touch of imagination. The Colonnas are credentials for every new born Roman bearing that name. By his family fame the child is peculiarly related to the Past, and therefore peculiarly pledged to the Future.

It is a dangerous doctrine, however, nor much to be pressed. The Family Portraits have a poetic significance, and he is a brave child of the family who

dares to show them. Let him not do it until he has looked in the glass of his own thought and scanned his own proportions. Like a woman's diamonds, they may flash finely enough before the world, but she herself trembles lest their lustre eclipse her eyes. And difficult to resist is the tendency to depend upon those portraits, and to enjoy vicariously through them a high consideration. What girl is complimented when you curiously regard her because her mother was beautiful? What attenuated consumptive, in whom self-respect is yet unconsumed, delights in your respect for him, founded in honor for his stalwart ancestor? No true man rejoices in any homage which his own effort and character have not deserved. You intrinsically insult him when you make him the scapegoat of your admiration for his ancestor. When his ancestor is his accessory, then your homage would flatter Jupiter. All that Minim Sculpin does by his own talent is the more radiantly set and ornamented by the family fame. The imagination is pleased when Lord John Russell is Premier of England and a whig, because the great Lord William Russell, his ancestor, died in England for liberty. In the same way Minim's sister Sara adds to her own grace the loveliness of the Lady Dorothy.

When she glides a sunbeam through that quiet house, and in winter makes summer by her presence; when she sits at the piano singing in the twilight, or stands leaning against the Venus in the corner of the room, herself more graceful,—then in glancing from her to the portrait of the gentle Dorothy, you feel that the long years between them have been lighted by the same sparkling grace, and shadowed by the same pensive smile. You own that *Noblesse oblige*, in a sense sweeter than you knew, and—explain it how you will—despite all English snobbery and dust-licking before titles, and of all the coarse American contempt for what it associates with an exploded society, you will yet own a secret pleasure when Sculpin invites you to see the Family Portraits. And this you may do, although you remember the original Adam, before starting, and although upon the way you may chant Tennyson's poem to yourself. For, however fair are the Family Portraits, the truth of the poem is the aboriginal and eternal truth.

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

NECKLACES.*

That was a fair one, which a Queen
Pulled the great pearl from in her spleen,
And drank its rich corroded sheen;

And flashing bright was that which met,
And clasped its fatal diamond net,
About Maria Antoinette;

And cool and fresh the dewy band,
Which poor Undine, with trembling hand
Snatch'd from the wave, for Hildebrand;

But better mine, a little thread
Of jasmine blossoms, tip't with red
As if in breaking they had bled.

It was all sweetness, and to one
Whose life on shore had just begun,
The very best beneath the sun.

MALTA, August 23d, 1851.

* The boys in the streets of Malta string the Jasmine blossoms, and give or sell them to the passers-by.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—We are happy to learn there is a probability that before the present number will reach its remote readers, the terms of a Convention between the United States and Great Britain, relating to International Copyright, will be made known. One of the last,—we may add also, one of the best,—acts of Mr. Webster's political life, was the opening of a negotiation with Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, to protect the literary interests of their respective countries. He was, unfortunately, cut off too soon for the completion of his purpose, but Mr. Everett, his worthy successor, in the Department of State, has hastened to pursue the noble example of Webster, and the prospect now is, that something will at last be achieved. The precise nature of the projected agreement has not yet transpired, but the disclosures are, that the recognition of the rights of authors, on both sides of the Atlantic, will be as full and definite as they need desire. We confess, that in the approach of so glorious a consummation, we feel disposed to elect ourselves the representatives of universal authorship, and throw up our hats, with a three times three, that will make the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains vocal with echoes! As any treaty on the subject, however, will have to pass the ordeal of the Senate, we shall wait to see whether our enthusiasm will be obliged to explode in vehement plaudits or not.

Although we shall be grateful for any kind of an international copyright which will procure to the foreign author any kind of control over his literary property on this side of the Atlantic, yet, we must confess, that we have precious little expectation that any law will be passed by treaty, or otherwise, which will give that full measure of justice, that the highest interests of our nation loudly demand. We hear a good deal of talk about the rights of our own people in this matter, but we should like to know what right our own people have to other people's property. Our rights can never be the wrongs of others. If the works of British authors are necessary for our enlightenment, let us, in God's name, pay for them, or let them alone. If we are incapable of producing such books as our necessities call for, let us have the small honesty to pay those who can produce them for us.

This question of international copyright is not one that involves alone the interests of book manufacturers, authors, or students; it involves the national character

too, and while we refuse to allow compensation to the foreign author for his books, on the plea that we cannot afford to pay for them, and are unable to produce similar ones ourselves, we acknowledge ourselves paupers and vassals to foreign intellect, and give the lie to all our boastings of equality with England. We believe that nothing more is necessary than to give the English author an unqualified right of property in his literary productions, and to subject books to the same tariff that we impose upon similar kinds of manufactured merchandise, to make an entire revolution in the literary relations of this country, and to make us the literary creditor instead of the debtor. It has unfortunately happened that whenever the subject of International Copyright has been introduced into Congress, there has been some other topic of more immediate interest to engross the attention of the members, and therefore it has never been broadly or freely discussed, either in the House or the Senate. But we trust that, if the treaty in question shall not be consummated, that some action will be had in reference to it, which will give the representatives of the people an opportunity to discuss it freely, and on broad national grounds. Those who claim that the rights of the people demand the continuance of our system of literary plunder and piracy, should commence their argument by denying the validity of the eighth commandment, and by proving that, in national affairs, the old proverb does not hold good, that "honesty is the best policy." For our own part, we will never believe that the majority of our countrymen are so lacking in the first principles of morality, as to wish to thrive by plundering another people of their property, even though they were so defective in their reasoning powers, as to imagine that any permanent good could result from a dishonest practice. In brief, our observations have led us to believe that, if the question of international copyright were submitted to the vote of the people of this country, they would decide in favor of the measure by a vote of two to one.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—A dearth of books generally follows the holidays, as Lent follows the Carnival. Our publishers, for a month after, repose upon the profits of the Holiday Week; or rather, they are getting ready in silence for the bold demonstrations of the spring. But "travels" have no season, and the month brings us in that line

The Footpath and Highway, the title of a volume of sketches in England and Ireland, written with some vivacity, but scarcely novel enough to produce much of a sensation. The author should try his hand on a less hackneyed subject.

—*Anderson's American Villa Architecture*, No. 1. Since Downing's first work on villa architecture appeared, there have been several successful works published on the same subject, the last, and most pretending of them being the one before us, the first number of which has but just been issued by Putnam & Co. The completed work will contain plans and elevations of eighteen villas, and three country churches, with descriptions, and "an Essay on Architecture." The descriptions are certainly very necessary, but the essay strikes us as a superfluity in such an undertaking. It will be published in seven numbers, with a supplement containing specifications, working drawings, &c. In a country like ours, where building houses, churches, and manufactories, is the great business of the people, and where, with all their industry, they are unable to multiply their dwellings to keep pace with the increase of population, works on practical architecture must, of course, be always welcome. We therefore greet this new comer among our architectural books with great satisfaction. Mr. Anderson is an enthusiast in his art, and, if he is not a Palladio, or a Wren, it is not from indifference to his business. He informs "the reader" that he has spent thirty years in the study of architecture, and in examining all the styles of every enlightened nation, and has come to the sensible conclusion that "every nation patronizes some peculiar style that will best suit its climate and habits." He must, to be truthful, except the nation of the United States, which patronizes all the styles that have ever been known to mankind, in all ages of the world, and all parts of the earth. Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Saracenic, Cyclopean, Chinese, Norman, Lombard, and all the varieties of Gothic may be found domesticated among us. The American style of architecture has yet to be created. But Mr. Anderson says: "I have let no opportunity pass of acquiring such information as enables me to produce a style of architecture altogether new, and suited, not only to this climate's wants, but to the customs and habits of the age."

This may be all true, but we have some doubts of it, and certainly the three designs given in the first number of Mr. Anderson's work, do not verify his claims. The villas are pretty, picturesque, and comfortable-looking houses enough, but there is nothing new in them, nor anything

about them peculiarly American. We are not sure, however, that we have seen anything better of the same class, and should be disposed to trust Mr. Anderson, if we were about to erect a villa, to furnish the design. It is greatly to his credit that he rejects the high roofs which are only required in high northern latitudes, and adopts an elevation exactly suited to our meridian. But style, in architecture, is a thing that is more likely to spring from the instincts of the people, who build better than they know, than from a study of other styles, and we think that more valuable ideas and hints may be obtained by an examination of our indigenous country houses than by inspecting the architecture of France, England, Germany and Italy. In all three of the designs furnished in this first number of the "American Villa Architecture," there is a mingling of arched and flat-headed windows that produces an unpleasantly incongruous effect. This is particularly incongruous and unseemly in design No. 3, where on one side the windows are single with flat heads, surmounted by pediments, which do not appear to be needed, and, on the other are triple-arched, while the upper windows, which are directly under the wide projecting roof, are needlessly deformed by umbrages, which look like a parasol carried beneath an umbrella. Neither the "climate's wants," nor the "customs and habits of the age," exacting and luxurious as they may be, could call for such an useless expenditure of materials. The work is extremely well printed, and the lithographed designs make very pretty pictures, and, if they will not bear the test of rigid criticism, they are entitled to the praise of being as good, if not better, than any other villa designs that we have seen from an American Architect.

—A snarling, ill-natured, caustic book about England and Englishmen, written by an American, may be excused on the ground of retaliation. We have been so often roundly abused by our cousins of the other side, that when one of us is provoked into a little wholesale denunciation of them, we can easily account for his spleen. More than that, we confess to a little gratified malice when we see John Bull pummelled in his own sturdy way, on the same principle that everybody likes to see a bully flogged, without regard to the justice of the particular occasion. Mr. MATT. WARD's book, therefore, which he calls *English Items*, and in which he lays about him unmercifully, castigating the islanders for their brutality, their flunkeyism, their atrocious love of beer and beef, and their more atro-

cious love of money,—fattens our grudges, in spite of its excessive bad taste. No doubt it would be wiser and more Christian-like for him and for us to overlook the faults of our adversaries, but we fear that the degree of exalted humanity needful to such lenience is not readily found. But in one respect, it seems to us, he greatly misrepresents his own country, in reference to the feelings of subservience which Americans cherish towards the opinions and example of England. There may be such a feeling among the persons with whom Mr. Ward associates, but we do not believe that it exists elsewhere, certainly not to the extent which he describes. Matt's is one of the most virulent cases of Anglo-phobia that we remember to have seen; and he makes a very common mistake in imagining, that to be American he must, of necessity, be un-English. His facts are generally reliable, but his inferences are as often wrong as right; he is vehement in his abuse, gross in his descriptions, often too much so to be read aloud in tolerably decent company, partial, prejudiced, ungenerous, and sometimes ungrammatical. But he is always lively and readable, and, if not instructive, he is, at least, amusing. In his chapter on English dining all that he says against John Bull's feeding might, with just as much truth, if not more, be urged against us Americans. But the most terrible phial of Matt's wrath is emptied upon the Church of England, and we should infer from the nature of his remarks on the hierarchy that he is not a "professor." His anxiety to give the worst aspect possible of the Anglican church, leads him into the error of stating that there are but half a million of Protestants in Ireland, which is very wide of the truth, according to the latest reliable publications on that subject. The best way of showing up John Bull is not to abuse him, but to excel him in the arts which have given him his status among the people of the earth. If Mr. Ward had written a better book than any of the Englishmen he runs his head against, he would have done more to damage their reputations than he could possibly do by fifty such books as his English Items, even though they were fifty times as abusive.

It is an absurd thing for us Yankees, to rail at England, while we make ourselves dependent upon her for the greater part of our intellectual enjoyment. If John Bull be the great bloated, dull, grasping, beef-fed, church-ridden, guzzling old dotard, that Matt Ward, and others of our writers, tell us, in the name of consistency, why not let go his skirts, and try to get along without his assistance? We use

all his literary performances, refuse to offer him any recompense for them, on the avowed ground that we cannot get along without them, and then turn round and call him dunce, dotard, and flunkiey, while our actions confess him our superior. Frenchmen may call John Bull perfidious with some reason, for they do not rob him of his works, but, for us to do so, while we voluntarily submit to his mental government, is in the last degree, absurd and nonsensical.

—*Fun and Earnest* is the title of a new volume of essays by the Author of *Musings of an Invalid*, which has just been published by John S. Taylor. It might have been called, with as much propriety, *Fun in Earnest*, as there is a good deal of earnestness in the author's fun. The essays are neither brilliantly written nor profoundly original in thought and sentiment, but they are well-intentioned, and possess a certain quaintness of humor that make them readable, even to those literary epicures who are accustomed to feed only on the daintiest productions of the daintiest writers. The fun of the book is contained in a humorous attempt to anticipate the contents of a newspaper a hundred years hence, wherein the author displays considerable imaginative power, and a vein of sarcastic wit.

—The *Deck of the Crescent City*, just issued by G. P. PUTNAM & Co., is the inappropriate title of a rather worthless book, with an absurd dedication to Mr. Richard H. Dana, who will be astonished to find how obscure he is. It has nothing to recommend it, that we have been able to discover.

—A new work by HAWTHORNE! How could we say that the month was sterile of literary materials, when we have such an announcement under our pen? We are tempted to recall the expression; for a new book by such a writer, if the only one of the season, would redeem the want of any other. *The Tanglewood Papers* is the name of the expected pleasure, an admirably suggestive name, and we feel ourselves already under the weird spell of our oriental magician.

—*Adventures in Fairy Land* by STODDARD, are also among the promises that excite an agreeable anticipatory smack.

—A tale by MISS MCINTOSH, which depicts the difference of manner and opinion, at the North and South, with some felicity, has just been published under the title of *The Lofty and the Lowly, or, Good in All, and none All Good*. It might seem from the title and the subject, to have been suggested by the everlasting Uncle Tom; but we find on reading it

that it deals with the white classes mainly, leaving the blacks to come in, only now and then, as proper to complete the picture. The purpose of the amiable author, is a commendable one, by faithful representations of the merits and defects of society, both at the North and South, to remove unworthy prejudices, and promote a good understanding. The reader is made to travel briskly, therefore, from Georgia to Massachusetts, and back again to the Virginia Springs, perhaps too briskly to get a perfect knowledge of the people he meets. The scenes, however, are all the livelier for the rapid change.

—It is curious that the only one of our poets, belonging to the most peaceful of sects, the Quakers or Friends, should be our only modern Tyrtæus. Mr. Halleck, who has so much of the old-world chivalry in his veins, laughs away his quarrels with mankind, in travesty and wit; Mr. Bryant, the stern uncompromising democrat, whose editorial pen is tipped with the sharpest steel, softens down, as the poet, into tender and tranquil aspirations; Mr. Longfellow, who might hold his own in the very rough-and-tumble of life, is saint-like, and hopeful, amid the bayonets of Springfield; but Whittier, the Quaker, and non-resistant: who reads his poetry without feeling that he should like to step out and fight somebody or something? Not that he, too, is not gentle, loving, full of tears, as a man of genius must ever be; but that under his sweet, sad smiles, there is such a volcano of fire, of the old genuine ire, wrath, indignation, ever surging and bursting into flame. Like Carlyle's friend, Rumday, he has heat enough in his stomach to consume the world. Yet, his last little volume, just issued, *The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems*, there is less of the defiant martial ardor which swelled through his earlier works. In the place of it, there is more of their serene, sympathetic, humanitarian, and devout feeling. It would seem as if the blaze of his meridian, were mellowed and tempered into genial warmth, as he drew nearer to the natural term of life. We wish that we had space to quote here, his "Questions of Life, or a Prisoner of Naples," but we cannot.

—We can speak more warmly of a second work on *Spain*, by Mr. WALLIS, than we did of his *Glimpses* a few years since. The volume now issued is the fruit of a second visit to that beautiful and romantic land. It is written with great sprightliness, and generally in admirable taste, giving a faithful view of the manners and customs of the Spaniards, and complete as well as accurate descriptions of their political condition, and the administration of the government. Mr.

Wallis has a pleasant way of telling his story, and he who begins at the first chapter, will scarcely desist from reading, until he has reached the last.

—A prospectus of a work on the *Types of Mankind*, which will embrace ethnological researches, founded upon ancient monuments, sculptures, paintings, skulls of races, as well as upon their geographical, philosophical, and biblical history, has been put forth by Dr. Nott, of Mobile, and George Gliddon, of Egyptian memory. It will contain the results of Mr. Gliddon's Eastern explorations, besides the fruits of the labors of Dr. Morton and Nott, in the field of Cranial observation, &c. We have no doubt that it will be a book of great utility.

—*The Curse of Clifton*, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is a ponderous American novel, just published by Hart, of Philadelphia. The opening of the first chapter is an ingenious variation of the well-known method of Mr. G. P. R. James, in commencing his romances. Instead of the two horsemen who might have been seen, &c., Mrs. Southworth says: "Upon a glorious morning, in the midsummer of 18—, two equestrian travellers spurred their horses up the ascent of the Eagle's Flight, the loftiest and most perilous pass of the Alleghanies," &c.

—*The Miseries of Human Life* form a strange theme for fun, but they are the staple of a small volume just published by Putnam & Co., intended rather to make readers laugh than weep. But, they are the small miseries of human life, which are held up for mirth, and not the larger ones. Misery, however, is misery, whether little or great, and though we may laugh at other people's, we never laugh at our own; if we could, they would cease to be miseries. The author, or editor, in his humorous preface, has given no indication, as should have been done, of the origin of the book; and, beyond the subtitle, *An old Friend in a New Dress*, it appears as an original publication, which it is not. But the reader will soon make this discovery for himself, from the antiquity of the jokes, and the general costume of the dialogue. Sensitive and Testy are two friends who carry on a dialogue, in which they strive to entertain each other by their distresses, or distress each other by their puns; and in this manner they go through the one hundred and eighty-two pages, occasionally relieving the reader, who is supposed to be a listener, by the exhibition of pictorial pun. The jokes are so long drawn out, that we imagine the book must have been projected before the great discovery was made, that brevity is the soul of wit. But we will not dis-

miss the *Miseries of Human Life* without permitting our reader to see, for himself, what it is like. Here is an average specimen of the humor.

Ned Tea. "Libitur et labetur!"—Slipping and slopping.

9. Feeling your foot slither over the back of a toad, which you took for a stepping-stone, in your dark evening walk.

10. Making an involuntary acquisition, in the shape of a snowball in winter, or a bit of something sticky in summer, which sticks to your sole as the devil might if he got hold of it.

Sen. I don't mind that, if it relieves me of itself all at once. It is so satisfactory to set your foot down free on the ground again, after the incumbrance is gone. But what a trial it is to a nervous man to go scraping along over the stones, and making his blood run cold, so long that he can scarcely tell when the last bit departs! His imagination feels as if it were there, when the eye can detect nothing on the boot, painfully upturned for inspection while the owner balances himself on the other leg—tottering like a ninepin.

Tea. After your "something sticky" has seemingly disappeared—

11. To enter a drawing-room and find out, when too late, that your boot has changed its manner of annoyance from sticking, to—*smelling unpleasantly!*

12. Or, on the other hand, to step on a bit of fresh orange or melon peel, upon which your foot flies off incontinently in a lateral direction, much to the perturbation of your centre of gravity.

Ned Tea. And the gravity of the passers-by as well.

13. To have these misfortunes happen when you are in a great hurry and going along with all your might.

Tea. Bad enough, sir, bad enough; but this, and all the specimens of bad footing we have yet mentioned, are *carpeting* compared with what follows, as you'll soon confess:

14. While you are out with a walking party, after heavy rains—one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch, which fails, with the hope of recovering it, leaving the other in the same predicament! The second stage of ruin is that of standing—or rather tottering—in blank despair, with both feet planted, ankle-deep, in the quagmire! The last (I had almost said the dying) scene of the tragedy—that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other clogged, politted foot into its choked-up shoe, after having *ecceugered* your hands and gloves in slaving to drag up each separately out of its deep bed, and in this state proceeding on your walk—is too dreadful for representation.

There are worse books than this for a pocket companion in a rail-road car, but we have no doubt that the author of it discovered, if the reader of it should not, that one of the greatest miseries of human life is the labor of making a book of small jokes.

—*The Obligation of the Sabbath* is the title of a volume in which the two sides of the Sabbatarian question are thoroughly discussed by Rev. J. Newton Brown, and W. B. Taylor, of Philadelphia; but the publication being by Mr. Brown,

the force of the argument naturally enough remains on his side. If we were disposed to make ourselves a party to the discussion, this would not be the place to enter upon it. The book is published by Hart of Philadelphia.

—Our literature has lost one of its ornaments during the last month, in the death of Rev. SAMUEL JUDD, the author of *Margaret, Richard Edney, and Philo*. As a novel of New England life, *Margaret* was remarkable for its truth, nature, and grace. There were passages, descriptive of character and scenery, which have never been surpassed by any of our writers of fiction, for their fidelity and picturesqueness. But the fault of Mr. Judd, especially in *Richard Edney*, was a wearisome minuteness of detail. He strove to describe men and things so accurately, that he became tedious; he sacrificed effect to exactness; and when he ought to have been impulsive and eloquent, he was precise and dry. His *Philo*, we believe, was generally considered a failure.

—The *Works of Sir William Hamilton*, in the press of the Harpers, will be the most valuable addition made to our philosophical literature in many years. They contain the ablest papers on the various questions of mental philosophy, that have appeared since the death of Dugald Stewart; and many of them, indeed, are superior to the best writings, not only of that speculator, but of all the rest of the Scottish School. But the "Works" are not confined to metaphysical criticism, containing besides, elaborate essays on important questions of education and University discipline.

—The same publishers announce a complete edition, in seven volumes, of the writings of COLERIDGE, with an introductory essay on his *Philosophical and Theological Opinions*, by Professor SHEDD, who is to be the editor. There are so many readers of Coleridge, in this country, that this publication will be very acceptable. His "Aids to Reflection," his "Poetry," and his "Table-Talk," have been separately issued here, but no complete and uniform edition of all his works. Coleridge was, perhaps, the most unequal writer that ever lived, and yet there is not one of his essays, scarcely a scrap of his conversations, which does not contain suggestive and interesting thought. For young minds, they are the most fascinating literature that can be taken up, partly because of the genuine impulse and life in them, but mainly, on account of the magnificent promises which constantly lead you on, from one step to another, through a bewildering but seductive maze

of fine conceits. It is true, that you seldom come to any end, but the journey itself is so delightful.

—*Speeches* by the Right Honorable THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, is the title of an American book, though of English parentage. It is the only advantage of our piratical no-foreign copy-right system, that the publishers will do for great authors, what their engagements or laziness will not suffer them to do for themselves, gather up their fragments and publish them in a collected form. It is doubtful, now that Macaulay is in Parliament once more, and with the more interesting researches and labors of his history on hand, whether he would ever take the trouble to edit the speeches scattered through the *Standard* and the *Times*. Mr. Redfield, therefore, has done a good thing in commissioning somebody to discharge the duty for him,—we presume, with his approbation. A rich magazine of eloquence is the result,—for Macaulay displays the same splendid rhetorical powers, the same miraculous fertility, and the same liberal tone of thought in his essays, his histories, and his orations. He is equally brilliant in all.

—We have read with great satisfaction the fine compliment which DE QUINCEY pays to the first publishers of his collected writings, Messrs. Ticknor, Reid and Fields, of Boston. In a letter to Mr. Fields—who having a blazon of the author as well as of the publisher, in his quarters, knows how to do justice to both,—the opium-eater speaks gratefully of the liberal allowance they make him on the sale of his works. We are sure that such thanks will be a sweeter solace to the publishers than any amount of iniquitable profit that they might have made out of all the writers in the world.

The twelve volumes which Mr. Field has gathered out of the miscellaneous writings of De Quincey, will exhibit him in a new light to a large number of readers—and yet again, *not* in a new light. Every tolerably well informed man knew of him as the author of the *Opium Eater*, but few as the author of so much varied and excellent criticism; but we doubt whether this large knowledge will increase the estimation in which he was held. We doubt it, not because the writings thus revealed are unequal to the *Confessions*,—for they are on the same high level both of thought and execution,—but because the characteristics of the *Confessions* were so clear, so positively brought out, so decisive of the powers of the author, that nothing that he might afterwards do could alter or raise our opinion of his ability. The nice criticism,

verbal and rhetorical, the masterly use of nervous idiomatic and robust English—the discursive yet always manageable and compact style—the intense passion—the profound imagination—in short, the poetry and the philosophy linked hand in hand with a fine intellectual (not always genial) humor, which appear in these subsequent *Reminiscences*, *Narrative Papers*, *Historical Essays*, and *Sketches of Life and Manners*, were all suggested by the brief hundred pages of the *Opium-eater* disclosures, and do not surprise us. We say to ourselves, as we read, They are precisely what we expected from that reserved power so strongly indicated all through the subject book. A strong man, who is master of himself, is always strong, and in what direction soever he shows his strength, we have no fear of the result. In this respect De Quincey differs especially from Coleridge, whose prose writings were an endless series of digressions,—“five thousand chapters, as Lamb said, on the Transcendental Philosophy, all in an unfinished state,”—and who, if he proposed to carry you from London to Liverpool, would carry you by the way of Athens, Calcutta, Japan, California, New-York, and Paris,—and after all never reach his destination. De Quincey listens and digresses, too, whenever some rich prospect allures, or some difficulty is to be surmounted, but you have a pleasant jaunt of it, and reach the inn in time for supper.

ENGLISH.—The Shakspearean circles in England have been greatly excited by a new discovery of Mr. J. Payne Collier, the famous annotator of the great bard. He had the luck, in the year 1849, to stumble upon a dirty and tattered copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare printed in 1623; but it proved to be so worn that he threw it aside in disgust. But, on taking it up three years afterwards, he was induced to believe, from certain emendations of the text, noted in the margin, that it was some old actor's copy, which had been used, probably, near the time of its publication. It was scribbled all over with prompter's marks, stage directions, erasures of passages omitted in the representation, &c., many of which, of themselves, throw light upon portions heretofore obscure; but, what was of far more importance, it was found that, from beginning to end, the text also had been corrected in every conceivable way—the sense disclosed by proper punctuation, wrong words substituted by right ones, dropped phrases replaced, and even, in some instances, whole lines restored—most essential ones—which were never dreamed

of by commentators, because never seen before in any printed copy of the works of Shakspeare. "I discovered," says Mr. Collier, "that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing, or in the text; while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous." The total number of these corrections he found to be not less than *twenty thousand*. They were obviously made by some one (Thomas Perkins is the written name of the owner of the book, probably a brother of Richard Perkins, a distinguished actor of the day), who had access to sources of information never given to the public,—we may suppose the authentic manuscript copies preserved in the theatre, which Shakspeare had himself once directed. Some specimens of these corrections Mr. Collier laid before the world, about a year ago, in the *London Athenæum*. We find, from a notice in a recent number of the same journal, that he has just issued a supplemental volume to his well-known edition of the poet's works, entitled "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays, from Early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the Folio, 1632," &c. &c., in which these corrections, or such of them as had not been anticipated by the ingenuity of annotators, make their final appearance. Their number and value may be inferred from the account given by the *Athenæum*, which states that "we have here, in all probability, a genuine restoration of Shakspeare's language, in at least a thousand places in which he has been hitherto misunderstood."

This is one of the strangest and most curious events in literary history. Many of the acutest intellects of the world have been busy, for nearly a century, in trying to correct the obvious errors of Shakspeare's text, with only an indifferent success, and now an old actor's copy turns up to cast light upon the obscurity, and make that consistently beautiful, which was before blemished and deformed. It gives us pleasure to see that REDFIELD & Co. announce a republication of Mr. Collier's volume.

—A *History of the Colonial Policy of the British Empire, from 1717 to 1851*, by LORD GRAY, is among the forthcoming works, and also the *Life and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, by LORD JOHN RUSSELL. The latter ought to be a book of great general interest, for Fox was so intimately connected with the most important events of one of the most important eras in British history, while his private character was so general and his relations to men so numerous,

that his letters must be unusually agreeable.

—A novel by the author of Mary Barton, called *Ruth*, may be chronicled as among the successes of the day. It is the history of a young female, who was betrayed into a misadventure in early life, and subsequently taken into the family of a benevolent clergyman, with a view to restoring her to her lost position in society. The incidents are well described, and the characters discriminated with great nicety. The work has been republished in Boston.

—It has been very much the fashion in England for some years, to rake up the literary remains of distinguished men, and give them to the public. We should think, from the announcements, that the tendency is spreading. We have already referred to the proposed edition of Fox. The fifth volume of Chesterfield's letters are just out; and we see besides, that two volumes of the letters of the Poet Gray, the papers of Sir Hudson Lowe, and the papers of Castlereagh, relating to the Congress of Vienna, the Battle of Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris, are in press.

—The *Athenæum*, alluding to the numerous works, by titled authors, which are in preparation, and the lectures delivered by noble lords to the Mechanics' Institute, remarks pithily: "All this is an expression of the immediate age in which we are living even more remarkable and important perhaps than—though by no means unconnected with—its scientific triumphs. The 'good old English gentleman' looks like a ghost in the morning lights of the time. Contrary to long cherished and highly respectable theories, too, maintained by traditional saws and watered by elderly gentlemen's tears, no dangerous symptoms have yet ensued. A perception of the community of the intellectual faculties is the new birth of the present century, and society is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances."

—The article in the last *North British Review* on Uncle Tom, is ascribed to ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, and the series of papers, relating to the same book, which appeared in the *London Standard*, have been collected by the writer, CHIEF JUSTICE DENMAN, and published in a pamphlet, with a dedication to Mrs. Stowe.

—Mr. G. S. FABER, is a writer who has long had the prophecies of the Bible under his particular charge, and now a new work of his, called *The revival of the French Emperorship anticipated from the necessity of Prophecy*, undertakes to show that Napoleon the First was the

"seventh head" of the Beast mentioned in the Revelations, while Napoleon III., is the "eighth head." The subsequent parts of the same prophecy, according to his interpretation, indicate clearly a very terrible state of war and confusion soon to come, "a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." This war will end in the extermination of all Anti-Christian power in the year 1864, when comes the millennium.

—"Gulistan," a translation of a work of mingled prose and poetry, written as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, by SADI, an accomplished oriental traveller and poet, is a curious revelation of the tone of thought and manners in that period. It possessed in the original a vast popularity at the East, but the literary merits, as they appear in the translation, scarcely justify its fame.

—A new novel by Mrs. GORE, named the *Dean's Daughter, or The days we live in*, in the vein which she has worked successfully for many years, is well spoken of by the English critics. As the leading event, on which the interest turns, is an attempt to allure a faithful wife from her family, we can easily account for its reception in certain circles. It requires *piquant* incident to excite the jaded taste of the devotees of Fashion.

—"A Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy," by a gentleman already well known as a traveller through his works on Turkey and Circassia, Mr. EDMUND SPENCER, contains more description and more speculation, than the title-page justifies, but furnishes, nevertheless, a great deal of new and instructive matter. What he says of the condition and aspirations of the people, both in France and Italy, strengthens the opinion generally entertained on this side of the water, of the utter uncertainty that society in Europe can remain as it is. But Mr. Spencer argues that the great cause of discontent is the Romish Church, which, wherever it works in connection with the State, is the most fiercely despotic of all known institutions. Hence, throughout Europe, but in Italy especially, he observes the most bitter hatred towards the ecclesiastics, and the people, he says further, are driven to such desperation that they would gladly accept Louis Napoleon, or any other power that would be likely to root out their present oppressors. He intimates also that the aforesaid Louis Napoleon may yet betray the Jesuits or the Church, as he has already betrayed France.

FRANCE.—Quite apropos to the discussion excited by the romantic history and

pretensions of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, come two thick octavos from Paris, entitled *Louis XVII., Sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort*, (Louis XVII., his Life, Last Illness and Death), by M. A. D. BEAUCHESNE, a pious legitimist, who has devoted twenty years to collecting all the incidents in the imprisonment of Louis XVI., and his family, and especially whatever relates to his unfortunate son. In fact, as the title of the book indicates, the story of the boy is its focus, to which every thing else in the tragedy is but subordinate and illustrative. The author seems to be animated by the most sincere desire to establish the exact truth with regard to him. As he says in his Introduction, he has spared neither care nor researches, nor study, to arrive at this truth, and his diligence has been well rewarded. We translate a passage from the Introduction.

"I have gone to the source of all the facts already known; I have put myself in relation with all the living persons whom chance or special duty admitted into the Temple during the revolution; I have gathered a great deal of information and have corrected many errors. I have intimately known Lasne and Gomin, the two last keepers of the Tower, in whose arms Louis XVII. expired. I have not consulted traditions gathered by children from the lips of their fathers, but the recollections of eye-witnesses—recollections that in spite of years have been religiously preserved in their memories and hearts." * * * "I am then able to affirm upon personal investigation, and with certainty, the least circumstance of the events that I recount."

Judging from the internal evidence, this is a perfectly honest book. We have carefully read it through, and are impressed with the spirit of truth and fidelity which appears to breathe in all its pages. Beginning with the birth of the Dauphin, it narrates each event of his life with the affection of a devotee and the accuracy of a mathematician. The first volume ends with the execution of his father, and the second is almost exclusively occupied with the incidents of his separation from his mother, his subsequent imprisonment, and death. Many of the facts related are new, and all of them are marked with the most tragic and touching interest.

On the third of July, 1793, the Dauphin was committed to the cruel care of Simon the cobbler, and his wife, who continued in charge of him, either one or the other being constantly in his presence, until the 19th of January, 1794. With regard to this period, Mr. Beauchesne gives the testimony of those women who were intimate with the wife of Simon, and

frequently saw her during her residence at the Temple, as well as before and after. Thus they gathered day by day from her own lips the narrative of the brutal treatment of the young prince. Their recollections, added to the facts already notorious, render this chapter the most interesting in the book. After Simon left, the Dauphin was immersed in a dungeon, the door of which was nailed up, all light being excluded, and his only communication with the world was through an iron lattice, which was opened from time to time to admit his food.

In this cell he remained until the 27th of July following, a little more than six months, when the downfall of Robespierre and the advent of the Directory brought a change in his treatment. A man named Laurent, a native of St. Domingo, was appointed by Barras, keeper of the children of the ex-King. A humane and well educated person, although an ardent believer in the revolutionary ideas of the time, he was filled with horror on discovering the state of the Dauphin. He brought him out of the pestilential dungeon, washed him, dressed his sores, and caused him to be provided with clothes. When they entered the dungeon, the child, who was not ten years old, was lying in a mass of rags, filth and vermin, and so reduced and broken that he did not move, and paid no attention to the many questions that were put to him. Finally, one of the deputies who was present, and who asked him several times why he had not eaten his dinner, which stood untouched on the shelf of the lattice, drew from him the reply, "No, I want to die." From this time until his reported death his keepers were comparatively kind, and did all that they dared to render his life tolerable. On the 8th of November Laurent received as colleague, Gomin, and on the 29th of March, 1795, the former resigned his charge. During this period the boy used often to play draughts with Gomin, and to walk on the terrace of the Tower until the 25th of January, when his disease made it necessary that he should be removed. He had tumors at all his joints, refused to move, and could hardly be made to speak. Still he understood every thing that was said to him, and on several occasions when alone with Gomin, whom he learned to love, showed by gestures and expressions that he knew who he was, and remembered the father, mother, and sister whom he was never to see more. Once, by his looks and movements, he asked Gomin to take him into his sister's prison, which was in the same building, and when told that it was impossible, he

said, "I want to see her once, oh! let me see her again before I die, I pray you." Gomin took him by the hand and led him to a chair. The child fell upon his bed in a fainting fit, and, when he came to himself, burst into loud weeping.

When Laurent resigned he was succeeded by a house-painter named Lasne, who, with Gomin, remained until the end. The new-comer took particular charge of the Dauphin, while Gomin became the jailer of his sister.

Lasne had often seen the young prince before his imprisonment, and in his conversation with Mr. Beauchesne says: "I recognized him perfectly; his head had not changed, it was still as beautiful as I had seen it in better times; but his complexion was dead and colorless, his shoulders were high, his breast hollow, his legs and arms thin and frail, and large tumors covered his right knee and left wrist." Lasne treated him with the greatest kindness, and was not absent from him a single day. On the 6th of May, on the demand of his keepers, who represented that his life was in danger, M. Dessault, a physician, visited him, and recognized him as the Dauphin. The boy refused to take the medicine ordered until the second day, when Lasne, telling him that he should take it himself, and that he ought to save his friend such a necessity, the child said, "You have determined then that I shall take it; well, give it to me, I will drink it." On the 31st of May M. Bellanger, a painter, happened to be the commissary on service for the day, and brought some drawings to show the little invalid. The latter looked at them, finally replied to the questions of the artist, and sat for his own portrait. At this interview with Bellanger the child gave signs of intelligence by word and look, and indeed there seems to have been no good reason for supposing that he was ever idiotic, an idea originating in his usual obstinate silence alone. But the very day before he died he said to Gomin, who told him of the arrest of a commissary who had often been on duty at the Temple, "I am very sorry, for you see he is more unhappy than we; he deserves his misfortune." He died on the 9th of June, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. On the night previous he said to Gomin, who expressed pity for his sufferings, "Be consoled, I shall not always suffer." Some time afterward Gomin said to him, "I hope you do not suffer any pain now." "Oh yes," was the answer, "I suffer, but much less; the music is so beautiful." As no music was audible, Gomin asked, "From what direction do you hear music?" "From up yonder." Presently the child exclaimed, in

ecstasy, "Among all the voices I hear that of my mother." (Au milieu de toutes les voix, j'ai reconnu celle de ma mère!) Next day Lasne relieved Gomin from his attendance at the bed-side. After a time the child moved, and Lasne asked him how he was. To this he answered, "Do you think my sister could have heard the music? How much good it would have done her." Presently he said, "I have one thing to tell you." Lasne bent down to listen, but the boy was dead.

The second day after the decease, the corpse was visited, and its identity recognized by above twenty persons, of whom, five were officers, and four commissaries, on duty at the post; the majority of those persons certified that they had seen the Dauphin before at the Tuileries or the Temple, and knew the dead body to be his. The physicians who made the post-mortem examination, certify to a tumor on the inside of the right knee, and another on the left wrist. These tumors had not changed the external skin but existed under it. After the examination, the body was buried, but it does not appear certain in what place. There are persons who contend for several different localities; M. Beauchesne is convinced that the true place is the Cemetery of St. Margaret, in Paris. But it is a curious circumstance that the government of Louis XVIII., after having ordered an investigation into the case, suddenly stopped it before it had produced any decided results.

Such is an outline of part of the book. It is to be remembered that the facts derived from Gomin and Lasne, have never before been published. M. Beauchesne accompanies them with a fac-simile certificate from each, to the effect that the statements of their testimony made by him, are exact, and nothing more nor less than the truth. We give them without expressing any further opinion on the question, than that M. Beauchesne is perfectly honest in his conclusions, and that his witnesses will probably be received as trustworthy by the great majority of the world.

—A warm controversy is now going on among the Catholic clergy of France upon the question whether the decisions of the Congregation of the Index are authoritative in that country. This congregation is the body at Rome, which pronounces upon the orthodoxy of books; in a decree issued on the 27th of September last, the ban was laid on a work on Canon Law by the Abbé Lequeux, the head of a seminary at Soissons, which had been published and in common use as a school manual, for above ten years, without the discovery on the part of the heads of the church, that it contained dangerous ideas. As it

had become not only a valuable property to its author, but a familiar guide to students, great astonishment was felt at the sudden interdict thus put upon its use. The ultramontane party at once called upon the author to submit patiently to the blow, and withdraw the book from circulation, although he has no idea on what point it is condemned. On the other hand, the old Gallican spirit so long asleep, has risen again to deny the binding force of the decrees of Rome, and to assert the independence of the French church. Most prominent on this side of the controversy, is the Abbé Delacouture of Paris, who has written a very sharp and able pamphlet, showing that the Index has never been respected in France, that it has often made blunders, and that there is no reason for admitting its authority at present. The Abbé takes occasion in the course of his disquisition, to bestow many hard blows upon the ultramontane school, and especially upon its great writer, Demaistre.

—A charming and useful little book on the *Theory of Painting on Glass*, has been published at Paris by M. FERDINAND DE LASTEYRIE, the grandson of Lafayette, who was in this country two or three years since.

—An edition of the works of NAPOLEON I., is to be produced under the editorial supervision of Messrs. Lagueronnière, Lefebvre, Deuvrier and Paul Lacroix, who have been appointed to that function by the government. It is to occupy thirty splendid octavos, and will contain a variety of hitherto unpublished documents.

—M. TCHIHATCHEFF, the Russian Geographer, has published at Paris the first part of a great work on Asia Minor, which will furnish a complete physical, statistical and archæological description of that interesting country. The part now published is devoted to its comparative physical geography; the second part will contain its meteorology and botanical and zoological geography; the third part its geology; and the fourth its statistical and archæological description. The volume now published is a large octavo of 600 pages, with engravings and an admirable map.

—A controversy has been excited in France by the publication of a *Histoire du Pontificat de Clément XIV.*, by Father THEINER, a priest of the Order of the Oratory. This history gives to the world many highly interesting new documents relative to the abolition of the Society of Jesus by that Pope, and takes the side of the Pontiff against the order. This brought out M. CRÉTIVEAU JOLLY, the author of a previous work on the same

subject, in which the Jesuits are defended, and the act of the Pope condemned. This writer, now feeling himself bound to continue the quarrel with Father Theiner, pitches into that respectable ecclesiastic with considerable acrimony, and overhauls Pope Clement and glorifies the Jesuits as before. At this crisis, Father Roothan, the present General of the Society, comes in to decline in its behalf the services of its indiscreet defender, and to say that the Jesuits will not be held responsible for any thing in his writings which goes to derogate from the honor and reverence due to the Holy See, and that no solidarity whatever subsists between him and them.

—We learn from Paris that a large number of the distinguished Polish emigrants there are devoting themselves to literary labors. Gen. Dembinski has nearly finished his memoirs; Gen. Chrzązowski is now finishing a large map of Poland; Wysocki is engaged on his memoirs; Anton Szymonski is writing a history of the Polish Administration; Gaszynski is publishing his *Travels in Italy*; Kosimirski is at work on a Polish grammar, for the use of French students; Wrobnowski on an Atlas of Europe; Wronski has published *Historiosophie, or The Science of History*, in connection with Poland and the Slavonic race; Trentowski is engaged on a History of Religion.

—M. SAYOUS, who last year enriched French literature with one of its most valuable recent productions, the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet du Pan*, has just produced the first two volumes of another curious and interesting work, called *Histoire de la Littérature française à l'étranger depuis le commencement du dix-septième siècle*. It comprehends both those French authors who have written in foreign countries, and foreign authors who have written in France in the French tongue.

—There appeared in France in 1852 of original works 8,261, of which 474 were school books and prizes for schools. The imperial printing office and the other printing offices of Paris turned out 4,321 books and pamphlets, the provinces 3,925, and Algeria 15. This includes 164 journals, of which 40 belong to the provinces, besides maps, musical publications, &c.

—We have had the honor to read one number of M. ALEXANDER DUMAS'S *Isaac Laquedem*, and find it neither worse nor better than the common run of his early novels. *Isaac* is the Wandering Jew under a new form, or, at least, one of his near relatives or heirs. M. Dumas has been in trouble with the police of Paris about this book. He introduced the Saviour as one of its characters, and

put into his mouth some language which the police justly thought improper. Accordingly the publication was stopped till the author appeared, promised to take out the offensive passages, and not to repeat the offence again.

—VICTOR COUSIN having been turned out of his professorship, has left metaphysics and successfully resorted to history, and that of the most fascinating sort. His debut on this new stage is in a memoir of Madame de Longueville, which for some months he has been publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and has now put into a book. He narrates the life of that famous beauty and politician with all the clearness and splendor of style for which he is justly famous. If he casts no very important light on the eventful history of the Fronde, its intrigues, and its warfare, he narrates in the most delightful manner, the varied life of a lovely, restless and gifted woman, who played a large part in the events of the time. We confess that we like Cousin in this department of literature better than in philosophy.

GERMANY.—The event of the month is the publication, by the eminent Professor Gervinus, of Heidelberg, of an *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*. All the governments have been frightened by it; the police have every where confiscated it; and the author has been threatened with prosecution for treason. In fact, whether he shall undergo that infliction, is yet to be decided by the jurists of Mannheim, to whom the Government of Baden has referred the question of his guilt. Gervinus has hitherto belonged to the moderate party in politics. In this book, he declares himself a democrat. He argues that the English system of constitutional monarchy with aristocracy, is not only a logical inconsistency, but is impossible for Germany, and the only permanent and peaceful Constitution for that country, must be that of a democratic federal republic like the United States. The historical end of absolute monarchy is to break down aristocracies, and clear the way for democratic institutions. That end it has subserved and is subserving in Germany, but the attempt to transform it upon the English plan will prove futile. In England, the existing system comes from the special and irregular history, and the isolated, insular position of the country; while the system of the United States is founded upon universal reason, and may be adopted every where, by any free people. Germany, he holds, will surely come to it. The book is written in an abstract German style, but it

has a great effect on the thinking classes, and is very extensively circulated, notwithstanding its prohibition.

—*Die Könige* (The Kings), by Professor HEINRICH OF HALLE, is a history of monarchy as an institution, and is written entirely in the interest of monarchical ideas, and against republicanism. The theme is treated, according to the German method, with a great deal of philosophy, and if any body desires to know more of it, let him procure and read it if he can.

—Marriage as it existed among the Greeks, is the subject of a book lately published at Munich by Mr. VON LAFAULX, called *Zur Geschichte und Philosophie der Ehe bei den Griechen*. It demonstrates that purity of morals and conjugal fidelity prevailed among the early Greeks, and that the corruption of later times was introduced and perfected gradually. Some of the jokes and sneers about women which were current during the transition, are amusing enough as given by our author. Socrates, who notoriously had a hard time of it in his domestic relations, said that to remain single was bad, but to marry was no better. Hipponax knew of but two happy days in marriage, the wedding-day and the day of the wife's death. Simonides held that the nature of women was a conglomerate of the nature of animals. But without going into these profane details, we can commend this essay to the attention of the students of conjugal institutions.

—*Musikalische Charakterköpfe* (Musical Portraits), is worthy the attention of the critics of the daily or other journals, who desire to write learnedly upon the features of concert programmes, and the works of the obscure as well as the famous composers. The author, Mr. W. H. RIEHL, comes to his task with thorough study and genuine affection for his heroes. His sketches are the more interesting from being presented in parallels. Thus Cherubini and Spontini serve to bring each other's characteristics and genius into distinct relief. Hasse is followed by Meyerbeer; Bach is contrasted with Mendelssohn, and the modern tribe of piano virtuosos and composers are served up in the same manner. The sketches are historical as well as critical, and enlivened by a vein of spicy satire.

—Prof. ROSENKRANZ, who last year published a *System of Science*, wherein he aimed at a reform of the Hegelian philosophy, has felt himself constrained to issue a further exposition of his views in a pamphlet addressed to Dr. J. A. Wirth, one of the critics of the former work. The great point in controversy is whether the

Hegelian philosophy, as held and taught by its author, attributes personality to the absolute. Rosenkranz contends that it does; that those who, like Ruge, Feuerbach, and Bruno Bauer, have made it a doctrine of atheism, have been guilty at once of logical inconsequence and of injustice to their master; and that the idea of a personal God is not inconsistent with either the fundamental principles or the method of that philosophy. That idea Rosenkranz attempts to put in its proper place as a part of the system, and herein mainly consists the proposed reform.

—*Die Maikönigin* (The May Queen), by WOLFGANG MÜLLER, is a charming tale of rustic love, with German peasants for its heroes. It is told in graceful rhymes, and is not unworthy to be read even after the master-piece of Goethe, Hermann and Dorothea.

—ADOLF HIFTER has published, at Perth, another volume of his delicate and beautiful stories. This one is called *Ein Fest Geschenk* (A Festal Gift).

—HENRY HEINE, whose health had somewhat improved, is now worse than ever, but without any prospect either of recovery or of speedy release by death. His sufferings are said to be intense and constant, but his mind is as clear and brilliant as ever. His work on Paris, which, it has been reported, would soon be published, will be held back till after his death.

—*Quickborn* is the title of a collection of poems of peasant life in Schleswig Holstein and Denmark, by KLAUS GROTH, a new but genuine poet, who writes in the Low German dialect. We commend his book to every student of the poetic literature of that country.

—DR. UNGEWITTER, who published in this country some two years since an excellent compendium of European History and Statistics, has just brought out at Erlangen, a work on Australia, which is well spoken of by the German critics.

—*Christian Lammfell* is a five volume novel by KARL VON HOLTEI, whose poems are well known to students of German literature. The present work has rather more talent and less artistic finish. It is agreeable reading in parts, but tedious as a whole.

—The *Poems of LUIS PONCE DE LEON*, of which we have some memorable specimens among Longfellow's translations, have all been rendered into German, and published at Munster. The translators are: E. B. Schlüter and W. Horck. The original Spanish is given with the translations, which are generally true, but far inferior to Longfellow's in felicity, flow and beauty.

—SEIBOLD, the German savaan, who lived long in Japan, and whose work on that country is the most complete and authentic ever published concerning it, is about to leave Boppard, where he has been residing for some years, to go to St. Petersburg, where he has been offered an advantageous position.

—*Der Gertreue Ritter* (The True Knight), is a posthumous romance, by MEINHOLD, the author of the *Amber Witch*, which the son of the author has lately published in Germany. The scene is laid in the time of the Reformation. The book, which is written in the antique style, is incomplete, and the part which is finished is not equal to the former productions of the same pen.

ITALY.—The members of the Society of Jesus publish at Rome a very able periodical, called the *Civiltà Cattolica*, in which political and economical, as well as religious, questions are treated with skill and intelligence, though always, of course, with a view to the interests of the Order and the Church. The Reformation and the states which favor Protestantism, especially England and Prussia, are the subjects of its constant attacks, and even Russia is not omitted from the list of powers that hold revolutionary and heretical principles, and must be converted or overthrown. Among the more noteworthy articles that have already appeared, is one "On the Reproduction of old Utopian Dreams in Italy;" one "On Political Economy, and the influence of constitutionalism upon it;" and one "On Secret Societies." Most remarkable, perhaps, is a historical romance called the *Hebrew of Verona*, from the pen of the Jesuit Father BRESCIANI, which first appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, where its sequel is now being completed under the title of *Lionello*. The *Ebreo* has had a great success in Italy, several editions having been published in different cities of the peninsula. The scene is laid in Italy amid the period of agitation and revolution from 1846 to 1849, and it is written in an admirable style, whatever may be thought of its doctrines.

DENMARK.—Among the noticeable novelties in Danish literature, says a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, is a translation of Dr. KING's *Aushar*; a brilliant new poem by PALUDAN MULLER, called *The Air Sails and the Atheist*, full of satiric strokes and deep religious feeling; *Dante*, a tragedy by C. K. FILLOLBECH; *Nature and Human Life*, an admirable historical and statistical description of the three Scandinavian Kingdoms and of England, by A. C. MEINERT; *Count Bothwell in Norway*, a series of

tales upon the adventures of Bothwell in that country, after his flight from Scotland in 1567; a new volume of poems by CHRISTIAN WINTER, and some new stories by ANDERSEN. The list of productions in religious literature is also said to be very rich at present.

THE Department of Practical Art, at Marlborough House, presents a rich collection of casts, amounting in number to upward of 1500. Among them, according to the report lately issued, are 490 Greek and Roman specimens, 220 Mediæval, Saracenic and Gothic, and 270 figures, busts and masks. The earliest specimens of Renaissance ornament are from the bronze gates of Lorenzo Ghiberti, made for the baptistery of St. John at Florence, between the years 1403 and 1425; and specimens from the Roman Cancellaria Apostolica, or the Campo Fiori, built for the Cardinal Riario, by Bramante, in 1495. Other specimens are from the Château de Gaillon in Normandy which was restored in the revived Italian style by Cardinal d'Amboise, Minister of Louis XII. Beside these, there are many very valuable specimens, alike interesting to the lover of the arts and the antiquary.

—The Queen having graciously recommended the prayer of the Engravers to be made eligible to the grade of Academician, the Royal Academy has determined upon the admission of a certain number of these artists to the full honors of the Institution. The event is hailed with joy by the class whom it most largely interests, for the exception has been deemed invidious and disparaging.

—The Society of Arts, entering with the present year upon its Centenary, offers a variety of premiums for useful inventions. Among the desired objects is an unguent suitable for the lubrication of machinery. Though seemingly a matter of minor importance, this subject is one of high interest to mechanics, and there will be a brisk competition by rival claimants. There is no material now employed which is free from considerable expense and greater grossness.

—A pension of £200 per annum has been bestowed upon Mr. J. R. HIND, the indefatigable astronomer, a famous man for discovering planets. This tribute is thought to be owing to the influence exerted by the Earl of Rosse. The labors of Mr. HIND have contributed many valuable results to the cause of astronomical research. It is noticeable, by the way, that a number of the planets which have lately been discovered by Mr. HIND, were simultaneously observed in this

country by Mr. W. C. BOND, the veteran Director of the Observatory at Cambridge, Mass.—Mr. HIND has just issued a calculation upon the expected Great Comet, which, he concludes, should again reach its perihelion on the 2d of August, 1858; the revolution belonging to the major axis at that epoch being 308,784 years. Perturbing causes, however, may occasion an uncertainty in time of two years, so that this calculation holds good from 1858 to the early part of 1860.

—The expedition to Central Africa, under Drs. BARTH and OVERWEG, is progressing. Dr. BARTH has explored a portion of the Kingdom of Baghirnie, between Lake Tsad and the Upper Nile, never before visited by a European; and succeeded in reaching Masena, the capital, a town situated on the river Shary or Asu, which has a direction due north and south, and subsequently runs into Lake Tsad. A large amount of valuable information respecting the history, geography, and ethnography of this interesting region is said to have been obtained. The two travellers propose to make another attempt to explore the countries on the eastern side of Lake Tsad, direct from Korka, and will proceed thence to the Indian Ocean.

—At Alexandria, some ruins have lately been discovered, which are believed by some to be relics of the Alexandrian Library. The specimens consist of ordinary bricks, calcined earth, and other indications of a large structure, with evidences of the presence of fire at a remote period. Lieut. NEWENHAM, Admiralty Agent, has taken to England some drawings from sculptured blue-granite stones found among the rubbish, representing a winged sphere surmounting a baboon-like figure in a sitting posture. Below, are figures supposed to represent the kings, and accompanied by hieroglyphics.

—The last Indian mail steamer, noticed in the English journals, conveys some highly interesting intelligence of the discovery of a long-buried city, named Sack-arch, near the first cataract of the Nile, and five hours' ride from Cairo. The discovery was entirely accidental, and according to the brief accounts received, came about as follows: An Arab observing the appearance of an object above the ground, resembling the head of a sphinx, brought the news to a French gentleman, by whom excavations were commenced with a view to further investigations. A long street has been laid open, containing thirty-eight granite sarcophagi, each weighing about sixty-eight tons, and all evidently intended to receive the ashes of the sacred animals. A grant of the locality has been

obtained from the Pacha, and great quantities of curiosities have been exhumed. Some of the ancient earthenware vessels are of very diminutive size. The steeple is upward of sixteen hundred yards in length—nearly one mile. It is straight, and when lighted at night is said to present a magnificent spectacle. The specimens recovered have been in part buried in the sand to insure their preservation. The narrative of this discovery is quite remarkable, and we shall look with interest for additional particulars. If another Nineveh shall be exhumed in the heart of Egypt, have we a LAYARD who will follow its mysteries to their full solution?

—Among the deaths which have occurred during the month is that of Prof. SEARS C. WALKER, a distinguished American Astronomer. Prof. WALKER some time since became insane, in consequence of too long-continued mathematical application, and had but just recovered when he was seized by the illness which proved fatal. He died on the 30th January, at the residence of his brother, Judge WALKER, near Cincinnati. His contributions to American Science are exceedingly valuable, and no labors will be more highly regarded than the results of those remarkable powers of calculation which he was able to bestow upon scientific problems.

—We notice among the list of new inventions, a medical instrument called the Thermascope, which promises to be useful. It is the contrivance of Dr. Spurgin, of London, and is intended to indicate the variations of temperature in the human body.

MUSIC.

THE two musical events of the past month have been the fashionable charity concert of Madame Sontag, and the first appearance of Gottschalk, the young Creole pianist. The first, which took place at Niblo's Saloon on the 19th of January, was all that a handsome room crowded with the fashion of the city in evening-dress, a lady-like and charming singer, and due homage of flowers, smiles and applause, with the sweet satisfaction of eating your cake, and having your cake (for such is the philosophy of charity balls, dinners, &c.), could make it. It was precisely the place and the occasion for the accomplished singer, and whoever heard Sontag that evening heard her under the best possible auspices. After each of her songs a little girl presented her a basket full of flowers, and certainly full, also, of the warm admiration of all who listened. After each presentation the young Hebe who, with such pretty propriety, poured out such libations of praise,

was rewarded by a kiss from the Countess—happy little Hebe! Madame Sontag's companions in the performance were not forgotten by the flowers. Mesdames Bouchelle, Pico, and Vincent Wallace; Messrs. Wallace, Rocco, Frazer, and Eben, "lent their powerful aid;" and out of all the music, flowers, kissing, and brilliant fashion, was distilled the very agreeable sum of \$2400, a result equally honorable and satisfactory to all the high contracting parties. Let us note here, also, that while Madame Sontag was generously devoting her talent to a charity—partly in recognition, doubtless, of her success in this country—Mr. Thackeray, moved, perhaps, by something of the same feeling, was working in his way for another charity, and to the most satisfactory pecuniary result. The lecture of the wit hardly falls within the rubric of music, but the humanity of the object and of the treatment causes very musical feelings in the heart. Since the concert Madame Sontag has sung in *Don Pasquale* and *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia*. In the former she is, of course, good. It is put upon the stage in modern costume. *Norina* is a rôle of artificial archness, requiring only that exquisite stage *savoir faire*, in which the lady so excels. It was most delicately and pleasantly done. In *La Sonnambula* there is, perhaps, too much of a genuine pastoral simplicity necessary, to allow even the best fine-lady counterfeit to pass. Not to speak it profanely, it yet seems to us that Sontag's *Amina* is very much like the part of the dairy-maid which Marie Antoinette used to assume, when the court of Louis 16th, cloyed with royal splendors, repaired to held pastoral revels in the little village, built expressly for the sport, in the private garden of the *petit Trianon* at Versailles. It was done doubtless with all the grace and affability of a lady. Think how charming the lovely young Queen of France must have been in the picturesque Norman peasant costume! She would infallibly have been queen of hearts as well, and the good Louis would have been forced to look to his trumps. But, after all, we should have returned to the palace, and sat around our *petit souper* more at home than with our curds and cream in the garden. It is so with Sontag's *Amina*. She is just such a peasant girl as a genuine princess royal would be, at a masquerade; which is to say, that her own individuality betrays itself too distinctly through all the disguises of character, to permit her to claim high dramatic power. She is best in parts which most resemble herself. She is, therefore, a capital *Lucia*. But a really great actor is as good a fool as

a Lear. So in *Lucrezia Borgia* which Sontag has also undertaken. There was a kind of dainty diabolism in it—like a devil in lemon kids—that was altogether too amusing. The image of *Lucrezia* is very still, if you choose, but appallingly sardonic. The truth is, that only very sinewy feet can fill and properly propel the seven-league boots of high lyrical tragedy; and a singer may have a beautiful voice, exquisitely cultivated, without being able to impersonate *Lucrezia* or *Norma*.

The latter part was assumed by Alboni at the Broadway, and with success. Enthusiastic critics declared that Grisi could not have surpassed it—which, at least, is an unnecessary ecstasy. Grisi is very great in *Norma*, and so is Jenny Lind, and so undoubtedly was Pasta. Great as Alboni may be in it, it is safe to say that she is not greater than the others. Much as we admire Alboni, in common with the world, it is yet clear enough that she will hardly occupy the same position as Malibran, Jenny Lind, or Pasta in the regard of the future. Fascinating and quite overpowering as is the delight of hearing her, we cannot but feel how much of that delight is due to her marvellous voice. Indeed it is a disproportioned part which is so due.

Whoever closely examines his feelings upon hearing Alboni, will not fail to discover that it is not the conviction of great genius in the person, but the sense of satisfaction in the accident of her voice which moves him. Now genuine and permanent success is based solely upon genius, and its test may be considered to be this: that the effect shall impress you more with a sense of the power that caused it, than with a simple delight in the effect itself; as, for instance, the song of a bird and the singing of Jenny Lind. In the first case there is a pure and simple pleasure in the song itself, with no mental reference to any talent in the bird, while in the latter, however great may be the delight in the performance, the permanent pleasure is the sense of power in the singer, so that you feel if the voice were gone there would yet be a woman left, whose genius would develop in some other way. We have no intention of putting "too fine a point upon it." These aesthetics of art are seductive speculations, but they shall not seduce us from recording our hearty enjoyment of Alboni in all her rôles. A man may insist upon the ideal difference between champagne and nectar, but over his goblet of Mûm *frappé* he will not be very vehement in asserting it. Let us all rejoice that the great contralto found her dramatic skill among us; and let us all

envy our Boston brethren for whom she is now singing.

Gottschalk, whose first concert took place at Niblo's saloon on Friday evening, February 11th, has fully confirmed the great anticipation which Hector Berlioz had excited in our minds. We find translated in *Dwight's Musical Journal*, the following extract from the Critique of Berlioz, upon Gottschalk:—

"Gottschalk is one of the very small number who possess all the different elements of a consummate pianist—all the faculties which surround him with an irresistible prestige, and give him a sovereign power. He is an accomplished musician—he knows just how far fancy may be indulged in expression. He knows the limits beyond which any liberties taken with the rhythm produce only confusion and disorder, and upon these limits he never encroaches. There is an exquisite grace in his manner of phrasing sweet melodies and throwing off light touches from the higher keys. The boldness, and brilliancy, and originality of his play at once dazzles and astonishes, and the infantile naïveté of his smiling caprices, the charming simplicity with which he renders simple things, seem to belong to another individuality distinct from that which marks his thundering energy—thus the success of M. Gottschalk before an audience of musical cultivation is immense."

His concert here was fully attended, and his position, although peculiar, is very well assured. He belongs clearly to the most modern school, but he is essentially an artist—howbeit the poor word is sadly abused. We mean that he is not merely a player, who glides skillfully, and with the utmost facility, through all the difficulties of every style, and can play Beethoven, Strauss and Chopin, equally well, but that he has a marked individuality in composition and in the interpretation of his composition. We can illustrate what we mean by Chopin. He was an adept upon the piano. There was no music written for that instrument which he could not play with more or less skill and effect. But, in playing Beethoven, or Mozart, or Haydn, Chopin might have been no better than any other accomplished performer. But in playing Chopin he was unapproachable. This is not to be explained by the common assertion that a man plays his own compositions better than any one else—which is manifestly untrue. We have never heard Mr. Vincent Wallace's popular *Polka de Concert* so poorly executed as by the composer, and probably no one played Beethoven so unsatisfactorily as Beethoven. This *individuality*, this something which Chopin has, or Liszt has, or Gottschalk has, is the secret which, combined with mecha-

nical skill, makes the artist. Mr. Jaell, a very clever and delightful pianist, must be summoned, also, to illustrate our remarks. Jaell is one of the most facile and accomplished performers we have ever heard. Certainly no fingers ever threaded musical mazes with such sparkling and fluent alertness as the chubby ones of that gentleman. It is a marvellous gymnastic, and so graceful withal, that only churls would refuse applause. But it is all grist that comes to Jaell's mill. Put in the old Italians, and Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Thalberg, Liszt, Chopin, Wagner, Schuman, Donizetti, and all men who have ever written music, and out it comes, always the same meal, nothing better, nothing worse. He sits down with his winning complaisance,—the most amiable of good fellows—you fancy it is Puck himself, so gayly smiling, so nimbly moving, and presto! away he sweeps, and puts a girdle quite around the realm of music, in forty minutes. Yet it is still the same thing. A waltz of Strauss—an *adagio* of Mendelssohn—a "Bohemian Polka" of Jaell,—a funeral march of Chopin—they are only played with the most incredible and intoxicating ease; it is a clear case of beautiful mechanism, and nothing more. Jaell has only half of the artist's whole. *Facility* is the word that describes and exhausts him, if you give it its most gracious meaning. We do not mean to compare him with Gottschalk, for it is no more possible than to compare different things. But the illustration serves to show that an artist, even a piano-artist, is more than a good player. Gottschalk has a colossal style that surprised us. Best of all, however, was the profound sense of a musical enthusiasm and devotion which pervaded all the performance, and removed it from the merely "astonishing," and "sublime," and all the other proper terms of star-playing, into a realm of pure music and the highest art. Mr. Gottschalk is an American by birth, but he is still very young and has lived many years in Paris. We learn that he is not compelled to play in public by anything but his genuine reverence for music, and by the irresistible force of undoubted genius. We shall have more to say of him.

Mr. Fry's course of Musical Lectures is concluded. On account of certain engagements which prevented the attendance of some of his assistants, upon occasion of the tenth and last lecture, he added another, upon the qualities and characters of instruments, and among the illustrations of the evening, were included a descriptive symphony, selections from *Leonora*, and an occasional march, all of his

own composition. These, with parts of a symphony by Mr. Bristow, were analyzed by the lecturer; who also, just before the close of the performance, addressed the audience upon the subject of Art and Society, in a humorous, pointed, brilliant, vehement, sensible, and enthusiastic manner, which excited close attention, and led to some amusing demonstrations of a difference of opinion, all of which Mr. Fry met in the most manly and generous way. We are not surprised to learn that he has sustained pecuniary loss by the enterprise, and we fear he may regard it as cold comfort to be told that he has, notwithstanding, achieved a *succès d'estime*, which must be invaluable to him in his future career. His course has not only made its mark upon the musical season in New-York, but upon the musical history of the country. Were it only for the advantage of so broad a display of the radiant energy and ability which characterizes the American, we hope he will not consider the undertaking altogether a loss. Not every man can afford to fail so finely. For he must see, what we all see, that the ill-success is in name and not in fact. This is so genuinely recognized, that we are glad to announce a complimentary concert offered to Mr. Fry, by a large number of gentlemen, which will take place upon the evening of Tuesday, March 1st, at Metropolitan Hall, the use of which, for that evening, is presented by Mr. Harding, the proprietor. Why will not every reader, whose eye falls here, and who cares for music, go and buy a ticket, even if he cannot attend?

Boston is more than sharing our musical enthusiasm. It has fairly beaten us this winter. At a recent rehearsal in that city there were 3,235 tickets taken at the door. They have been inaugurating a Music Hall, and having chamber-concerts and oratorios (for which Boston is famous), and symphonies, and operas with Alboni, and all kinds of debutantes, and morning rehearsals, and Germania soirées of mingled Strauss and Mendelssohn. In fact we quite lose our breath in the effort to keep up with the rush of Boston musical enthusiasm. But this we know, not only from the quality of the music, but from our faith in the critic upon whom we most rely (*Dwight's Musical Journal*), that Boston has been enjoying much of the best of every kind of music, and knows how to appreciate it.

Philadelphia has been listening to Mozart's Requiem performed by the young Mannerchor, which was well done and well attended. Signor Perelli, whilom tenor at Astor Place, now musical director of the most aristocratic voices in Phila-

delphia, has been giving a soirée or two, where the singers, as well as the audience, were of the very yellowest kid. The performance, we are told, evinced the utmost care and skill in the teacher, and good general talent among the select singers.

Europe offers nothing new. Auber has been appointed imperial chapel-master, and was to compose the nuptial mass for the imperial Spanish bride, Montijo. In London the musical season has not fairly commenced, but we record with pleasure, the unquestioned success, as a pianist, of Mr. William Mason, son of the well-known musical professor, Lowell Mason, of Boston. It seems to be determined that Grisi and Mario are to come in the Spring.

FINE ARTS.

OUR artists suffer a total eclipse nearly three quarters of the year, for the lack of a suitable place to exhibit their performances in, and, in this respect, they labor to much greater disadvantage than their brethren of the steel pen, who may publish their works at any season of the year. The opening of the National Academy of Design is the flowering of our painters, who then display themselves to all the world, or at least to all that part of it which happens to be in New-York between the first of April and the Fourth of July. During the rest of the year the painters are working like moles, in the dark, so far as the world is concerned; but, in reality, each one like a St. Simon Stylites, at the top of a tall flight of stairs in a roof-lighted studio, where they toil during nine months of the year, with occasional visits from their chance acquaintances. The Academy should keep its galleries open all the year, not only for the sake of its members, but for the public; for, unless one happens to be in New-York during the three months that its exhibition lasts, there is no opportunity of knowing any thing of the progress of art among us. There is no show-place for pictures and statues except in the gallery of the Academy. When a fine work is produced, it is immediately purchased by some wealthy patron, or connoisseur, who hangs it in his parlor where it is only seen by his intimate friends. Our artists do not, therefore, work for the public, but their patrons; and, instead of being teachers of the people, like authors, they become, like upholsterers, mere decorators of private apartments. It is vain to hope for the appearance of a Michael Angelo or a Raphael among us under such circumstances. There is a gentleman living in the Fifth Avenue, whose drawing-room is enriched by some of the finest produc-

tions of the modern painters of Europe, but who will permit no one out of his own household to look at his treasures of art. Connoisseurs, amateurs and artists, have vainly endeavored to obtain permission to look at the Landseers, East-lakes and Turners, that rumor says hang upon his walls, giving no pleasure nor instruction to any eyes but these of their wealthy owner, who, probably, derives little pleasure from them himself. They are his own property, and he has a right to keep them to himself; as much right to veil them from the public eye as to put linen jackets on his arm-chairs, or blinds to his windows. We would not invade the sanctity of a private dwelling, though it contained a *chef d'œuvre* by every artist whose name is known to fame. But art can never flourish in a country where the works of artists are hidden from the public eye. Artists will not strive to excel each other when their works cannot be seen, or waste their energies in adorning the walls of a darkened parlor. Pictures and statues are excluded from our churches; and, were they not, they could only be seen by sectarian worshippers. It has not yet been thought necessary to cover the walls of any of our public buildings with paintings; with the exception of the suite of apartments called the Governor's Room in our City Hall, there is no building in the city belonging to the people, and open to their inspection, which has any artistic works to boast of. The Governor's room contains some fine portraits of all the Governors of the State, the Mayors of the City, and some of our military and naval heroes. The Art-Union, by its free exhibition, was doing a good work for the cause of Art, but, by some legal quibble, the operations of that excellent institution have been stopped, and nothing now remains for art but the hope that the proprietors of our great hotels, in their strife to outdo each other in magnificent expenditures,

will, after exhausting the resources of the upholsterer, call in the aid of the artist to create attractions for their palatial taverns. The proprietors of the Astor House have already exhibited a most commendable spirit in this respect, and have decorated their various rooms with some very fine paintings, which have cost more than twenty-five thousand dollars. It suits the taste of English noblemen, to hang upon the walls of their drawing-rooms, and banqueting halls old pictures that have been torn from convents and churches, which represent expiring martyrs and other subjects little calculated to inspire feelings of gayety or cheerfulness. Such subjects as these we should advise our hotel-keepers, if they ever emulate the refined example of the hosts of the Astor House, to avoid, and to let their pictures be such as will charm while they elevate the feelings of their guests, or visitors. The popular sentiment may demand Scripture paintings, but they are hardly adapted to dining-rooms and parlors, where the tone of conversation and feeling is widely at variance with the looks of expiring saints and repentant Magdalens.

Mr. Rossiter has painted a very large picture representing the Prophet Jeremiah "rehearsing a lamentation," in which he has grouped together all the personages who might be imagined present by the river of Babylon, when the children of Israel sat down and wept over their captivity. The artist has grappled with the immensity of his subject with great boldness, and thrown over the multitude of personages he has introduced, an atmosphere of warmth and beauty that admirably harmonizes with the ideal scene. The painting is on too large a scale for exhibition in an ordinary room, and the artist has sent it to the southwest, to be shown to those who have but few opportunities of seeing a work of any artistic pretension.

NOTE.

THE BOURBON QUESTION.—We learn from the Rev. Mr. Hanson, the writer of the article in our last number, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" that several new and important facts have come to his knowledge, bearing upon this romantic subject, which he will embody in an article for our April number, wherein he will examine, in detail, the new work by BEAUCHESNE on the (supposed) death of the Dauphin, which we have noticed in our Editorial Notes.